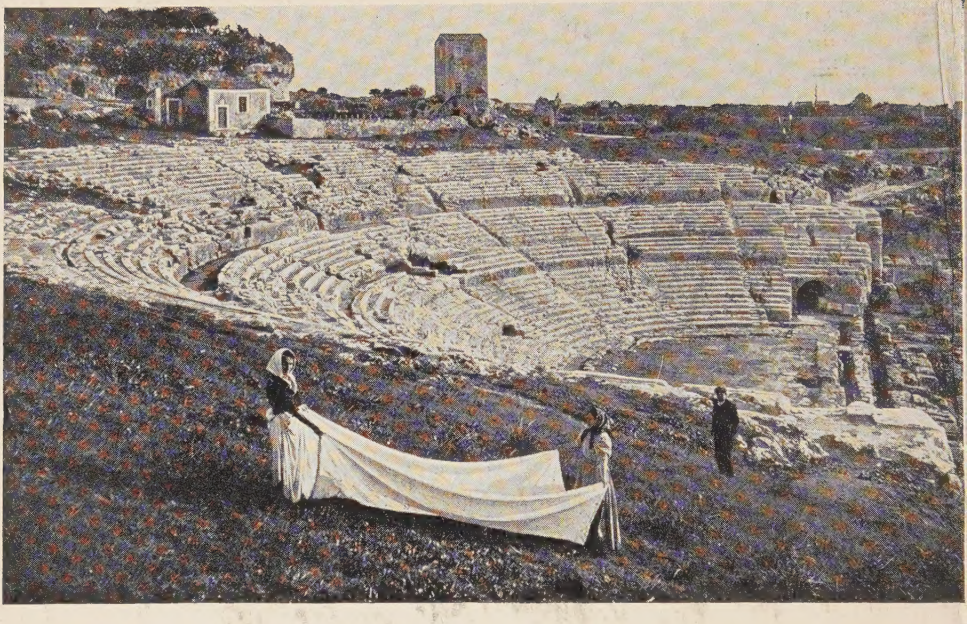
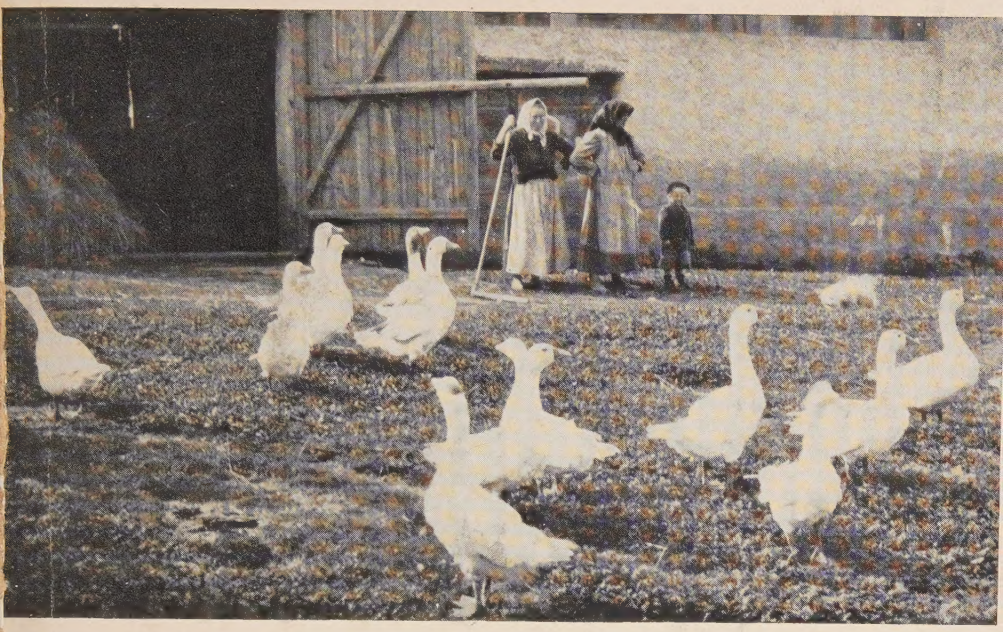


THE GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

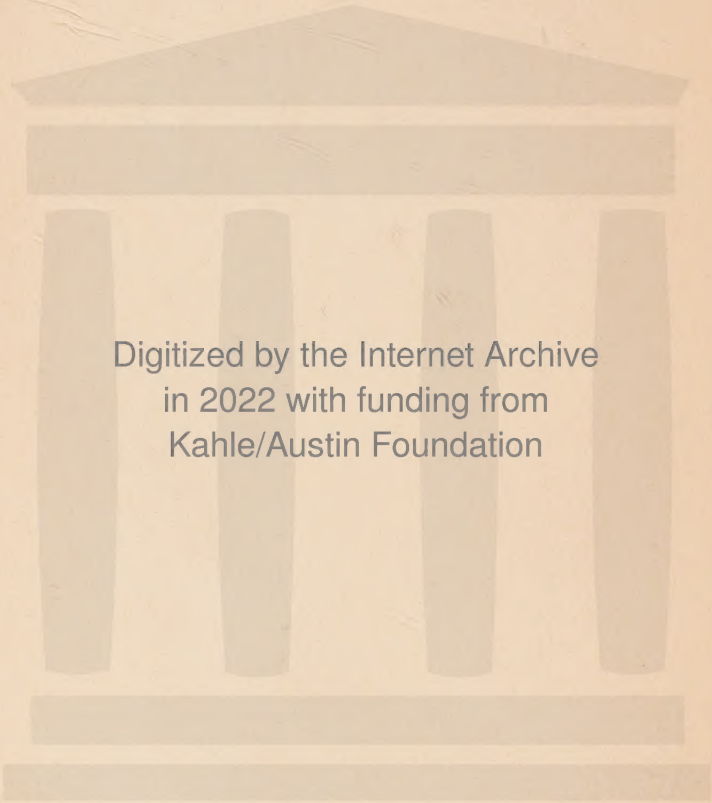
ROTHENBURG MAKES A CHARMING PICTURE.



THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN FARMS ARE GENEROUSLY SUPPLIED WITH GEESE.

THOUSANDS OF CHEESES PILED HIGH IN THE SQUARE AT ALKMAAR.

250


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/findingworthwhil0000unse

# FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE

# FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE

*By*

ALBERT B. OSBORNE

Author of "Picture Towns of Europe,"
"As It is in England"

NEW YORK
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY
1931

COPYRIGHT, 1923
BY ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

---

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE

---

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

IT is with a queer sense of intrusion that one approaches the task of editing such a book as "Finding the Worth-While in Europe." It was—and still is, I hope—intended primarily for service, for the use of those fortunate ones who go to Europe with more of eagerness than of exact information, and who, therefore, have need of the author's wide knowledge of the countries he loved so well.

Many of these countries have changed greatly in the last few years. Cities, once of little interest, have acquired associations during the Great War which make them well worth-while to the traveler in Europe. In other places, customs have changed, governments have fallen, the old has suffered hard blows at the hands of the new. All these mutations, of course, must be recorded in a book like this, if it is to remain valuable. But, unhappily, Albert Osborne is no longer here to remake the book, he wrote, into the book it must be if it is still to fulfill the function which he planned for it. And that, therefore, has become my task.

Albert Osborne was no ordinary traveler. He paid no "duty" visits, but rambled, instead, where he would. What he admired he wrote about in an enthusiastic and essentially personal way, making what he described leap to life in his pages so vividly that readers come

to feel as if they were journeying by his side. What failed to interest him he ignored; what he detested he attacked without mercy. It is Osborne's Europe that you find in his books, and Osborne's Europe it must remain.

So I have gone warily about my task of revision, altering only where these recent stormy years have made alteration necessary, liking Osborne's rambling method too well to wish to change it even when circumstances compelled. Indeed, few changes have been required. The Europe of quaint old towns, of endearing customs, of alluring traditions and lovely countryside, is still substantially what it was yesterday, what it will be—let us hope—to-morrow.

One addition I have made. The earlier editions of this book contained no chapter on the three Scandinavian countries—Norway, Sweden and Denmark—countries which have much of beauty and charm and lure for the traveler. This lack I have supplied, bearing in mind that here, too, Albert Osborne's advice may well be heeded. "Go where you will," he says, in effect, "though a place be double-starred in Baedeker, avoid it if it doesn't interest you. If it be a spot that interests you and gives you pleasure, go there, go there and stay long, even though it be ignored by all the wiseacres of travel."

So I, too, have written of places I like, hoping that others, in their turn, will like them.

T. R. Y.

# PREFACE

TO be hampered by a sense of duty is to destroy effectually the pleasure of a European tour. I mean by that, if you visit merely the places you think you ought to see because they are famous, instead of the places you really wish to go to because they will interest you, then your trip will be spoiled. If you are not the least interested in pictures, it is a rather foolish waste of time to be bored by the galleries; and if you delight in old castles, why go to the modern cities? And if you want to find the quaint and medieval villages, where life and environment are completely at variance with your own, why not go there?

Now in no sense is this book intended to usurp the place of indispensable Baedeker, nor does it profess to enumerate, much less describe, all that is worth while in Europe; no one volume could do that. Chiefly do I try to tell the reader where to go in each land to find the things that distinguish that land from his own and from other countries, the things that are unlike the things, or are better worth-while than the same kind of things to be found elsewhere. For instance, the most beautiful lakes in Europe are in Italy; therefore I am subordinating the English Lakes to other English features (such as the Thames or the quaint English villages) which are peculiar to England, are characteristic of England, or are at least

more beautiful than are other things of the like sort in other lands.

For this reason I have little to say of the great cities which I have found very much like each other and like our own, but I do aim to show the way to some of those places in every land to see which will surely make of the trip a pleasant memory. Many of these are included in every well planned European tour, but some are not, and take my word for it and be not afraid to turn aside sometimes from the beaten track, for in the odd corners of the earth are often found its greatest beauties.

ALBERT B. OSBORNE.

# CONTENTS


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I | England | 1 |
| II | Ireland, Wales and Scotland | 38 |
| III | Holland and Belgium | 51 |
| IV | France | 69 |
| V | Germany | 97 |
| VI | The New States of South Central Europe | 124 |
| VII | Italy | 144 |
| VIII | Switzerland | 176 |
| IX | Spain | 194 |
| X | Portugal | 212 |
| XI | Norway, Sweden and Denmark | 222 |
| XII | Regarding Itineraries | 239 |
| | Memorandum | 243 |
| | Index | 247 |

# FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE

# FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE

## CHAPTER I

### ENGLAND

ENGLAND has the most uninteresting cities, and the most attractive rural landscape in the world. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, are wrapped about with the smoke from thousands of factory chimneys, and their long miles of grimy streets with endless blocks of low and blackened houses all alike are unutterably depressing. They give a sense of vast and ever enduring toil. Long lines of dull-faced, low-statured men are nightly uncoiled as by machinery from great factory doors and flung along the streets, and the gray morning sees them again drawn back into the huge and barnlike buildings. It all seems like some bad, drab dream of mighty, resistless force, and if you would avoid the dream, avoid these centers whence England's commercial supremacy springs.

And as these cities differ from those at home or upon the continent in seeming wholly abandoned to the sordid side of life, so does the English countryside differ from the open of any other land; so if you would seek the one peculiar thing that is not else-

where to be found, the thing that at the same time has a sweetness and a beauty that make it worthy to be sought, go out along the hedgerows and among the little villages, and into the merry green fields of England, and there you will find it.

This chief and distinguished charm of England can best be found south and west of a line drawn from Liverpool through London to the mouth of the River Thames. This does not in the least mean that north of this line are not many interesting things and many beautiful things, but it does mean that if the traveler is limited in the time that he can devote to England, and wishes, perforce, to see just the typical, the distinguishing bits of England, he can find them south of that arbitrary line more completely than to the north.

In the heart of Surrey, and Kent, and Warwickshire, and Devon, is rural England at its very best. If you want to see the most beautiful rivers, there flow the Thames and the Wye; if you are in search of great castles, there are Warwick and Kenilworth and Windsor, and Bodiam and Raglan; if you seek splendid examples of English cathedrals, they wait at Canterbury and Winchester and Salisbury; if you want to look in on medieval environment as a setting for to-day, there are the exquisite, unspoiled villages of Clovelly, and Leigh, and Shere, and Cockington, and Newlyn; if you want coast scenery that is unsurpassed in Europe north of the Mediterranean, and that in places equals that which is to be found by that tideless sea, you have it on the shores of Devon and Corn-

wall; if you want romance localized, you can follow King Arthur through Cornwall; if you want the strange remains of a prehistoric age, there are the weird and mystic circle of Stonehenge and the lonely Druid cromlechs at Land's End; if you want seaside resorts you can find them at Brighton and Torquay; if romantic islands, half medieval still in laws and customs, there are Jersey and Guernsey and Sark; if famous and fashionable *spas,* Tunbridge Wells and Bath are at hand; if you delight in ruined abbeys there are Glastonbury and Tintern; if you wish to see an English university town, there is Oxford; a famous school, there are Rugby, and Eton, and Winchester. And along the highways that thread this wonderland are ancient timbered dwellings among the hollyhocks and roses, and thatch-roofed, casemented inns, and all the parklike beauty for which elsewhere you may hunt the world in vain. Now surely in this south half of England is enough and more than enough for an ideal tour.

Every tourist misses something, and I speak from actual experience when I say that no one summer is long enough to see all that is worth-while in Britain, and every trip must of necessity be a process of elimination.

And so, you will fail to see much in the north that would delight and interest. First of all you miss the English lakes, but while they are beautiful the Italian lakes are lovelier. You miss Durham, and Lincoln, and York, three great Norman churches, and you miss the walls and gates of York, a greater loss because

south of the Thames there is no walled city save Chester and frankly the walls of Chester are not very convincing. You miss the Derbyshire Peak district, much thought of by the English but of no great charm for an American. You miss the Dukeries, rather barren, big houses of titled owners. You miss Sherwood Forest, but you have the New Forest near Southampton instead. You miss the Norfolk Broads, wide and lonely stretches of water, the enjoyment of which is a matter of temperament. You miss Fountains Abbey, the most beautiful ruin in England.

And then you do miss—and here's the pity of it—you miss two matchless things, Cambridge University and Ely Cathedral; and for these there is no compensation, for Cambridge is so much more appealing than Oxford as to leave no comparison, and Ely is the most exquisite church in England. Well, I simply wouldn't miss them, that is all; I would go direct from London to Ely, seventy miles away, by a morning train, and lunch at the old inn near the cathedral, and go up to Cambridge, only a half hour away, for the night and for two or three days' stay.

Now to describe even these places I have mentioned would mean that this chapter would expand into a book, so I am going merely to hint at what is to be found along the route, and then the traveler, if not blessed with time to see all, can select the things that most directly appeal to him, and shape his course accordingly. But first of all send to Cook's, or some other tourist agency, and purchase a Bradshaw English railway guide. This will enable you to find

just how much time must be occupied in transit, and will warn you that in England Sunday trains are few and run usually at very inconvenient hours, so that care should be taken to reach, on Saturday, a town possessing enough of interest to occupy the leisure hours of the following day.

Landing at Liverpool, a two hours' ride takes you into the Shakespeare country, where you find not only the charm of historical and literary association, but first experience that magic of field and wood that so takes possession of the visitor who sees for the first time the exquisite beauty of the English country. Through this landscape the Avon flows like a river of peace, and emphasizing the sense of quiet and restfulness the tall spire of Stratford church looks down into its quiet waters. This little village of some 8,000 inhabitants occupies a unique relation to England and the world, for it stands to life to-day as did of old the shrine of Becket at Canterbury, the outlet for man's love of going to pilgrimage, an instinct as old as the race. The town's identity is merged and lost in Shakespeare's memory, and seems to exist but as an incident to his fame. Up the shaded path to the church, whose doors are ever open, thirty thousand travelers pass every year. They see the quiet interior of an ancient church, and pass awed and reverent to the one small spot within the chancel where the poet is but dust. His house, with the quaintness of a great age and the memory of a great name; the walk through the fields to the thatched and timbered cottage where lived his love; a rapid glance around the broad

streets where some fine old houses still are found, and Stratford is left behind. And yet the town must have an independent life; men and women live here and life has to them all the individual struggles and stories that fill the measure of our days in other villages. But you cannot grasp this human interest in a place like this, you cannot get below the surface of the overshadowing memory, and so Stratford is not a town to linger in.

From Stratford you should drive along the beautiful white road that leads over the rolling hills to Warwick. The direct drive is but eight miles, but do not be afraid of digressions that will take half a day to it. It is always fascinating to make excursions to a name, and who would not rejoice to go to Hampton Lucy, just to see what it is like; and when there you find a little village placed so beautifully among the trees and in the placid fields that if you were an artist you would want to paint the picture that it makes and call it "This is England."

Some fine old country places can also easily be reached. There is Clopton House which is, perhaps, in part, described in the "Taming of the Shrew," and where much of the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. And more imposing still is the vast pile of Charlecote Hall and the stately life that still is lived there. Then, too, you can make the way lead through the typical village of Snitterfield, at rest under the shade of some of the grandest trees in England. And so, by pleasant roads where the hawthorn hedge is growing, you come to Warwick.

And Warwick is ideal. Stay at one of the fine old inns, wander up and down the broad and almost stately streets, and linger long among those quaint cottages which you can reach by a turn near the castle. If you are fortunate you will find one where a gate in the hedge lets upon a magic garden with a sweet-faced old lady to give you tea in dainty china cups, and who, if you are interested, will take you into her low-roofed parlor and show you her picture of the Countess and tell you of how she, too, sometimes comes to the little garden for a bit of tea. When you leave you will have seen an interior that has been a home for centuries, and a typical English garden, and will have met a typical English woman loyal, without envy, to those to whom fate has given a higher social place. You can surely find the cottage and the garden of flowers, but the little old lady may not have long to stay.

Save the castle till the last. It rises to such a dramatic note, that the quiet atmosphere of the town may seem a little tame by comparison. From the Lodge at the Gate there is a deep cut road among the rocks, arched by mighty trees wrapped round by ivy, that festoons the rocks as well. And while you marvel at the beauty of the way suddenly there stands before you, across the wide sweep of a matchless lawn, the splendor of castle walls and castle towers old in story and vivid with a startling picturesqueness.

It is the most gorgeous thing in England. The river far below its soaring turrets, the ancient cedars, its romantic past, its splendid present, its beautiful

gardens, the outlook from its towers, the innumerable objects of art and interest that crowd its stately chambers, all combine into a memory that can never wholly fade.

From Warwick continue your drive some two hours further by Guy's Cliff and the old mill, centuries old it is, to the red stone ruin of Kenilworth, a place to wander in and think. And when you leave Kenilworth you have seen not all, but perhaps the most characteristic of the Shakespeare country.

From here to Oxford is but a short and easy journey. The town is big and busy and noisy, with no charm in its crowded streets, and with little in their atmosphere to suggest the intellectual life that for centuries has moved upon them. Now I know this is not the usual verdict, but I find so often that our accepted judgments are not our own, and that we take our estimates from tradition rather than from fact, that I cannot but feel that the beauty and charm so generally accredited to Oxford as a town are based upon opinions formed long ago, when perhaps they were justified, and not upon actual conditions that exist to-day. The colleges themselves are another matter, but the town itself seems so apart from and so independent of the student life that it is to me but a poor setting for the unquestioned beauty and romance of the chapels and halls that hold within their hollow squares so much of story and of charm.

At Oxford and at Cambridge, both, you need a guide, else much will escape you and you will fail to understand a great deal that is far less obvious than

it seems. The different colleges, of which in the aggregate there are twenty-two, and which together constitute the University, are gray stone buildings of great but varying antiquity, each built around an open space termed the "Quad," which is entered upon from the street through gateways that are interesting, and some of which are possessed of much picturesqueness. In these buildings are the rooms of the undergraduates and of the faculty as well. These colleges are not contiguous, but are scattered through the city, the duly entered student at one having access to the lectures delivered in all, though immediately subject to the control of his own college. Back of the Quads are often magnificent gardens, where, in term time, walk the black-gowned students. New College Gardens are the most delightful of all, filled with shade and backed by all that is left of the old city wall and gate. No day is long enough to see each college, but your guide can be depended upon to select those which are most noted for beauty or association, and beyond those to which he takes you it is unnecessary to go if you aim merely at such superficial impression as is possible in the usual visit of a day or two.

Of course it must be borne in mind that this great University of Oxford is the subtlest thing in England, and that to look no farther than the gardens and the chapels and the Quads is to miss altogether the comprehension of what Oxford really is. You must know its history and be able to bring back all that Oxford meant to the intellectual life of England throughout the centuries; you must be able to apprehend the soul

of the place; to appraise the sacrifices here made, and the ambitions here aroused. You must know of its political influence in the struggles between throne and people, and how and why that influence was exercised. And knowing all this, the pageant of its past will move again for you along the halls, and you will slowly come to perceive the spirit as well as the mere form of the place. If you read Andrew Lang's little book on Oxford it will help you much to do all this.

From Oxford the tourist should take a boat to London, for the hundred miles of river that lies between is unique among the rivers of Europe. A very comfortable little steamer leaves every morning, and after tying up for the night at Henley goes on to London the next day where it will land you in time for dinner, provided you do not go clear through to Richmond, the terminus, but leave the boat a little farther up stream, which is very easy to do, completing the journey by rail. But if the voyager is wise he will take three days at least to the river, and two weeks would be none too much in which to visit all the places of beauty and interest upon and near its shores. The Thames is not grand nor sublime. No lofty crags are piled upon its banks, no mountains tower above it, but all the dainty and exquisite loveliness of rural England seems gathered here, so that the trip is an enchantment from beginning to end.

The river is the center of England's summer life. Beginning with the college barges, moored to the banks at Oxford, the course of the stream, clear to the very outskirts of London, is marked by a succession of

houseboats, some of great magnificence; of modern villas surrounded with lawns and flowers unequaled elsewhere; of stately old mansions, survivals from Tudor days, set in parklike estates of many acres; of bungalows, and of tents. Quaint bridges span the narrow stream; towers of ancient churches lift above the thick, rounded tops of giant trees; villages whose straggling streets seem loath to leave the water's edge, make pictures of calm tranquillity, into whose houses with thatched roofs and timbered sides it does not seem as if care could ever enter; romantic old inns stand in gardens of roses awaiting the traveler, and amid all this unequaled setting moves a summer life brilliant, varied and appealing. Punts, broad flat-bottomed boats, are poled along through the lazy afternoon, their sides often gayly painted, and the carpeted bottoms piled with cushions at bow and stern; on the houseboats men in white flannels swing in hammocks and smoke and read, and in big wicker chairs on the flower-bordered decks women gossip and crochet; on the lawns brightly dressed people play at tennis or take their tea in the cool of the day; it is all so very different and so very charming that you come very quickly to love the little river, its beautiful, restful scenery and its interesting life.

In mid-afternoon of your first day you will come to Goring, where there is an inn, "Ye Miller of Mansfield," that has stood upon the river bank 400 years, and which is so typical of the very best of the charming inns to be found nowhere but in England, that it would be a mistake to pass it by. Leave the boat here

and stay all night at the Miller, and ask the landlord to tell you the story of its name. The town itself is a gem, a most fascinating combination of great drooping trees, a picture bridge with a fine old mill at the farther end, and straw-roofed cottages of unique outline with roses clambering to the chimney tops. And as for that inn! And think of the name of it—"Ye Miller of Mansfield," and the romance of the king, the miller and the deer that the landlord will tell you.

The next morning go to Sonning, where you can lunch at another charming house under a widespread porch by the river, where all sorts of birds come fearlessly to have you feed them, and where another old village sleeps in the sun and shade, and whose roses that grow everywhere are famed throughout England. Late in the afternoon you can take another steamer to Henley, scene of the famous annual regatta, and go on to London by boat in the morning, lunching at Windsor where you can profitably spend an hour or two in the castle, though this would mean that you would have to go up to London by rail, or spend the night there, continuing the river journey by a morning boat.

Of London there is not room to tell, only that of all the capitals of Europe I love it best. I love its romance, its history, its many tiny squares; I love the strange effect of light and color that comes through its smokes and fogs; I love the old black alleys around the wharfs, and the queer streets about St. Paul's; I love the broad, light ways of Regent Street and Oxford, and Piccadilly with its stately clubs. I love it all,

and so will you when you know it as you ought.

There are several counties that compete for the title "the Garden of England," and among them Kent, Surrey and Devon rank easily first; but Kent best deserves the name. And at London you are right at the door of this beautiful land. But before you say good-by to London take an early train for Canterbury only an hour and a half away, returning on such one of the numerous trains as will best answer your convenience; for Canterbury is the most interesting, as well as historically the most important, of the cathedral cities. Queer old houses of a bygone time are still found in its narrow streets, and at one place, Westgate, an old city entrance of the thirteen hundreds yet bars the thoroughfare with its battlements; and churches, monasteries, and an ancient guest house still preserve tangible evidence of England's medieval past. And towering over all, in the midst of a park where grow wide branching elms, stands the mighty cathedral, forming in its broad setting of green a view worth traveling far to see.

All these English cathedrals are given an entirely different background from their more ornate rivals on the Continent. Over there they are so encroached upon by city streets, and so surrounded by a litter of commonplace buildings, that rarely if ever is it possible to find any point of view from which an adequate impression may be gained of their majestic outlines. But in England these stately churches are invariably placed, like some rare jewel worthy of being enhanced by a choice setting, in a great space of lawn and park.

Therefore, while it may be conceded that the elaborate details of the French cathedrals exceed in mere architectural interest the severer type to be found in England, yet, as beautiful and satisfying pictures full of inspiration and delight, there are nowhere to be found such splendid examples as are given by these noble English buildings. And of them all, few are as magnificent as Canterbury. The close shaven lawns, swept by the graceful branches of venerable trees, the ivied ruins of medieval walls and gateways that once served to keep the world away, and above all the enormous lift of the great towers and their composition into a perfect embodiment of bygone days, form a combination that, it is hard to imagine, is anywhere surpassed.

From this most sylvan and peaceful of spots was ever exercised the most potent ecclesiastical power in England, and here was fought out the early warfare of church and state, a warfare that first left Thomas à Becket, a murdered Bishop, dead upon the altar steps, and that afterwards brought the king, coerced to penitence, to be flogged and humbled at his victim's tomb. Here, when British Christianity had been lost and forgotten among the hills of Wales, whence it had been driven by that Saxon power that rose upon the ruins of Roman civilization when the prop of Roman armies was withdrawn, here came Saint Augustine to preach anew to Saxon savagery the Gospel of the Cross; and from these precincts Augustine's successors still rule the Church of England as the Archbishops of Canterbury. To this spot during all the Middle Ages, until

Henry VIII won the battle with the church, led all the roads of England, roads traveled annually by the thousands of rogues, vagabonds, penitents, sinners and saints, sung by Chaucer in his Canterbury tales. Pilgrims that played, or prayed, or profited by trade here at Becket's shrine. But the story is too long to tell, vivid and fascinating as it is. Only do not miss this city, because of its beauty that is so old, and yet to us so new, and because here in its atmosphere of romance, though of fact, you can so well obtain a knowledge of what that England was like whose history runs back through the ages to the dim days of Saxon and of Dane.

You will have seen something of Kent from the car window, as you journey to Canterbury and back again; something of the hills and valleys crowded with wide stretching hop fields where the vines hang on forests of poles; something of the queer shaped, conical towers where the hops are stored; something of the orchards and the gardens and the flowers. But your first real insight into its quiet charm will come to you at Sevenoaks, less than an hour from London, a village hid away under the trees, where you go to visit Knowle, the country place of Lord Sackville and probably the finest and most important country house in England, greatly surpassing in beauty of situation and design the famous "Dukeries," and decorated and furnished in a style as sumptuous as a regal palace. These wonderful estates, scattered so numerously over the kingdom, are unparalleled elsewhere, for the Englishman always loved the country rather

than the town, and showed this love by establishing his home, the place where he really lived and his interests actually centered, out in the open among the lawns and trees and flowers that have ever so appealed to him. So, if the tourist would not miss a feature of England that is particularly distinguishing, he must arrange to see at least one of these ancient mansions, of which no better example can be found than Knowle.

For three centuries there has been here no change of ownership, and the accumulated magnificence of generations is evidenced by the beautiful works of art, the priceless paintings, the tapestries, and the curios that adorn the rooms. The house was certainly standing in the middle of the fourteen hundreds, and, since the Sackvilles came into possession, has been but little changed in its main features either within or without. Its picturesque walls, of enormous extent, are surrounded by one of the most famous parks in England, so that on the three last days of the week when it is open to the public, delightful hours can be spent in such of the great rooms as are shown, and in strolling through the grounds.

Tunbridge Wells, not far to the south, lies among the Kentish highlands, and is the most distinctive inland resort in the island. Not so exclusive as Harrogate, nor as ancient as Bath, I find it the most interesting among the noted *spas* of England. First of all, perhaps, because of the perfect beauty of its surroundings; and again because of the many drives that are so easily made from here to the small and ancient villages that lie calm and still and all unchanged from

the days of Shakespeare and beyond, villages the most beautiful, though not the most picturesque to be found anywhere, villages soaked through and through with the perfect beauty of the quiet, green heart of the land.

Now when I tell you that unless you know these little villages you do not know England, it is again because they constitute a feature no other land can duplicate. There are no such villages elsewhere to be found on earth. The reason for this is not far to seek. Rural life can take root only in a place of peace, and nowhere during medieval times was life so safe, and the common people so at peace as in England. On the Continent, alien foes were ever on the march, and foreign armies tracked and retracked the territory of every State; but no foreign foe ever landed on English soil from the days of 1066. Wars there have been and bloody battlefields, but they were not the contest of race against race embittered by racial antipathy. They were merely the struggles of rival noblemen, and the men in the ranks were brothers of the men in the homes; they were wars of leaders, not of peoples. Thus while fire and devastation followed elsewhere in the track of the sword, it was otherwise in England, and untouched by the presence of strife and undisturbed by the tramp of armies, the life of the farmhouse and of the village went a far safer way than in the rest of Europe. Thus it is that here in these homes and hamlets you can look in on an environment of life but little changed from feudal days. Each one of these charming little hamlets that clus-

ter so thickly about Tunbridge Wells has an individual charm of its own, though sharing in common the timbered houses, the mighty trees, the square-towered church, and the profusion of flowers and vines. There are Brenchley, and Penshurst with its great manor, and Lamberhurst and Chiddingstone, and to them lead roads of great delight. And when you have gone these roads and seen these things then will you agree with me that Kent is indeed the very garden's heart of England.

But you should wander still farther afield. Take an automobile for a day, and see Bodiam Castle that stands alone in a pasture where many sheep are grazing, its roofless walls and lofty towers indelibly impressed with the spirit of medievalism, and mirrored, as giving back the past, in the still, dark waters of its encircling moat. Bodiam and Raglan are unquestionably the most beautiful ruined castles in Britain.

Still farther, and you come upon Battle Abbey where history thrills you through and through. Before you lies the battlefield of Hastings, where the Saxon power went down before the Norman. Here on this ridge Harold fell, and here was built, by conquering William, the Gothic abbey within which now lives a man from Chicago, to the accompaniment of electric lights and other things that make him feel at home.

But come back to Tunbridge Wells for a day before you push on to Brighton, for it is so alluring, so unusual, and so altogether lovely that you will like it well. And then in an hour or so to Brighton on the

Channel, the Atlantic City of England, and saying that relieves from further description. It is big and fashionable and if you like the American resort you will like its English counterpart; and if you detest the one, then will you doubly loathe the other, and being warned, you will not go near it but move from Tunbridge to Winchester direct. But if, as is likely, you will needs go and see for yourself, then you will flee the place by first and fastest of trains, and come to Winchester in a couple of hours with a sigh of glad relief.

Winchester appeals in many ways. In the first place, there is to be found in "the God-Begot House," what is probably the most interesting inn in all of England. It stands unchanged from the time when, in 1558, its massive timber frame was mortised together and the casement windows with their leaded, diamond panes, were first swung open to the sun. Narrow halls burrow this way and that, dropping down a few steps and clambering up again, in a most confusing tangle as they lead the way to timbered chambers of exceeding quaintness, some of which you go down a step to enter and some of which you go up to get into. A world of old furniture is gathered in these captivating rooms, and the whole place is so rare, so sweet and clean that the experience of living in this ancient dwelling is as pleasing as it is unique.

From this hotel diagonally across High Street, over which a great clock is held by a huge iron arm, is a venerable cross of elaborate Gothic conception, and which really is not a cross at all, but a monument as

of lace that is turned to stone. Here the street is curiously arcaded, and you slip through a queer passageway under the houses and come out upon a great open space across which an avenue of trees leads to beautiful Winchester Cathedral. Everything is so quiet and so old, and withal so lovely to look upon, that the troubles of life slip away as you wander on among the gray buildings of the close, standing under the shelter of great trees and brightened, always brightened, by many flowers.

You will linger long in the cathedral, but longer yet, if you have your way, in the famous Winchester school, where, as in no other school of England the olden traditions and customs yet dominate the life of the young aristocrats who go there. It is a great temptation to pause right here and tell you of that life so interesting because so utterly different than that of our own schools, but this book has only begun, and you must go and see it for yourself.

And then there is the Hospital of St. Cross. Now it was the year 1136 when this institution was founded to provide a home for thirteen old men. And as it was in the beginning so is it now, and because of all its ancient ways and because of the fascination of the strange and lovely place, you will miss much if you do not see it. Its mere presence to-day is a demonstration of the great fact of English stability, and of the further fact that from away back in the eleven hundreds there was English law to protect and perpetuate the lawful acts of English subjects. Indeed, one of the most enduring impressions a trav-

eler brings back from abroad, is the abiding sovereignty of law through all the stress and conflict of English history.

But we are not yet through with Winchester, for close by where High Street leads through a battlemented gateway of the Thirteenth Century there is a castle hall that William the Conqueror built, and where Parliaments have been held, and kings have come, and where hangs upon the wall King Arthur's Round Table. Now this it may or may not be, but there is some evidence very well worth considering that is offered in support of the claim. And why doubt when belief is pleasanter?

Have I not said enough to justify Winchester's contention that she is among the most interesting of English cities?

Southampton is but a brief ride from Winchester, and at Southampton you take ship for the Channel Islands, unique English possessions which are geographically a part of France. I don't want to be discouraging, but the boats upon the service, even the newest and best of them, are small and thoroughly uncomfortable, and Guernsey, nearest of the three that you will probably visit, is some hundred miles away over a water that is often, very often, most distressingly rough. During the summer there is a night boat and a day service as well, and if you are sure of sleeping the former is preferable, but this is a matter you must decide for yourself, for whichever you select it is entirely possible you will want some one to blame for it. But none the less, if you are

interested in what is unusual in life, and strange in antique survivals of law and custom, I should certainly go. If you are merely looking for beauty I should stay away that I might linger longer in Devon or in Kent, for while there is beauty in the islands there is greater beauty in these shires upon the English mainland.

I am not going to refer to Alderney for that island is so aloof from the others, and contains comparatively so little of interest as to be outside the range of the ordinary visitor.

These islands are now all that remain to Great Britain of that Norman territory which was annexed to England by the Conquest, or, more properly speaking, to which England was joined when Norman William seized the British crown. And theoretically their allegiance is based, not upon the fact that George V is king of England, but because of the fact that he is the legal successor of the Norman Dukes. As a consequence the islands are still half French at heart, and by their old Norman customs which yet persist as laws, by their separate copper coinage, and by their semi-independent governments, they form a distinct and interesting part of the British realm.

Still as of old, the owners of the important estates exercise the right of holding manorial courts, and still can here be seen, in practical operation, the last survivals of the feudal system by which of old the barons throughout most of Europe held their lands on fealty to the king whom they must follow in time of war, in turn parceling out their domains among

their followers by a descending scale of service, until the actual tiller of the soil was reached. Sark, for instance, is ruled by a Seigneur, and, though his tenants, to whom he or his predecessors may have sold a piece of land, may sell it again on payment to the Seigneur of a thirteenth of its value, yet they cannot sell only a part, or in any way divide the property, which on the death of the owner without heirs reverts again to the Seigneur.

Simple indeed, and almost patriarchal is life on this lonely little island of Sark, protected as it is against all the world by natural ramparts of precipitous cliffs, access through which is gained only by entrance at the smallest harbor in Europe, around which the rocks rise so steeply that the interior of the island can be reached only by a tunnel cut through the stony heart of the precipice, and leading from the little pier to the green fields beyond the rocks. I have never found anything more mysterious than this weird little harbor of Sark. From Guernsey the island is reached by the help of a most wretched little steamer that goes over in the morning, gives time for luncheon and an afternoon's ramble, and returns at five in the afternoon. But there are a couple of fair hotels so that a longer stay is entirely possible.

Guernsey is more interesting to me than Jersey, which lies two or three hours' sail still nearer the French coast. Its main town of St. Peter's Port is very foreign and picturesque, and the island itself with the wild grandeur of its rocky southern coast,

its romantic caves and beautiful villages, is full of pictures. Most characteristic of all are the "water lanes," strange paths that lead by the side of running brooks through the densest shade imaginable, and the multitude of greenhouses that spread their glassy roofs everywhere, and under which are grown immense clusters of grapes for the English market.

Jersey, on the other hand, holds one feature that is easily the gem of the islands, Mont Orgueil Castle, a massive, piled-up ruin that for splendor and picturesqueness is among the half-dozen most impressive ruined strongholds in all Europe. But aside from this, and from the roads that run through the midst of the island, under dense trees that reach their thick branches entirely across the way and are trimmed so evenly as to form an impenetrable level roof of green that is apparently supported by the equally close and smoothly trimmed side walls of tall-growing hedges—aside from these two things I cannot feel that enthusiasm for the beauties of Jersey which is so generally expressed.

There are excellent hotels on the islands, daily newspapers in Guernsey and in Jersey, abundant banking facilities, magnificent roads, and carriages to be had at a moderate cost, so a thoroughly comfortable stay is insured once the channel is passed.

Back again to the mainland and there is nothing to detain you at Southampton, not even a good hotel save one capriciously located at a most inconvenient distance from boat and train. But should you wish to see one of the ancient royal forests where, from

of old, kings and their sons have hunted, a few miles ride to Lyndhurst and you are at the entrance to the New Forest through which you can drive or walk for a day or more and gain an excellent idea of a feature of English scenery of which America holds no counterpart.

Returning to Southampton we resume our journey to Salisbury, twenty-five miles distant. The town itself lacks the charm of Winchester, and would not be worth a visit were it not for the cathedral with its marvelous spire, high and white against the sky—the cathedral and the strange things to be seen at no great distance up upon the hills. For not two miles away lies a dead and half forgotten city, an English Pompeii, the town of Old Sarum. Here on a lofty hill the Romans built their town, and here behind huge walls the Saxons lived and after them the Normans, and the city grew and prospered and a great cathedral rose; then suddenly, in the midst of the Thirteenth Century, the city on the hill was abandoned and, down on the plain, Salisbury appeared. And grass grew upon the mighty earthworks, the cathedral vanished, sheep pastured in the empty streets. Nature worked through the centuries and year by year the solitudes had less and less to show that men had ever lived among them, until at last Old Sarum became but a tradition and a name. Now, however, it is being exhumed from beneath the débris of the ages. Pavements are being laid bare, old foundations uncovered, and soon the skeleton of the dead town will be exhibited to the present.

But older and stranger than Old Sarum, Stonehenge waits at the end of the drive. The mystic, magic circle of the Druids stands alone upon the bleak slopes of Salisbury Plain, the mammoth stone fingers pointing silently to the skies which in bygone days looked down upon we know not what of mysterious rite enacted here. And if you are of the right sort you will fall silent on the journey back, awed and hushed by these strange things that you have seen.

From Salisbury it is a railroad journey of several hours to Torquay, where you first come upon the charms of Devon. It is the fashion to speak and to write of "Devon and Cornwall" as if the two were in some way related, either in scenery or in general atmosphere, but nothing can be further from fact. For, while Devon is vivid with a luxuriance of foliage and a warmth of color that is nearly tropical in effect, Cornwall is bare and cold, with a subtle sense of mystery that is almost fear when you are alone with it upon the empty moors and recall the stories the peasants still tell, and half believe, of the Things that ride the storm when the great winds are out of bounds. And of all the beauty spots of Devon, Torquay is one of the three that are assuredly the most alluring. Here the Channel is almost the sea, and the muddy waters of Brighton are left far behind in exchange for the deep blue of the ocean. Around the sweep of the bay the city piles itself upon the hills, half hidden among the trees, and along the water front is a mile or more of esplanade where

palms grow as along some Italian shore. Palms and aloes and a region where snow seldom comes are certainly surprising facts to come upon in England, yet all this coast of the English Riviera is thus blessed, and not a few English people are content to pass the winter here instead of seeking refuge farther south from the chill that elsewhere pervades the English winter.

With headquarters at one of the several good hotels in Torquay, the visitor should not be content until he has thoroughly explored the delightful region roundabout. Cockington, one of the most photographed and most painted of villages, is within easy walk, and a day's excursion that should on no account be missed is to go by rail to Totnes, a quaint little town with a city gate, and arcaded streets and a vastly ancient town house with queer interior. From Totnes a comfortable steamer takes you down the River Dart that flows through a country of great beauty to Dartmouth, a city still full of medieval charm that comes from its many carved timbered houses, curious streets of steps, and the old, old fighting ships riding out their lives at anchor in the roadstead. An hour's journey by train brings you back to Torquay in ample time for dinner.

But after all it is to the east, and along the coast, that the greatest beauty is waiting. Babbacombe Bay is the most beautiful bit of landscape I have ever seen except on Mediterranean shores, and seldom anywhere have I seen it surpassed. You reach it by a walk of a few miles along the cliffs and through the

fields, and, when there, behold a tiny crescent of a bay fringed by a strand as white as paper where the blue waves break. Up from the shore the cliffs lift sheer walls of deep red to the fields and forests of rich green that stretch away from the edge to the far-off horizon. A path zigzags down the hundreds of feet to the beach where children play and men and women bathe and tea is served. I suppose I ought to tell you that you can go by tram from Torquay, but it would spoil it to go that way.

We are not yet ready to leave Devon—no one is ever ready to leave Devon—but, though later we will return to its northern shore, our route now takes us still westward into Cornwall, where Penzance is our first stopping place. Cornwall is a region of mystery and romance but not of beauty. It does not seem like England, and to all intents and purposes it ever has been and yet remains a land apart. It has not the climate of England, it is warmer, sunnier, and rows of palms twenty feet high grow in the little park at Penzance. The people are of different race, having until the last century their own separate language, a dialect of Celtic root. Much akin, indeed, were the ancient Cornish folk to the Bretons across the Channel, who to this day do not speak French but a language of their own, and even yet the Breton peasants who land with their garden stuff for sale upon these Cornwall shores seem to have little difficulty in making their Celtic speech understood by these Britishers who are, in truth, their distant cousins. It is no unusual sight to see

in Penzance a Breton peasant boy in wooden shoes selling his long strings of onions that hang from a wooden yoke across his shoulders.

The old Celtic beliefs still linger among the fisher folk and miners (for Cornwall is a land of mines) degenerated into the superstitions of to-day, and if you can only gain the confidence of some old fisher-wife you will be rewarded by tales of ghosts and omens and trolls that will make you as loth, as the country folk themselves, to venture out upon the lonely road when the moon is dark and the wind abroad. An older faith is also written forth in the many Druid stone circles, the great stone cromlechs, and the strange ringed stones that are so numerous in this westernmost land of Britain. The succeeding faith of the Celtic Christians is also evidenced by the frequent Celtic crosses, some still standing in the naked fields and some now placed where the highways meet.

Many thousands of books have been written regarding this strange, almost uncanny western land (the titles of which alone fill three large volumes) so you can hardly expect to find in this chapter anything approaching a guide to Cornwall. Suffice it to say that you must needs remain several days at Penzance from which you can drive to Land's End, to the Lizard, to the half buried British village not far away, and to all the mysterious relics of a forgotten time.

In the bay is St. Michael's Mount, a curious replica of Mont St. Michel at the other side the Channel off

the coast of Normandy, and of whose history I have elsewhere written. But Penzance is merely a center for excursions, as the town has little either of beauty or picturesqueness. Most delightful of these excursions is one you can easily make on foot to the little fishing settlement of Newlyn, which has given its name to a distinct school of British art created by the many artists who live there, and from Newlyn on around the coast to Mousehole, another fishing village of equal interest.

St. Ives can also be visited in a day's trip either by rail or carriage, but there is here such a delightful hotel built far up on the bluff overlooking the town and the sea, and St. Ives, with its narrow streets and odd houses, with the stairs outside, is of itself so interesting, that it seems a pity not to stay longer.

From Penzance or St. Ives, unless you have time to spend on the modern resort of Newquay, you go by train a long and rather tedious ride to within six miles of Tintagel, finishing the way by coach. Fascinating in its lonesomeness and bleakness, Tintagel, though but a handful of houses along one street and a ruin far out upon a mighty headland, somehow looks the fitting theater for the far-off romances of the days of Arthur. Here Tennyson came to write his Idylls of the King, and here to this day, drawn by the strange spell of the place, come England's famous people. Members of the Cabinet, field marshals, authors, artists, all gather in the great hotel, and wander about the wild neighborhood, climb to the windy ruins where Arthur is supposed to have

lived, descend to the little cove beneath, and explore the cave where Merlin worked of old his mighty enchantments.

At Tintagel begins the best of the trip, a coach drive (better and not much more expensive is a private carriage) along the north shore of Devon, into which county you come again not many miles east of Tintagel. Thirty-six miles over perfect roads and across hills that give upon wide views of the sea, and of rolling country set about with peaceful villages and the towers of many churches and you come to Clovelly, the most curious, the most picturesque village in all England. Its one street descends to the sea by a series of steps up and down which toil donkeys, led by pink-faced boys and burdened with the traffic of trade and traveler, for so steep is this singular street that nothing on wheels has ever passed this way. The village stands, sweet and clean and beautiful just as Time finished it centuries ago. The railroad is far away; little of the disturbing world ever echoes across the miles of quiet fields that protect it from intrusion, and thus sheltered the handful of honest, law-abiding fisher folk who live here look out on life from much the same angle as have their ancestors these six hundred years and more. Personally, I would rather miss anything else in England than Clovelly. But, frankly, I have met men who hated it, to whom it was but a huddle of queer houses on the side of a hill by the sea. And how can I tell, O Reader, seeing that I know you not, whether Clovelly will be to you a glory or a bore?

And still by the sea, and still by the hills, and still through the beauty that is England, our long drive leads on. Thirty-four miles and we come to Ilfracombe set upon a rocky coast with great headlands in the blue distance, and with views of splendor over sea and shore. The town is a much frequented resort, and in the season is a little too crowded for the comfort of those folk who had just as soon be alone.

Still the road by the edge of the cliffs beckons us to follow, and the thirty-five miles from Ilfracombe to Lynmouth is perhaps the best of the long, long way. The scenery is absolutely magnificent, and as you watch the play of light and color in the far spaces of the air, and upon the bold headlands, and the fields and woods, then will you be glad if, instead of being but one upon a crowded stage, you have your own driver and can halt until you have your fill of the beauty of it all.

And Lynmouth! There is the third of Devon's beautiful places, Torquay, Clovelly and Lynmouth! And differing beyond compare, who shall say which has the more compelling charm. Now Lynmouth is the lower of a curious double town, of which Lynton is upon the cliff, and Lynmouth by the sea beneath. I have stayed in both, but Lynmouth is so distinctly the more attractive that it would be unfair to the reader not to say so, and beside there is only one hotel, The Tors, from which all the panorama of sea and harbor and hill and town lies open before one, a hotel that in my judgment is one of the three best of the smaller hotels in England; and this hotel is at Lynmouth.

Now I am not going to describe Lynmouth, but if you love the quaint in little towns, and the magic of the tide and of the hills, and the delight of color over all, and a place to stay where Marechal Niel roses sway in at your casement window, then will you go to Lynmouth and there will you remain just so long as a kind fate may permit.

From Lynmouth an easy half day's drive to Minehead, and our coaching is at an end. Halfway you come upon Porlock, a cluster of houses that look as if they had strayed out from the days of Elizabeth and were huddling together for protection in these strange, modern times. And don't forget to notice, a mile or so farther on, an old forge under the trees by a brook and the thatched house in the shadow. If you are an artist you will stop right there.

Minehead is an attractive, old-fashioned, rather staid looking town on the shore, but without much to hold one, and Dunster, but a mile away and described to me as a vision of medievalism, proved distinctly disappointing, so the traveler can feel free to push on by train to Glastonbury if so the spirit moves, a journey that will occupy several hours.

Here again at Glastonbury we touch the chord of Cornish romance, for here, if anywhere, is that fabled "vale of Avalon" where King Arthur is said to have been buried. Dr. Dickinson, who has probably given more careful study than has any other scholar to the Arthurian legends and the evidence supporting them, and who concludes that such a person as King Arthur actually lived and reigned, rejects the tradition of

burial at Glastonbury, though accepting as fact that Glastonbury was Avalon. But be that as it may, the tale is not necessary to sustain interest, for here are the beautiful ruins of the oldest of English monasteries. Here and here alone did Saxon Christianity remain an organized power through all the period of the fighting Heptarchy, through all the changeful times of Norman conquest, and on down to the evil days of Henry VIII when the last Abbot was hanged on his own tower, and the great buildings that had sheltered the faith for a thousand years were left but an empty ruin.

Wells Cathedral is close to Glastonbury, and forms in its picturesque array and superb grouping another, and some say the best, of those exquisite pictures the English cathedrals always make. Both Wells and Glastonbury are difficult places to reach because of indifferent train service, but if one following this route of mine pushes on for the night to Wells direct from Tintagel, he can spend the forenoon there, and either drive or go by train to Glastonbury for luncheon, and then by later train to Bath, a ride of thirty miles more.

During the centuries that Roman civilization was so completely established in Britain, there grew up around the hot springs at Bath a luxurious city, that found its chief expression in the great marble halls above and around these springs. And to-day the visitor to Bath wanders through these Roman corridors. In the seventeen hundreds Beau Nash established here another empire, that of fashion, and Bath became, and for a hundred years remained, the most

famous, the most talked-of *spa* in England. Then came a period of depression and then of revival that is still in progress. The town sits with a certain insolent ease upon her hills. She is like some haughty dowager duchess gazing at you through her lorgnette. Thoroughly aristocratic, her appearance is not that of one who toils. And you will fall in love with Bath in spite of her age and her hauteur, for what old lady of distinction is not beautiful?

If you are a lover of flowers I will tell you where you can see the finest thing of its kind in the world. You undoubtedly know what tuberous begonias are. A Mr. Blackmore has been experimenting with these begonias for years, and he now has, at his greenhouses near town, acres and acres of more gorgeous flowers than you have ever dreamed could grow. There is nothing like them to be found elsewhere, for their splendor and variety are absolutely inconceivable.

Leaving Bath behind we make across the Bristol Channel to begin our exploration of the Wye Valley, often called the "Rhine of England." The valley marks the borderland of Wales, and in the fighting days of old was the constant scene of border warfare, warfare that has left its imprint on the land in the ruins of those wonderful castles of Chepstow and Raglan, and in those of many others scarcely less noteworthy. Here, too, the many isolated cottages and small remote hamlets of undoubted antiquity are missing, just as they are along the Scottish border, for fear of battle drove the people to the shelter of the castle or protection of the town.

The ruins of Chepstow stretch along the bluff above the river 700 feet and more, making the largest, as it is among the most picturesque, of castle ruins. With its fortress, feudal gateway, and ancient square, Chepstow is a good example of an old-fashioned market town, though after all it need detain us but half a day at most, as the drive up the Wye requires in justice several days. There is a railroad, but if you take that you might just as well not go at all, for every foot of the highway brings you to fresh delight. At Wyndcliff you leave the carriage to follow a path through the woods that leads steadily upward until it breaks out upon a railed platform where, a thousand feet below you, the Wye sweeps in a gigantic curve, and seven counties are within your view. Two or three miles farther and you are at Tintern Abbey, more stately in its solemn grandeur than even the ruin of Melrose.

Monmouth is twelve miles beyond; a fair, closely built city in a fertile plain, entered upon across a Twelfth Century bridge which has only two or three equals anywhere as an example of medievalism. From Monmouth a twelve mile drive takes you to Raglan, which shares with Bodiam the distinction of being one of the two finest ruined castles in England. Raglan is larger, and has more elaboration of carving and detail, for in bygone times it was not merely a mighty stronghold, but a very sumptuous home as well.

Through the choicest scenery of the drive the road now leads to Ross where, in the venerable church-yard,

all the little children called by death lie buried, not in the family lots, but in long, long rows of little mounds along the borders of the paths.

Beyond Ross lies Hereford with its almost matchless little cathedral, town and cathedral a scene of perfect beauty when viewed from the walk by the river bank.

Still following the valley we come upon Leominster, one of the most medieval of villages with its timbered houses and tranquil streets, and farther on Ludlow with its old-world atmosphere, and ruined castle brooding above it. And finally to Shrewsbury, whose fine old buildings are redolent of the past, and then out from the valley, through Chester, to Liverpool and home, or to resume your wanderings as fate decrees.

## CHAPTER II

### IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

THE traveler who would gain more than a mere impression of these interesting portions of the British Empire will, of course, seek elsewhere for essential and detailed information. All that I aim at indicating to him are those main traveled roads where, in this case, are to be found all that is most typical of these three once independent nations.

### IRELAND.

Stormy seas defended Ireland and its original Celtic peoples from those invasions of Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman which so affected the history of England and the character of its people, and though often attacked and nominally conquered, it was not till the fifteen hundreds that English influence or English settlement had any appreciable effect in modifying the ancient Celtic laws and Celtic customs that universally prevailed. In the remote days when fact and fable blend in a nation's history, Ireland was divided into many kingdoms, and in historic times we see these kingdoms warring with one another and inviting help of Scot and English in their local warfares.

Slowly, very slowly, did any semblance of order emerge, and even yet, confronted with the recent Irish record of violence, the looker-on has little cause to believe the Irish a united people. Yet Christianity came early to Ireland, whence it was sent back to England after Rome's withdrawal had let loose the submerging tide of barbarian invasion, and throughout the ages the Irish have never lost that gift of poetic temperament bequeathed to them by their Celtic fathers, and inspired to new and high endeavor by the Renaissance movement under the leadership of Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory and others. In recent years the island's story has been a turbulent one, involved in issues that the passerby cannot hope to understand, and saddened by a poverty that he cannot hope to escape, so heavy and so apparent is its blight upon all the land, particularly in the south, which, in spite of it, is easily the most beautiful and the most interesting part of the country.

Some of the trans-Atlantic steamships make Queenstown a port of call for certain of their ships so that Ireland may very easily be given a place in any European tour. If it is early morning when the steamer swings in from the sea to its anchorage in the landlocked harbor you are quite likely to be greeted by a slant of rain and a sight of mists rolling across the summits of the green hills, for "foul weather is no news" in the island that because of that very fact is the greenest spot on earth. But it is also likely that before the tender has deposited you and your luggage at the gate of the custom house the rain and mists will have vanished, and that as you journey by rail to

Cork, but a few miles away, the sun will be shining from a sky of rather watery blue.

Cork is dull and dirty, and just as quickly as possible get to an Irish jaunting car for the afternoon's drive across the bright green hills to Blarney. And in the beauty of those hills you will forget the ragged and the dirty, oh, so dirty, little children that followed begging through the streets of Cork; and all the misery and poverty that paraded there. If this is your first trip abroad you can have no better introduction to the castles of Europe than this splendid pile of Blarney. You come upon it through a pastured field by the help of an uncertain little path, and the great ruin lifts itself so grandly above the trees that you will forget many another famous place before Blarney fades from the memory.

The famous stone is built in the outer wall of the tower well toward the top and can be reached only by the suppliant for the gift stretching himself at length on the wall and, with someone sitting on his feet, lowering himself downward and outward in a most dizzy and precarious fashion, with the green tree-tops swimming a hundred feet beneath. Thus presently can he kiss the Blarney stone.

From Cork the railroad takes you in a couple of hours to Bantry, a town of a broad street and a bay of delicate beauty, back of which illusive mountain peaks play hide and seek with the mists. There is an indescribable charm in Bantry Bay, and I would spend the afternoon in idly wandering along the shore, or with a boatman on its deep blue waters.

Particularly do I recommend this as you will find very decent accommodations at the hotel. Moreover, there is a convent near the village where (so I am told by a woman who knows of such things) the prettiest lace in Ireland is to be had at the lowest price. But whether you care for lace or not, go to the convent near noon and watch the little girls lay aside their work and drop on their knees for prayer as the convent bells toll twelve. You will feel the better for the sweet sight.

Most of the route than I am about to recommend is covered by public coaches, but if it is within the possibilities you should hire an automobile for two days. Two hours or so over a road that brings magnificent views of sea and bay and purple mountains brings you to Glengariff and thence through a country of great beauty to Kenmare, where it is well to spend a few hours amid scenery of bay and river. Thence to Parknasilla for dinner and the night. Here is a place that is different; it seems such a place as the fairies might have made, surely a place where they would like to live. Against a background of mountains the town hides under masses of foliage and a long arm of the sea passes by it and far beyond. And there is an island, all quiet and still, with shady paths and openings, as of windows in the trees, through which you look out on blue water and green shores.

Spend the next forenoon here, and motor to Waterville, only an hour away, for lunch, and then to Valentia, "the next parish to America," where you

can dismiss your car, and take an evening train to Caragh Lake, a wild and desolate water, from which you go by rail on the morrow to Killarney.

Now Killarney means at least three days, for every morning coaching parties start from the hotel, and they go such different ways, the trips being alike only in their charm and interest, that you feel you must at least take three. I am not going to tell you which to take—on the notice board in the hotel hangs a full description of them all, and select those you feel will most appeal to you. Only for fear you should overlook it I offer this word—allow nothing to prevent seeing the home of Lord Kenmare, for from the terraces are views that are perhaps the most beautiful in Europe north of the Italian lakes—and don't forget to see his tennis court.

If you go direct from Killarney to Dublin you will still have seen the most noted and beautiful places Ireland has to offer. Now this does not mean that the north has not much of interest like the Giant's Causeway and of beauty like Lough Erne; nor that the east has not its charmed spots like the Vale of Glendalough, in county Wicklow; nor that the Golden Valley of Tipperary in the heart of the land is not worth seeing. It only means that if you have but a few days at your disposal you have made the most of your time.

I cannot wax very enthusiastic about Dublin; see it if you feel you should, but remember that exquisite Glendalough is not far away.

Yet after all it is the people of Ireland that possess

the greatest charm and that make the country's distinguishing delight. Unless you are an accomplished linguist it is the only land where you can get in close touch with an alien folk, and nowhere else can you find folk of such interest. They are lively, witty, courteous and most companionable, and if you approach them sympathetically you will find that the memory of them will be an abiding pleasure.

### WALES.

You will leave Dublin after dinner and before midnight be in your hotel at Holyhead on the other side the Irish Channel. It is not a pleasure trip, that crossing, but the boats are fast, and the night may be still, in which event the steamer will merely roll, roll wickedly, but it won't pitch, and that is something. And when you wake at Holyhead in the morning you are in Wales. This altogether fascinating principality is but little seen by Americans, and though three weeks could be spent among the picturesque people, the old towns and splendid castles, and bring each day a fresh delight, yet three days will give a glimpse of Wales that will repay the visitor as much as any part of Europe. I am very enthusiastic about Wales, and if the brief trip outlined whets your appetite for more, then read Bradley's "North Wales" and make from his pages your more extended itinerary.

Taking the morning accommodation train from Holyhead you pass through the little town of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrndrobwlltysiliogogogoch,

abbreviated to Llanfair P. G. on the station sign, change at Bangor and after a total journey of less than two hours are at Carnarvon, where upon the water side rise the walls and towers of the most splendid feudal pile in Europe. Wales is a land of castles, built by conquering Norman-English kings to hold subdued this conquered foreign nation, for such Wales was, such almost Wales is, since here among their mountains live a distinct people still speaking, still reading and writing their strange, foreign tongue. And of all the castles the conquerors built, of all the castles of all the lands of Europe, I know none that so looks the part of grandeur, of romance, that so expresses the spirit of those bygone warlike times, as this lordly fortress of Carnarvon. It is so vast, so grim, and yet withal so beautiful and so typical of all a medieval castle ought to be, that to visit it should be as much a matter of course as the trip up the Rhine, or the ascent of the Rigi. Begun by Edward I in the twelve hundreds it has seen much of battle, murder and sudden death; and last but not least it witnessed the glowing pageant of the investiture of the present Prince of Wales, thus again filling the old walls with royal pomp.

After an afternoon spent in and around the castle and upon the city walls, which fortunately still remain, take an evening train for Beddgelert that you may get an early start next morning for the ride over the mountains to Bettws-y-Coed. And while at Beddgelert note the beautiful vine-covered arches of the ancient bridge, and the old, old church. It is a pano-

rama of wild scenery, that drive to Bettws-y-Coed, a village so set in the woods, and among the mountains, and by tumbling streams as to be noted throughout all Wales as an ideal spot for a summer day.

The next forenoon your coach will carry you up the valley to Conway, and when you see Conway Castle guarding the bridges you will turn back these pages to see if what I wrote of Carnarvon was not after all written of Conway.

Go to the Castle Inn, which has been in the same family for generations, and whose walls are lined with paintings, gifts of great artists who have stayed there, and whose halls are filled with rare mahogany, and where they serve you on old china, and where your stay will be as charming as if you were a guest in some great private house. Then in the evening go by train a three mile journey to the gay sea-side resort of Llandudno and listen to the music in the pavilion on the pier. And then, if you have had good weather you will be glad that I insisted on three days in Wales. But really, I would make it six.

## SCOTLAND.

Color fades out of the world as we go to the north. Sea and sky show it first, where the coming change is presaged by a loss of variety of tint, and of depth in those hues that remain. Cold grays and steely blues become dominant, and on shore the brightness goes out of the landscape and the rich greens dull to a dark and somber coloring. Scotland is far to the

north, Edinburgh being on a parallel that passes beyond the center of Labrador. It is a land of rain and mist and summer days that are chilled to the temperature of our autumnal weather, where the sun, when it shines, gives a cold, hard light, and where softness of color has fled from the hills and lakes and forests. So it is quite possible that the man who loves sunshine and warmth and the glory of an Italian atmosphere, will not find much to detain him in the stern and rugged, the almost barren land of the Scots. But even such a man will love Edinburgh, and will yield to the spell of Loch Lomond, while he who likes cool weather, and prizes beauty of form even if clothed only in colors few and cold, will enjoy going still farther afield to Oban on the west coast and to the mountains and the lakes about there.

If you come north from Liverpool or the English Lakes you make your first stop at Melrose. Now to be perfectly honest about it, Melrose depends for its fame more upon what has been said and sung about it, than upon what it is. As a roofless ruin it is possessed of a certain romantic charm, but a charm much less than Tintern or Fountains Abbey, and a half hour within its walls will prove sufficiently satisfying. Three miles away is Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and wagons are in waiting at hotels and station to carry you thither. And you ought in duty to go, for I have a suspicion after comparing the Trossachs, Loch Lomond and the rest, with what Europe has elsewhere to offer, that if Sir Walter had not sung so thrillingly of his native land, you

would scarce have heard enough of its beauties to be here at all.

From Melrose to Edinburgh is but an hour, and Edinburgh is unquestionably one of the picture towns of Europe. If you go for a day you are quite likely to stay for a week, and whenever you leave it you are bound to be sorry to go. But to understand the town you must know something of its history, its legends, and of the people whose characteristics are incorporated in that history and reflected in those legends, for fact and fable are alike important in interpreting to us the human element of the years that are gone. To get this atmosphere read Scott's "The Heart of Midlothian," and Stevenson's "St. Ives," and particularly his "Edinburgh," one of the most illuminating and charming things the great author ever wrote. Then read any Scottish history that is at hand, history of those wild days when the spirit of national unity was developing among the clansmen; of the long and bloody warfare of the border, and of how in 1603 a king of Scotland became the king of England, and of how ever after he and his successors have reigned as kings of all the British Isles. And from it all you will learn something of the character of the race, something of its sternness, its religious austerity, its weaknesses, and its pride. Then with these things in mind go forth through Edinburgh town.

No picture can show you the city as it is, no words can make you see it. From the North Bridge is the most extraordinary urban view I have ever seen. Coming from High Street and facing the station you

see upon your right a pillared monument like Grant's Tomb that stands upon a jutting hill. Near by is a marble building like the Parthenon at Athens, and then a vast, irregular pile all towers and turrets like a medieval castle. Above these, on the farther crest of the hill, a tall and stately monument and strange line of columns like a Roman ruin, and to the left thereof a Grecian temple and an Egyptian obelisk. Turn now and look to your left. Below you stretches a broad mile of parks and sunken gardens; far away and reaching almost across the verdure and the flowers two gleaming columned temples; and then at your left the great castle rock, topped with the castle's walls and towers, and from the castle sweeping toward you to the bridge pours along the hill the indescribable confusion of the gables, spires, and chimney pots of old Edinburgh. To your right is the length of broad and stately Princes Street, that unique thoroughfare where one side only is for shops, the park itself forming the other. In the foreground, and just at the edge of the street, is the tall Gothic monument to Scott.

This is the great view of Edinburgh. But there are many others; from the castle where you look across the city to the sea, and the dim, weird arches of the bridge across the Firth of Forth; from Calton Hill, where the view ranges from the new town to the old; and from Arthur's Seat, a solitary mountain that rises precipitously at the city's very edge.

After exploring the castle, go slowly adown old High Street, by John Knox's house; past the site of the old jail; explore the narrow "lands," strange, dark

alleys where in tall, gaunt houses that once were palaces huddle now the city's poor; on to Holyrood, where lived Mary, and where Darnley's blood stained the floor. Then go up and down George Street, modern, I'll admit, but very grand and imposing with its statues and its shops; and here and everywhere those strange, far views at the end of intersecting streets, justifying Stevenson when he said: "The town is full of theater tricks in the way of scenery. . . . You turn a corner and there is the sun going down into the Highland hills; you look down an alley, and you see ships tacking for the Baltic."

You can do the Trossachs and Loch Lomond in a day, but don't! I would rather spend two days on Loch Lomond than to bother with the ride over the Trossachs at all. The pass has a certain impetuous roughness, like the man who slaps you on the back, and is not at all unlike a great deal of scenery to be found in America. But Lomond broadens into beauty, and when evening's stillness falls upon its waters, and the lavender shadows of twilight tinge the hills, then comes a moment when you can exclaim, "Where can anything more beautiful be found?"

On the return to Edinburgh you come first to Glasgow, and if you stay here all night you can go the next day by steamer, coach and rail the hundred and twenty miles to Oban, a long but extremely interesting journey through lakes and over passes. Oban is the most frequented resort in Scotland, and if you like the wild scenery typical of the land, scenery which

impresses rather than charms, Oban and the region thereabouts, which is all carefully covered by well planned excursions, will be a much more satisfactory place for you than the Trossachs and the nearby lakes.

## CHAPTER III

### HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

NOT so very long ago, as history is written, these two nations were one and were dissolved into their present component parts only in the hot crucible of war. It was 1830 when the two went their several ways. Topographically they have yet much in common, but there is much more wherein they differ radically. In Holland the people are more picturesque, in Belgium the cities are more interesting than are the men and women who live in them. Belgium, to be sure, has acquired immense interest for visitors on account of her heroism and martyrdom in the Great War. Many an American tourist stands reverently in Louvain and Liége and Antwerp and Ypres, offering homage to the brave men who fought there to stem the furious tide of German invasion.

To both lands has descended a heritage of art, a heritage so important, indeed, that no matter how indifferent the traveler may be to the painted picture, he can make no plans for a visit, no matter how brief, to these lowland countries without allotting a large proportion of his time to a study, or at least inspection, of the masterpieces in churches and galleries. This book cannot be everything, and lays no claim to be aught save a

counselor and friend, so I shall attempt no treatise on Dutch art, which like most laymen, I am incompetent to write, but will content myself by saying that Esther Singleton's "Guide to the Great Galleries" is satisfying and reliable, and contains all that the tourist who seeks impressions of country and people rather than art, will generally demand—that, and your Baedeker.

There are divers ways to cross from London to both Holland and Belgium, but for our purpose the night boat to Flushing is the most convenient. No better boats cross the Channel on any route. The boat train leaves London after dinner, and you can be in your berth at an early hour, and at dawn you are alongside the pier at Flushing. It is unnecessary to leave the steamer at that time, however, but you can dress leisurely at a more convenient moment, breakfast on board, and then take train or tram for Middleburg, only four miles away.

Now when you come to Middleburg let it be upon a Sunday or a Thursday, for on Sunday afternoon, and at Thursday morning's market, you will see sights so amazing, so utterly beyond your experience, that you will greatly wonder if you be awake, or in some poster city of dreams. There will be queer wagons shaped something like a boat on wheels, painted bright green, or blue, or yellow, or a little of each, with a tiny cabin of black, from which will look out on you the most extraordinary figures. There will be a red-faced, round-faced farmer man with thick bobbed hair under a little black skull cap, and pirate-like gold rings in his ears. He will wear a short, tight Eton jacket covered

with big silver buttons, and he will wear trousers that are of enormous girth around the hips, and he will be smoking a pipe, always smoking. By his side his good wife will be sitting, on her head a white cap, and down by her ears curious little corkscrew dangles of gold all a-shiver in the sun. She will wear a black waist that fits like a jersey, with elbow sleeves of incredible tightness, so tight indeed, that from the elbow down the arm is swollen and purple; and skirts will she have on, short, but of many, many thicknesses. Back in the shadow will smile at you two little folk, the dearest, cutest little folk in the world to-day. The little lad dressed just like father, and the demure little maid precisely like mother. The streets will be filled with wagons like this, and the market-place and all the ways thereto with people like these. And men and women will stand in such picturesque groups, and the children, those darling little children will be so captivatingly everywhere, that you will be simply speechless with amazed delight at a sight you never supposed had existence save in the opening chorus of some comic opera. The reason I have brought you to Middleburg, and insist upon Middleburg above all other towns of Holland, is because just here and in the surrounding country can you see, as nowhere else in the land, precisely this, which I take it is exactly what you came out to find. But remember, this must be on a Thursday for best, and a Sunday for second best, or you will surely be disappointed.

Even besides the people there is another reason why you should come to Middleburg, for no other Dutch

city has just its beauty or its charm, just such delightful old houses, just such coloring, and above all no city anywhere has a more beautiful Town Hall, of a more splendid Gothic architecture. And by the way, don't forget to drive out to Veere, a little water port that is really a picture from a Dutch plate.

Dort and its great tower rise from island shores about sixty miles from Middleburg. If you have read Hopkinson Smith's enthusiastic praise of this ancient city you will experience a shade of disappointment, disappointment that is not unlikely to follow you whereever in Holland you turn from the places where people are still picturesque (and they are few) to the level monotony of the cold-looking landscape, the endless canals, the continuous lines of windmills waving frantic arms against the sky, and the long, dull streets of towns, broken only occasionally by interesting buildings of other days. But Dort has a certain elfish strangeness; vague old houses, uncertain of outline, lean over the black waters of the canals; tall, stoop-shouldered warehouses with shuttered windows darken mysterious alleys with brown shadows, and bridges span sluggish waterways, making pictures of interest if not of beauty. Yes, I would go to Dort, but I would not linger there. And lest you be beguiled into making the round of the churches let me give you a word of advice—don't waste time on the interior of Dutch churches, for without exception, so far as my experience goes, they are the most depressing sights of Europe, naked, bare, and horribly whitewashed; robbed of all color, a glare of light from huge, plain

glass windows, and as undevotional and uninspiring as any other barns.

You had better go from Dort to Delft by canal, provided you chance on one of those rare days when the weather is warm, for one's first trip on a Dutch steamer with its peasant passengers on the forward deck, and the glimpses of the little towns along the banks and of the local life that gathers at the piers is sure to be of interest. It will show you too, how Holland itself depended for its actual existence, and relies for its daily preservation, upon the unremitting efforts of its people. Here is a land much of which is below the level of the water upon which you sail. Sunken beneath the defending dykes are green fields where sleek cattle pasture, and from which red-roofed villages look up at you from among the trees. From the canals that intersect this hollow land the wind-mills are ever pumping the water out into the higher streams and so up into the sea. The care and direction of this great and vital system is not local, but wholly under control of a department of the general government.

If you go through Rotterdam without stopping you will lose nothing but the pictures in the museum, which are scarcely compensation for the town's utter banality, and besides, you come the sooner to Delft, a city of delight. It is so clean, so comfortable; the broad, tree-lined canals are so a-glimmer with light and shade, and so decked with the curious life that slowly moves upon them, that you will vote Delft a place to linger in. Still, it is only five miles from The Hague, of which it is really a suburb, so it is better

perhaps to make headquarters in the capital, and go back and forth to Delft.

There is no place else so inspiring in which to study Dutch history, for here in Delft lived William the Silent who created the Dutch nation, and here, July 10th, 1584, he was assassinated. Here in the Oude Kerk Admiral Tromp is buried, that great sea conqueror who, with a broom at his mast head literally swept the seas clean of his country's enemies. And here in the Nieuwe Kerk lies William, surely one of the greatest men in history, surrounded by all the dead of the house of Orange.

The medieval history of Holland is much the same as that of the rest of Europe, save that here there was more commerce, and greater liberty. I am not sure, however, but that our use of the word "liberty" as we apply it to the conditions of medieval life is misleading. For when we say "greater liberty" we really mean that there was here less direct interference on the part of a central and external authority with the management of the town's affairs by the small class of wealthy men who really governed. Liberty never got much beyond these few men, and really meant that the vast majority of the people were ruled by a few of their townspeople instead of by a man or men in a nation's capital. Liberty never for a moment was understood as implying freedom of political action to the man in the street.

At the height of Spain's splendor, when her King was Germany's Emperor, and her gold bearing galleons circled the seas, Holland was but a Spanish province,

but a province seething with revolt. By the middle of the fifteen hundreds Protestantism had found a refuge behind the dykes, and for their faith the people were prepared to die. In 1568 came Alva, iron-hearted duke, fit ambassador of bigotry from his fanatic king, and then began that incredible eighty years of warfare, the most cruel, bloodiest, most merciless struggle the world has ever seen; the bravest, most enduring defense of home and faith all Time can show us. Starving men, famished women and half-naked little children soldiered the walls of beleaguered cities. They fought on and on; new generations took up the sword in youth and laid it down only when age or slaughter brought them to the grave; and still the vast resources of Spain were unexhausted. But at last the Spanish power waned, and sullenly the shattered fragments of her forces passed and returned no more, liberty was broadened to an actual fact, and the Dutch Republic took its place with the nations.

The Hague is full of modern life and modern beauty, and most beautiful of all are the pictures made in the center of the city by the waters of the Vyver, a little tree-swept lake, and by the nearby Binnenhof, a mass of striking and ancient buildings, the old parliament house, the courts, and in the center a square where many dark deeds and some bright ones have been enacted. Now after you have wandered here, and visited the town hall, and spent as many hours among the famous paintings in the galleries as you feel you can enjoy, there is nothing more in The Hague to detain, for while it is a cheerful sort of town

it is not one to exclaim over. So take a carriage and drive through the pleasant but not extraordinary forest to the "House in the Bosch," the Queen's villa in the wood. Not externally impressive, it is filled with a delightful collection of curious and beautiful things. And from here go on to Scheveningen, the most noted seaside resort in Holland. Really, it is two towns in one. Across the dunes is the old fishing village where the tall masts of the fishing fleet huddle together by the quay, where life still is primitive and picturesque, and where it is very well worth while to go. In startling contrast is the fashionable town stretched out along the splendid sands. The color is that of a pastel; soft, pale tones of dull yellow sand and the yellow water blend delicately with the gray-blue sky, the whole dashed with the warm orange and terra cotta sails of the fishing sloops processioning out to sea. Upon the sands, the broadest and firmest I have ever seen, are innumerable tall-backed, hooded chairs of yellow wicker, and within their shelter, or sprawled on the beach, or at play in the surf that is not much more than a ripple, are people from half of Europe.

Every good American will want to go to Leyden, not because there is any special charm in the quiet old town, but because of the influence the former life of the place had in determining the form of many of our American institutions. Driven from England by persecution, here settled in 1611 that large band of English Puritans many of whom later planted in New England the beginnings of our nation. During all the years of their life here they were absorbing the spirit of Repub-

lican government and the forms in which that government expressed itself, forms and institutions that, strange as it may seem, little as it is realized, have had greater influence upon, and are more directly traceable in the framework of our American Republic than are the institutions of monarchial England. As already indicated, this is partly because of the familiarity with Dutch government gained by the Pilgrims during the preceding years of their residence in Leyden; and partly, of course, because of the direct Dutch settlements in America. But the fact remains, and it is an impressive one for the American traveler in Holland, that though English in speech, we are Dutch in institutions to a much greater degree than is generally supposed. For instance, we derive the following from Holland, instead of from England, where at the time our customs were taking shape they were unknown: the equal division of the estates of descendants among the surviving children; our written constitution, one having existed in Holland from 1579 though even yet unfound in England; the organization of the United States Senate, an elective body with a fixed equal representation for each State and an age qualification for membership; free schools; religious freedom; the recording of title deeds; the inability of the Executive to declare war without the consent of Congress; the written ballot; the assignment of counsel to poor defendants charged with crime. All these features and many more had no parallel in England, but clearly derived their inspiration from Dutch sources. Yes, every American should go to Leyden.

Between Leyden and Amsterdam there is nothing to detain the tourist who is not engaged in a thorough study of the country, and frankly, and perhaps unfortunately, I can find little worth while in Amsterdam save the superb pictures in the galleries. But there are certain excursions which can easily be made from here, and which are on no account to be missed. One of these is by the steamer that plys the canals between Amsterdam and Alkmaar. Through the sunny morning your craft first takes its crowded way to Zaandam, the very heart of windmill land, a town that fairly screams at you with its vividly painted houses to stop with it a bit, and you had better do it, say for an hour, just long enough to wander down its one long, giddy street to the little hut where once upon a time lived Peter the Great.

From Zaandam your boat furrows the long, still canals, through the level, bright green country to Alkmaar, a remote city of farther Holland. Better come on Friday, or not at all, for the place is of interest only on that day when the square in front of its amazing Weigh House is piled high with tens of thousands of red and yellow cheeses, and the business of bargaining for them begins as the clock strikes ten.

The most famous excursion in Holland is from Amsterdam to the Island of Marken where still persists in all its ancient form and color the queer costume of the people, differing in detail from the peasant dress of Middleburg, though in general effect much the same. Only fisher folk live on the island, so to see them at their best it is necessary to go out on Sunday. Their

picturesqueness is almost professional, and little children and big bronzed fishermen are alike ready to pose for the camera, and a consideration. One or two housewives are also glad to show the decidedly queer and interesting interiors of their homes, also for a consideration, so that there is an atmosphere of artificiality about it all, which fortunately is absent from Middleburg. But none the less the trip is emphatically well worth making, partly, indeed, because the boat stops at the fascinating hamlet of Broek which years ago acquired the reputation of being the cleanest town on earth and has ever since maintained it, and partly because of a second stop at Monnikendam, a singularly torpid little place with many examples of the fine old Dutch architecture of the sixteen hundreds.

But of all the villages of Holland none is more beloved by artists than Volendam, and no one who cares enough about Holland to go there at all should miss this unique town with its gay little houses, and big, quiet people who appear to pass the time in silent meditation, so still do they keep, so little do they have to say. It is very easy of access and much more typical of Holland of the story books than Amsterdam or The Hague.

Now to the east, across the Zuiderzee lie many other towns that you should see if you want to know every part of the land, but you have already seen the best, and so are probably ready to turn your face toward Belgium.

The greatest contrast between Holland and Belgium is one of color. In Holland color is the dominant note

everywhere. The contagion of it spreads from the gorgeous little houses to the boats on the blue canals, thence to the wagons and carts, and finally climbs the trunks of trees as far up as the paintbrush can reach. But Belgium is a somber-hued land. Black is the well-nigh universal garb of all ages and conditions of people, and the love for colors of violent contrasts is not so pronounced as across the border. In the building of the old towns, however, was used much brick of mellow reds and soft creams, so that, after all, we are apt to think of them as colorful cities. This color when applied to the distinctive and beautiful architecture to be found in these places combines into an effect so unusual as to make a short stay in Belgium very desirable.

From Amsterdam to Brussels is not so long a journey as to be uncomfortable, and in Brussels is a plenty for every taste. There are brilliant shops, long boulevards filled in the late afternoon with fashionable people, a modern court house, as we would term it, which is an enormous pile, impressive from its size at least, and which good Belgians regard, perhaps not unjustly, as one of the wonders of Europe, and many stately homes and the rather commonplace palace of the king. It is hard to find a royal palace anywhere that externally looks the part, and this one has the same institutional look to be found at Buckingham and the rest.

In the galleries are magnificent paintings, and a picture more beautiful than can there be found is the mighty church of Saint Michel and Saint Gudule. To me this is among the half-dozen most splendid churches

in Europe, distinguishing Brussels from other cities, even as its cathedral is the abiding memory of Cologne. Few churches have such impressive approach, for where a street gives back, as if in awe before it, a mighty flight of steps leads up to its gigantic portal that is flanked by two Gothic towers as stately as the world can show. Within is a dim twilight of many colors softened and blended by that rare glass which only artists of long ago could make, and through this painted semi-darkness lights are burning before vague altars, and from chapel service faint incense is floating. Do not have a guide, refuse the companionship even of your best friend, but find a seat alone and wait, for thus only can come to you a real perception of the unearthly beauty of the place.

As perfect a picture of another sort, a picture of the setting for Brussels' medieval life, is found in the market-place. In other cities and in other lands you can find market-places undisturbed from the Middle Ages, but none like this, with the rows of narrow buildings piling ornate stories high to the strangely gabled roofs, with the glorious town-house at one side and across from it the astonishing palace that was once the King's.

There is another thing to be seen only in Brussels, and from which if you are too impressionable, or addicted to bad dreams, you should keep away, and that is the gallery of realistic, extraordinarily realistic, and altogether horrible pictures, known as the Musée Wiertz. Some of these fearful paintings are so arranged and lighted as to be looked at only through

peep-holes with an effect that is tremendous and appalling, and the whole collection is gruesome in the extreme. You will probably go.

Momentous history was made not far from this gay capital of the Belgians, and there are few visitors from over seas who do not visit the scene, now so quiet, where a century ago was fought out one of the world's most decisive battles. The cannon of Waterloo were heard in the ballrooms of Brussels, and the excursion to the battlefield takes but a short half day.

But Brussels no longer has to go back to Waterloo for war memories. From 1914 to 1918 her streets rang with the tramp of the German legions, and, throughout those four weary years, the thunder of great battles being fought to the southward reverberated in the ears of her citizens. Surely, those footsteps and those cannon-roars must still resound in the nightmares of Brussels folk!

Now in Brussels is to be found very much more of interest than is here set forth, so do not be deterred from going because of the oft repeated expression that it is "a little Paris."

It is but an hour from Brussels to Ghent, that aged city that played its part so valorously in the days of old when the history of Flanders was largely the story of the warfare of town *versus* town, and that then fell asleep in the later times when its commerce was drawn away and its population dwindled. Now it is stirring as if about to awaken, and trade is opening its thoroughfares with disconcerting frankness through old quarters rich with the beauty of the past. But still

undisturbed is the one supreme thing you go to Ghent to see, the grim castle of the Counts of Flanders built —think of it—in 868. All around is the city, but above the tide of its life rises this vast gray island of the past, silent, mysterious. And with its vision last before you, your memory of Ghent will be a solemn one.

But in an hour you are within another of those "dead cities of Flanders" as they used to call them, a city whose atmosphere is at utter variance with the somber spell the castle of the Counts throws upon the streets of Ghent, for now we come to Bruges the Beautiful, where every thought inspired is one of peace and serenity. Inspired by the present, however, and not by the memory of those days when Bruges rivaled Venice for the commercial supremacy of the world, for war here often spoke its iron word at the city gates, and more than once the stones of the market square, where the belfry tower stands to-day as a benediction, were red with the blood of many victims. But those days of contest now seem very remote from these quiet streets and still canals. Peace and calm in a setting of perfect beauty of form and color, such is the impression of Bruges to-day. It is a place to linger in, to follow by boat the shady canals broadening at intervals to little lakes where lie long reflections of spire and tower; to wander through the poorer quarters where the lacemakers sit at work in the street; to seek the massive gates that in their day have kept at bay many a hostile army; to watch the belfry in the Grand Place of which Longfellow sang; to go the way to the Place du Bourg and under its northern bridge of

sighs to the quays that lie beyond. This should be the measure of your days in Bruges.

Close to Bruges is Zeebrugge, whence the German U-boats sallied forth on their murderous expeditions during the years of the Great War, when the Germans occupied Bruges and all the rest of Belgium except a little strip in the south.

Now if afterwards you want the bustle and excitement of a place that is very much alive, you can be in Ostend in half an hour, with its crowds and big hotels and brass bands and bathing machines. But Ostend is like all other resorts by the sea except that there is to be found here a little more ultra-fashionable attire than elsewhere in Europe. And really that is all there is to be said about it.

But scattered all through the northwestern part of the country are a great number of strange little cities much diminished by the retreat of commerce, and each distinguished by ancient dwellings, an old castle, a marvelous church spire, or a medieval tower. Grass grows in the streets, and over them all hangs a singular silence. And because these are so different from what Europe elsewhere has to offer, the traveler should, if possible, take the time to look in upon one or more of them. This can easily be done, for you will of course wish to stop in Tournai for a visit to the unique cathedral that is there, and in going from Ghent to the French frontier let your tickets read by Oudenaarde, Courtrai and Tournai and the deed is done.

Oudenaarde is a most curious half-asleep town, the

life of which, like the place itself, is but little changed from the Middle Ages, save that trade has moved away and the people now are poor instead of rich. Dominating it all is a massive church with a fortress-like tower around which old, stepped gable houses are gathered in a picture-like group that artists come from far to paint, and travelers to see.

The train continues from here to Courtrai, the scene of the battle of the golden spurs, and centuries later one of the strategic points in the heavy fighting of 1918 along the line of the Menin-Roulers road.

Tournai, twenty miles farther on, which was one of the key-stones of the last German defense on the Scheldt at the close of the Great War, is distinguished by a cathedral that in some respects has few equals in Europe. To stand just beyond the transepts, by the doors that open to the choir, and from there look out upon the nave is to see a vision of architectural loveliness that is unsurpassed. This cathedral indeed was the product of a distinct and powerful school of Gothic architecture that has left its trace in much of the best work in northern Europe, so that it is an unsolved mystery why so many lovers of the beautiful pass it by. In the treasury is a wonderful collection of relics and works of art, laces, jewels, embroideries, carvings of ivory and wood and a thousand rare and beautiful things that repay many-fold the time it takes to see them.

In recommending that these seldom visited places be put upon your itinerary it is only fair that you be cautioned about the hotels, which are poor, so that you

must be willing to sacrifice some comfort for the sake of the beauty and strangeness you will find. In fact the hotels throughout Holland and Belgium are generally below the European standard, so that if comfort is a prime desideratum you should seek only the best in each town. In Antwerp, Amsterdam, The Hague and Brussels, there are, however, hotels of the middle class that are entirely satisfactory. Another thing to remember is that Holland, particularly, is apt to be cold until late in the season, and if you are a lover of warmth you are quite likely to find even June much too cool. Rainy days are unpleasantly frequent, and as the stoves in the smaller hotels are taken down in May, and as fireplaces in bedrooms are not always found, plenty of warm clothing is often essential.

Ypres, in Southern Belgium, is the centre for a visit to battlefields on which some of the most terrific fighting of the Great War took place. Ypres itself, with its ruined Cloth Hall and silent desolate streets, is one of the most eloquent monuments of the great struggle, and all who see it will pay silent tribute to the heroic Britons, Frenchmen and Belgians who for four long years held the town against the most furious attacks of the foe. From Ypres it is easy to arrange for visits to the battlefields roundabout, both those in Belgium and others further to the south in France.

## CHAPTER IV

### FRANCE

AT first consideration France seems almost hopeless from a tourist's standpoint; it is so big, so confused, that the task of quickly and easily gaining a comprehension of its distinctive beauties seems impossible. But with a little study the situation clears, and the country resolves itself into certain well defined zones of interest.

In the first place it should be remembered that the average city of the French provinces has been utterly spoiled by modernizing, and is now the dullest thing in Europe. Straight streets lined with little trees and low, uniform buildings of incredible monotony have replaced the charming old thoroughfares. Banal promenades with iron benches painted green, and beds of red geraniums have been substituted for old city walls, and the interesting old gables have been replaced with slate-covered mansard roofs; you are therefore spared all thought of the greater part of France except how best to avoid it. But the things that remain are of extreme interest and importance. Broadly put, these are the cathedrals of the north and east; Brittany; the château country of the Loire; the valley of the Rhône; the eastern mountains; the Mediterranean

coast known as the Riviera; and the country bordering on the Pyrenees.

Now crossing the frontier from Belgium at Lille, as is the plan of the tour I am sketching, it is easy to take in the cathedrals, and in so doing the best of Normandy as well, and also Brittany, returning to Paris by the valley of the Loire. From Paris excursions may be made to the war zone of Northern France, including Rheims and its ruined Cathedral—there are a number of these excursions, conducted by different companies, for all or any of which arrangements can easily be made at Paris, in accordance with the tastes of each traveler and the allowance of time and money which each has at his or her disposal.

Other excursions may easily be made from Paris to Chartres, where is to be found a cathedral that is among the world's greatest, and then south and east to the French Alps and over them to the Riviera, and on to the west along the Mediterranean, coming back to Paris by the Rhône, or going on into Spain, as the case may be. A tour such as this would give a very satisfactory knowledge of the country's best. The traveler who knows all his France may wonder why several regions are omitted, particularly Le Puy, and thereabouts; but I am not planning a whole summer in France, merely a matter of six weeks or so, and Le Puy I found utterly disappointing. And the man who cannot spend six weeks can easily modify the route by eliminating the things that interest him least, remembering that the worst possible thing to do in Europe is to follow the crowd instead of your incli-

nation. Go where you want to go and nowhere else; seek the things you like, and avoid the things you don't, for of such is the kingdom of pleasure.

*The Cathedral Cities.*—From Lille a through train will take you in two hours to Amiens where you come upon your first great French cathedral. Amiens, though occupied by the Germans for a few days at the outset of the war, and under heavy fire during the great German onslaught of the spring of 1918, was spared the destruction meted out to Rheims and Soissons and their cathedrals.

The French cathedrals differ materially from those of England, not only in situation but in architecture as well. Gone are the quiet close, the stately trees, the green lawns, and in their place a huddle of mean houses hides half the beauty of the great church. The Gothic architecture of France is infinitely more ornate; the church front is a mass of carving, of hundreds of statues, of grinning gargoyles, of stone vines and flowers and lace-like filigree laid and overlaid in dazing intricacy of design, making these French cathedrals concededly the most ornate churches in the world; and if ornamentation constitutes beauty, then very easily the most beautiful in the world.

There are those, however, of whom I must confess to be one, who believe that expression of purpose is a prerequisite to beauty in architecture, and that to express its purpose an ecclesiastical edifice should strike a note of dignity, of sublimity, and of grandeur. This impression it should immediately make at the very first glance. To do this the beholder must be impressed

with the mass of it taken together; it must give at once an impression as a whole, as is the case at Cologne and with the English cathedrals. These are majestic and solemn and unified, and because of this they are to my mind the most wonderful and beautiful churches in the world. And you really don't see the French cathedrals at all when you first look at them, because the bewildered eye is trying to separate, and the brain to comprehend, the thousand images and decorations that crowd and obscure their immense fronts. At Cologne your first thought is of God; at Amiens you forget everything but the images.

But none the less you can find nowhere more magnificent examples of the French Gothic than these two cathedrals of Amiens and Rheims, though the war made the latter into a shattered and melancholy ruin, the restoration of which progresses but slowly; nor does anybody really hope that, however skilful the restoration may be, the cathedral will ever again be the superb edifice it was before German shells brought destruction.

Before the war, when the cathedral of Amiens, as well as that of Rheims, stood in all its splendor and glory, I always cared most for the first. Within it you stand breathless among the colored shadows; a hundred columns carry the great roof into the mist one hundred and fifty feet above, and painted windows flood the long nave and choir with indescribable color. Do not hurry away, but consult your guide-book for the enormous mass of interesting detail in choir and tomb and treasury. But when you do leave the cathedral

then hurry, for Amiens is one of the least attractive of all the towns of France, and it will hardly be worth your while to tarry there.

Before leaving northern France you may wish to visit Strasbourg, since 1918 again part of France together with the rest of Alsace-Lorraine, and see its world-famous cathedral, one of the most beautiful churches in Europe. If possible, see it alone, for the effect is almost as impressive as that of mightier Cologne. When you come out, take a look at the old, timbered house on the corner. There is an interesting old part of town down around the river, where you must be sure to make your driver take you, and if you are lucky you will see, at twilight, the storks flying back to their nests on the chimney tops. And again, if you are lucky, you will note in the streets the peasants of Alsace-Lorraine, with huge bows of black ribbon in their hair.

Returning to Paris, two hours on the train from there brings you to Rouen, which would be a commonplace and unattractive city, with hideous straight streets of cheap shops, were it not glorified by its churches and the memory of Joan of Arc. The cathedral interests by its curious architecture and beautiful monuments, and the great church of St. Maclou by its ancient glass. But above all the churches of Rouen and of France is the absolutely incomparable church of St. Ouen; and whether the French Gothic or the English most appeals to us, and whether we differ as to the comparative impressiveness of Cologne cathedral or that of Amiens, we can all agree that this

church of St. Ouen is the most beautiful, though not the most magnificent church in all the world. And for this reason, though perhaps for no other, the city of Rouen should be included in every tour of Europe.

It is hard to say whether the Maid of Orleans becomes most real here at the place of her fiery death, at Rheims the scene of her culminating triumph, or at Chinon where she first met Charles; but certainly in Rouen her memory is very much a part of the place. Early in the fourteen hundreds civil war and English conquest had reduced all France north of the Loire to the position of an English province; an English army occupied Paris and an English regent governed from there the conquered country. The Duke of Burgundy, allied with the invaders, disputed everywhere the authority of the Dauphin, Charles VII, who had found refuge in the castle of Chinon, in his still loyal province of Touraine. Here he had apparently abandoned all hope and in apathy awaited the final dissolution of his realm. At this moment of despair there came to him at Chinon in 1429 this mere peasant girl of eighteen, and like one in truth inspired, she taught his soldiers anew the art of war, and led them from victory to victory until in triumph Charles entered the cathedral of Rheims, where all his successors had been crowned, and where he too became the King of France. Not only did this slip of a girl do this, but after she had fallen into the hands of the English, and after they had burned her for a witch here in the market-place of Rouen, still

her soul went marching on and Charles lived to see the English driven from every foothold on the soil of France save the narrow limits of Calais.

*Normandy.*—At Rouen you are in the heart of Normandy, a pleasant land of green fields, and of far spread orchards whence comes the famous cider, as much the national drink of Normandy as is beer of Germany. A land set about with quiet villages and whitewashed farm houses, and wearing a contented and a peaceful air. A land that is decked, moreover, with other splendid churches like those at Caen, and St. Lo, and Coutances, and with cities where the old yet struggles with the new, like Lisieux and Bayeux and some more. But here is the point to consider about Normandy—in many a place at home lie green fields and pleasant orchards. As for the churches, St. Lo and the rest are not so fine as the cathedrals you have already seen; and when it comes to quaint cities you will see those of greater interest and individuality in Brittany. Therefore is it worth while to linger?

The next place of supreme importance on our itinerary is marvelous Mont St. Michel, and it were far better to miss Paris than that; and Mont St. Michel lies straight on, one hundred and eighty miles to the west. Leaving Rouen at eight in the morning you are in Caen at noon, and if you prefer not to stop you can, after luncheon at the station, push on through St. Lo and Coutances, changing cars at Pontorson a little before six, and reaching the Mount, by the line that runs out to it, in time for dinner.

While frankly I do not think Normandy, after leaving Rouen, is worth while for the average tourist, yet the man with a liking for historical association will not be willing to hurry through. It is interesting to note how certain localities are fairly saturated with the memory of some dominant historical or legendary character. In Cornwall it is Arthur, in Normandy it is William the Conqueror. Here he was born, this was his duchy, and at Caen, especially, you can think of no one else. Headstrong William married for love, and lived happy ever after, even though it was his own cousin with whom he mated; but when about to sail in 1066 on that memorable voyage of conquest across the Channel, he feared his disregard of the mandates of the church that forbade his marriage with his cousin, would provoke the Deity to vengeance. And so, after the manner of the Cæsars of old, he and his equally guilty wife made propitiatory sacrifices, William founding the great church of St. Étienne, and at the same time Matilda, cousin and wife, establishing the equally imposing church of La Trinité. And to-day you can wander through these splendid buildings that have come down through the ages as tokens of that old romance that makes very human the far-off man who changed the destiny of England.

*Brittany.*—France holds two treasures of medievalism, two places that visualize the past, as does nothing else on earth, Mont St. Michel in the north and Carcassonne in the south. There is nothing to compare them with; they stand alone, unique, objects of supreme interest and supreme picturesqueness.

Mont St. Michel is nearly a mile from shore in a vast bay that is a sea when the tide is in, and a desert of sand at its ebb. Great walls with but a single entrance have guarded its shores these many centuries. Tier on tier of ancient buildings encircle the tapering pyramid of its rocky height; and at the summit, two hundred feet above the sea and sand rise the marvelously beautiful walls of a chapel, that is like naught so much as a "flower of stone." Below this are strange halls and dungeons hewn in the rock in which have been acted the tragedies and romances of the lives of forgotten generations. In the hotel you will watch them cut for your dinner slices from the sheep that is roasting whole in the cavernous fireplace, and when you go to your clean, sweet room they may lead you out from a door in the roof along a flower bordered terrace, and up steps cut dizzily in the rock.

Thirty miles farther to the west, and out of the sea, rise the walls that make of St. Malo the vision of a city of a bygone time. We are now in Brittany, Mont St. Michel being on the boundary line, and St. Malo has that fascination that seems to possess every quarter of this, to some of us, most interesting province of France. You come to St. Malo for a day and you stay for a week, for when you walk the circuit of these great walls, or thread the narrow ways that lie within, the spell of the past lays hold upon your imagination, and it is like living the chronicles of Froissart, and you feel sure every morning that something wonderful and romantic will happen before night. If on the contrary you are hopelessly prosaic, you can

go across the bay to Dinard, which is very new and very clean (which St. Malo is not), with expensive shops and a hotel where you can pay twice as much as you can in the old walled town on the rocks by the sea.

Brittany is to France what Cornwall is to England, but it is on a greater scale; it is more impressive and fuller of the color of a foreign life. Along the coast lie fishing villages of infinite charm, where the women folk in white-winged caps, red waists, short blue skirts and wooden shoes sit singing at their doors as they knit, or mend the nets of their men whose fishing sloops often venture clear across to the Grand Banks; villages in and out of whose tiny harbors red and brown sails come and go in the dawn and the twilight.

Inland are towns untroubled by progress, where houses of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries lean their overhanging stories across the narrow streets, or step boldly out over the sidewalk on stone pillars. Towns where on sheltering bluffs rise the defending towers of fairy-book castles, or where from the market-place lifts the spire of a thrilling cathedral. Towns where vested processions with cross and tapers still pass along the streets; where market day is like the scene of a play; and where peasants yet dance folk dances in the square just as of old. This is Brittany, and yet not all of Brittany, for here and there upon the land are the strange emblems of the Druid faith, reaching, in the Lines of Carnac, a height of mystery and of impressiveness untouched by any similar remains in any land.

There is no room to describe to you these towns. Read any of a score of books dealing with this enchanted land, and then go seek the places you think you'll like the best; or, if you please, follow my route which will show you something of each varied feature.

From St. Malo take the steamer that crosses the harbor and follows the little river through the still afternoon to Dinan (not Dinard) best beloved of artists, where buildings of many centuries dwell together in strange confusion, and where there is one view of a curious old tower and a bit of arcaded street that is unforgettable.

Thence travel by rail to Rennes, a matter of three-quarters of an hour, and go the next morning to Vitré, but a short ride, where infirm old houses lean on each other for support in the labyrinth of streets that crowd around the base of the cliff, on the summit of which is one of the most picturesque castles of France. As for Rennes, its most memorable feature is the table d'hôte of the leading hotel, the most elaborate and satisfying dinner I have ever met in Europe. Don't forget to come back to Rennes from Vitré, for from Rennes you go north and east to Morlaix, your next stop. You can leave Rennes a little after seven and be in Morlaix for luncheon, or by a faster train at half past three and arrive for dinner. Bear in mind that these hours vary slightly from time to time as new time-tables are adopted, and they should be verified, of course, by each traveler for himself; but they will be found approximately correct.

Morlaix is a smiling town of flowers and pictures,

and is not unknown to many Americans. From here to Brest is less than forty miles, and from Brest, which was one of the important ports of debarkation for American troops in the Great War, you can go by steamer in three hours to Douarnenez, among the most interesting of Breton fishing villages. Hence to Quimper, "the city of gables," which is but fifteen miles. Stay long enough to note how the splendid cathedral overshadows the town, before taking train for Quimperlé, an hour away. Here is a town that in spite of its age is yet alive with activity and bright with blossoms. It takes two hours to reach your next stop at Auray, one of the towns to be loved, with its toppling old houses, and picturesque harbor. From here you drive to Carnac. Again you are on the lonesome moors, such as these ancient folk seemed always to love; again, as in Cornwall, there is over you the same sense of mystery bred of the stooping sky and the empty earth; and then finally, the "Lines," as they are called. "Ten great aisles formed by the rows of vast stones that stretch for nearly three miles across the open country." These stones are some ten feet, some thirty feet in height, and though more than six thousand of them at one time stood in place, now less than a thousand mark the roads that led between.

The old town of Vannes that lies like a shadow of the past upon the modern map of France is only twelve miles from Auray. And here ends Brittany. Leaving Vannes in the morning you lunch at Nantes, not far from St. Nazaire, one of the two principal ports for American troops and supplies during the

Great War; an hour later you are at Angers, and after stopping over one train, are at Tours for dinner. And at Angers the Château Country may be said to begin.

*The Château Country.*—And yet the great pile of Angers is not really a château at all but a castle, and quite the most extraordinary castle you will find in Europe. It is an amazing wall, girt about with prodigious round towers, striped most curiously with black and gray stone. It was the seat of the first of the Plantagenets, and has more history connected with it than I have time to tell you; but go look at it, for you will never gaze upon its like again.

Two hours takes you to Tours, the heart of old Touraine. This valley of the Loire is a pleasant place of broad and peaceful landscapes; of mild winds and sunny days; of great fertility, of orchards and of vineyards, and amid the fruits and flowers the peasants seem to find life easier than elsewhere, while for the traveler the table d'hôte takes on an extra course, and French cooking is at its best. In this valley, in those days when French life was at the summit of its luxury, there sprang up along the "Poplared Loire" those palaces of kings and courtiers now known as the châteaux of Touraine. And side by side with these were others from an earlier period, more castles than palaces, and which saw much fighting before coming to the silken days of peace. From the Fifteenth Century, up and down the long line of the valley, there was lived in these splendid places a life of luxury and of wantonness unsurpassed in history. Days of ease were broken now and then by clash of arms, and the great people

who called these places home were ever in an atmosphere of conspiracy and of intrigue, an atmosphere that is sometimes mistaken for history. But what is meant by the "historic atmosphere of the French châteaux" is merely the romantic story of men and women freed by great place from the restraints of morality, and boldly playing out the game of ambition and desire by help of murder, falsehood and treachery. Not a château that does not bear the stain of lust and blood; and their history is merely the drama of individual crime.

There are many of these great buildings that still remain, but with so much of Europe yet before you it is best to gain your impression of the characteristics of the district by an inspection of merely a few of the most interesting.

Tours, by the way, is of special interest to Americans, for it was a great American war base when the American troops were fighting far to the north against the Germans in 1917 and 1918.

Once comfortably located there (and you can be very comfortable in that interesting city), make a day's excursion to Azay-le-Rideau and Chinon. The former is a beautiful building mirrored in a lily-padded moat, where the water ran before America was discovered; whose halls are now empty, and whose setting of lawn and park brings thoughts of England. From here is but a few miles to Chinon, an ancient town, with many buildings dating from the fourteen hundreds.

Differing from many of these palaces of Touraine that of Chinon is now merely a ruin. It was built,

however, hundreds of years before the rest, and for defense as well as residence. Here things really happened. Here in 1189 died Henry II of England, crying "Shame, shame on a conquered king," after his rebellious sons had driven him to a humiliating peace. Here King John of England was first acclaimed successor to his brother of the Lion Heart. And here on Sunday, March 6th, 1429, came Joan of Arc to meet the king; came along this very street that still leads to the castle on the hill; was watched by curious eyes from the very windows of these crumbling old houses; and in front of the fireplace in the great hall, that is now a roofless ruin, had her first interview with Charles. Yes, Chinon, the town, its ruin and its memories are decidedly worth while.

From Tours go by train to Chenonceaux, a tiny village by a park, down whose long avenue of trees you come upon the most beautiful of the châteaux. Come prepared to stay all night at the fairest little inn in France, where you will dine by yourself in a raftered room the floor of which is paved with square red brick, and the walls of which are hung with bits of pewter and old china, and where they will put you to bed by candle light in a great square room with the same tiled floors, and a beautiful mahogany bed, old and brown. And it will be delightfully easy to make believe you are really on the road to yesterday, and that the King is asleep in the château and that you will wake to-morrow to all the picturesque splendor of an ancient day. But you won't; and it's a rich commoner who sleeps in the château. He has bought it.

But he will let you wander through the grounds, and the downstairs rooms; and you will be glad that he has electric light only in the rooms above, and that, just as of yore, the dining-room is lighted by four huge candelabra that stand on the floor in each corner.

Chenonceaux looks as if built by the fairies. It is thrown boldly out across the river Cher, making it unique in design and situation. And bold as its design was the use made of it by the libertine kings of France. Here dwelt Diane, most famous of those mistresses of royalty who so largely contribute to the "historical association of the château country"; and here Henry carried out that unique system of decoration which covered the walls of his bed chamber with a monogram composed of the initials of himself, his mistress, and his wife. If this sounds interesting you will find the long story of all these châteaux very well told by Theodore Cook in his "Old Touraine."

From Chenonceaux, you drive to Amboise, a long, dull drive that is said to be famous. Many things, many dreadful things have happened here, but especially in those days of the middle fifteen hundreds when Catherine de Medici ruled from the château, guided by her astrologer, and aided by her Court Poisoner brought from her Italian home. Francis II came to the throne when a mere lad, and in 1558 when but a trifle over sixteen he married Mary Stuart of Scotland, but sixteen years of age herself. Here to Amboise, Catherine, the Queen Mother, brought the youthful pair, who were, so tradition goes, marvelously happy with each other during the brief months that Francis

lived. And here this same Catherine gathered two thousand Huguenot prisoners, and on one summer day 'twixt dawn and night slaughtered them all in the courtyard of the castle, hour after hour, until the blood ran down these walls you see, and literally turned to sullen red the waters of the Loire. And on the balcony Catherine made the boy and girl king and queen remain as the hours of that fearful day dragged on, though faint and sick they begged her permission to retire. In the castle to-day hangs Catherine's picture, a benign, sweetfaced old lady with fair hands softly crossed!

By train to Blois is not far, and at Blois if you avoid the older hotel, you can be as comfortable as at Tours. All the intrigue, all the cruelty, all the splendor and the misery of these generations of brilliant, wicked men and women centered in the château on the hill at Blois, and the most unemotional of men must be startled at the vividness of his fancies as he wanders through the painted rooms, and brings to mind the dying struggles of the Duke of Guise, murdered by order of the king, waiting behind the arras for the fatal stroke; the pageants, the prisoners; the glories, the torments of the days when Blois was great.

While staying at Blois you will undoubtedly be told that it is a matter of duty for you to go the two hours' drive through a monotonous country to the château of Chambord, an ugly and enormous pile with a dreary environment of stunted pines in a sandy soil. It was built, just as France was coming under the spell of

the Italian Renaissance, by Francis I, that master builder, to accommodate the great way in which he lived. It has four hundred and forty rooms, and sixty staircases, and nobody knows how many fireplaces, and stables for a thousand horses, and is as absolutely ugly as most big things inevitably are.

Orleans lies on the way from Blois to Paris, and sounds as if it would well repay a stop, but I did not find it so; and in doing the route again I should remain in the train which will cover the distance from Blois to Paris in a little more than two hours and a half.

Of Paris it is unnecessary to write, for the multitude of books upon the varied phases of the town render a word from me supererogatory. I could give a host of titles, but "Paris, Past and Present" is as good as any.

*The French Alps.*—I am now entering upon the most difficult part of this chapter, perhaps of the whole book, the French Alps; for it is almost impossible to come to an agreement with myself as to the short route that must be indicated through this region where many routes, and all long, should be adopted if the beauties of the country are not to be left unseen. The line of travel I have finally decided to suggest can, however, be followed more easily than many others, and for the time it takes will give, I believe, a better idea of the characteristics of the towns and scenery than will any other.

At the outset, moreover, it should be understood that anyone following literally the itinerary of this book would go from Paris to Cologne, re-entering France

at Lake Geneva after seeing the countries to the east, and that southern France is considered here, out of order, for the sake of coherency and to enable a traveler who wishes to continue his French tour direct from Paris to proceed in the most convenient way. Leaving Paris between seven and eight in the morning, you reach Aix-les-Bains at about nine o'clock in the evening. A long ride, but there is a corridor express with a restaurant car, and the country is interesting. You can, of course, make the journey at night, but it will be expensive. I have brought you to Aix-les-Bains not so much because of the beauty of the situation among the mountains, but because it is one of the two or three most fashionable springs of Europe, and because you will see upon its promenade and around its gaming tables men and women typical of that leisured life of Europe, so different from that of the average American.

Less than an hour from Aix you come to Annecy, a town not yet wholly bereft of curious streets and odd, old houses of another time, and beautifully situated on a lake so exquisite in the daintiness of its immediate setting, and so framed by remoter mountains, as to win your affection forever.

An hour more and you are at Geneva, a city essentially French though in Swiss territory. Of Geneva and its beautiful lake I will have more to say in another chapter. You will surely not hurry on, but when ready to go take an early morning boat for the four-hour ride to Montreux, to all intents and purposes the end of the lake, and there take a train for Martigny, an hour

away, where you will change to a line that takes you up a valley of enchantment to Chamonix, perhaps the most famous mountain town in Europe. It is, of course, quicker to go direct from Geneva to Chamonix, but you miss the delightful ride on the lake and the wonderful trip up the valley, and the route I recommend can be easily made in a day. At Chamonix Mt. Blanc is before you, and so many charming excursions are calling that one must carefully study his Baedeker and then go wherever inclination leads and time allows.

Now from Chamonix we are going south to the Riviera by what will be at first a very roundabout and unusual way, but a way that will show you far more of beauty than those usually followed, for there are all sorts of ways to get down to the sea. Getting an early start at Chamonix an electric railway takes us by magnificent views of glaciers and of snow-covered peaks, twelve miles to the little mountain town of Le Fayet. From here is a twenty-mile drive across the passes that lead through the very heart of the French Alps to Ugines where you go on by railway five miles to Albertville. From here to Grenoble is a railway journey of about two hours. But at Albertville you are within reach of many interesting old towns, left high among the mountains to preserve in this remote bit of the world all the charm of a life and environment that is so unlike our own.

Grenoble lies in a valley as beautiful as France can show, for all about stand great mountains carrying their snowy summits two miles above the plain through which two rivers run between grassy, tree-set banks.

From this city of the plain there is a wonderful railway journey of about eight hours, through splendid mountain landscape and by strange and ancient towns to Briançon, a picturesque, walled village, where a very good hotel will care for you over night, and whence on the morrow you will drive to Oulx just over the Italian border and on the main line of the Mt. Cenis route into Italy, from where in two hours you will be in Turin.

If you haven't time for this journey around by Grenoble, you can take the train at the junction half an hour from Albertville, and your journey from there to Turin will be only two hours longer than from Oulx to Turin. But remember that when you are traveling to see things the longest way round is the best way there.

*The Riviera.*—From Turin to Genoa is a hundred miles, and at Genoa you will surely wish to begin your trip along the Riviera, even though it is far to the east of the French frontier. The Riviera is the name applied to the two hundred miles of Italian and French coast stretching westward from Genoa along the Mediterranean to St. Raphael. East of Genoa there is also a Riviera, and the tourist who knows only the fashionable resorts will be surprised to hear the term applied to anything east of San Remo; but for the purposes of this book the word will be understood as indicated. Nature has made of this land the most beautiful, and man has made of it the most splendid two hundred miles on earth. It is a region of sunshine and flowers, of palms and pomegranates, of vines and of orchards.

The strange, intense blue of the storied Mediterranean is an ever-present foil of color to the cliffs and bays, and to the peopled headlands that in beautiful contour break the line of shore. To the north are the mountains, some far off, where mists of lilac and of gray shade their hollows, and others that bring close to the sea their slopes of darkening evergreen. Costly villas, with marble walls, white amid the magnolias, stand on terraces set with statues, where fountains flow among the flowers. There are clean, bright cities, with broad streets by the sea where bands are playing, and where the fashion of two continents makes parade. And there are other towns that come out from the past and pause at the edge of the cliffs to look out to sea, or twine their brown streets along some bit of bay.

During the season, which is late winter and spring, back and forth along this gay land and in and out of the great hotels, move tens of thousands of fashionable people. Automobiles are everywhere, and at five o'clock of an afternoon the streets of Nice, of Cannes, of Mentone, of Monaco, look like processions from *Vogue*. Side by side with this life of utmost brilliancy is another life, far more picturesque, far more alluring, the life of the unknown villages, of the fishers and the peasants, who move on just as for centuries they have moved, ambitious for the day's bread, happy in an extra franc, interested in the gossip of the fishing fleet and the market-place, taking life as it comes and death as it finds them, with no envy of the great folk, with no thought of them save as a mere incident of environment.

To give you the detail of all this is, of course, impossible here, but Baring-Gould's "Book of the Riviera" will do that and do it well. There are three ways to see it, by train, by automobile, and to drive by carriage. If you go by train you see nothing but the towns and cities where you may stop; if by automobile, you will probably see not even that much, for my observation of the automobile as used in Europe is that it is merely a method of making as rapidly as possible from one table d'hote and from one hotel to another, which, it is essential to happiness, must be wide apart. Moving forty miles an hour against the rushing wind of your own motion, is not the way to see the Riviera, though I have no doubt the distance could be done in a day. But by all means hire a carriage at Genoa, and make your first stop at Pegli, six miles away, to visit the beautiful grounds of the Villa Pallavicini. An hour farther on you will come to Arenzano, where you can lunch. Stay at Savona overnight, and lunch the next day at Noli, one of the most exquisite bits of picturesqueness to be found anywhere. Let the second night be spent at Albenga, where I had rather be than in Nice or Monte Carlo. It is a perfect picture from medieval times; there by the blue sea rise the gray city walls, and the curious towers of defense that the nobles built above their homes to make them veritable fortresses in the days gone by, much as on a larger scale you find them at San Gimignano. Your driver will insist on going on four miles further to Alassio. But what do you want to go there for? It has big hotels,

and a bathing beach and not a picture in its streets.

The third night you can reach San Remo, where you can wander through as fascinating a labyrinth of old streets and toppling houses as can be found in Europe, though you can stay the while at a most comfortable modern hotel, and beside the attraction of the old town, find such charming walks and delightful excursions that you will do well to send your carriage back to Genoa and remain here for a day or two. When you leave, you can reach Mentone in a day.

Here the ultra-fashionable Riviera begins, and includes Monaco, Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes in quick succession. These are very different from the places I have shown you, and you can find your way about them without my help. They are all beautiful, and with many excursions waiting from each, so several days at least must be devoted to each city, or it really is not worth while to go to them at all. And particularly bear in mind that much of the way between lies over the famous Corniche roads, thought to be the most beautiful in Europe, so do not be beguiled into abandoning your carriage.

*The Rhône Valley.*—When leaving the Riviera at Nice, or, if you push still farther along, at St. Raphael, you should make for Avignon, seven hours from Nice, for Avignon makes one of the most striking pictures in France. Now unless you come back along this Rhône Valley, of which it is the jewel, Avignon is all you will see of its beauties; but if you do, then it will wait your return, and so can Nimes; while you push straight on from Marseilles to

Carcassonne, instead of turning up the Rhône on the way thither as we are doing.

It is a pity that so much of this valley must be missed by the tourist who, following literally the itinerary of this book, will not return but will go on into Spain and Portugal, for the Rhône from Avignon north to Lyons is famed for beauty, one enthusiastic writer saying of this part of the river, "it is one of the finest sails in Europe, surpassing that of the Danube or the Rhine."

Rome was very busy along the river's level shores and in the maze of flats and shallows that mark the coast from Marseilles to Cette, a hundred miles and more, but at Avignon it is not Rome but medievalism that makes the impressive and paintable picture we see to-day. Out from the shore reach the long arches of a ruined bridge with a crumbling tower in the center, and over the crowding house-tops rises a lofty rock and on this the irregular walls of the great palace of the Popes, who in the thirteen hundreds made of Avignon the See City of the world.

To Nimes is a matter of thirty miles, and regarding Nimes I have a friend who is undecided whether the wonderfully preserved works of Rome, or the fact that they give you strawberries in August is the more important. Not only is here a vast amphitheater, all but perfect in its preservation, but a finer temple than Rome itself can show, and Roman baths and Roman gardens singularly impressive in the midst of the otherwise dull monotony of this French provincial town. But even so, the most convincing reason why you

should visit Nimes is because an easy excursion for a day can be made from here to Aigues-Mortes. In the midst of a level waste of marsh and river, canal and lagoon, there rise, grim and silent, the embattled walls of a vast fortification. Six hundred years this mighty thing has loomed above the plain and the pools of sluggish water that gather at its base. A third of a mile long, its towers and gates are perfectly intact, forming a picture of medievalism, not so appealing as Carcassonne, but more uncanny in its curiously lonely situation, as of something vast and strange and dead cast upon the shore of the present from the submerging past.

*The Region of the Pyrenees.*—From Nimes a journey of half a day along a fair, wide valley, with the Pyrenees beginning to show upon the left, brings you to Carcassonne. Now I do not believe anyone can write twice of this medieval marvel. I know that I cannot, and I can only repeat what I have elsewhere said that it is the one flawless vision of the Middle Ages I have ever found. Let me also repeat a word of caution—do not stay at a hotel in the lower town, but go to a quiet little inn in the city itself.

Throughout all this region of southern France are many "picture towns," villages like some medieval print, perched high on rocky heights, overshadowed by castle keep or cathedral tower, surrounded by ancient walls, entered by ancient gates, and with narrow streets darkened by walls of houses centuries old. There are at least two of these antique gems, Cahors and Cordes, that can easily be reached by excursions

from Toulouse, which is an hour and a half from Carcassonne on the direct route we are following to the Pyrenees and Spain. And up in the mountains, and all of them readily accessible by spurs from the main line of railroad are many romantic valleys and delightful villages, as well as snowy peaks for the ambitious mountain climber. But as the policy of this book is to select only the one or two things of a kind that are best, so we will content ourselves with Carcassonne, and as for the mountains take but the one excursion which is of greater variety in interest and charm than any other.

Leaving Carcassonne in the morning you change at Toulouse, and again in three hours at Lourdes, the most famous pilgrimage shrine in the world, where waits a little train that heads for the mountains and with an exhausted and panting locomotive gives up the climb at Pierrefitte. Here an electric tram takes on the passengers, and crawling around the dizzy verge of tremendous chasms leaves you finally at Luz, with its toppling castle and curious fortified church, or at St. Sauveur as you prefer. If you are wise you will choose the latter, where the quiet of the restful little village is broken only by the torrent deep in the green ravine, to the sides of which clings the white town. From here you drive for a dozen miles or so up exquisite green valleys where the haymakers work in the fields, and where there is the constant music of waterfalls plunging from far places, until you reach a point where the naked rocks begin. From here on you must walk for ten miles farther, or ride a mule

led by a girl, far into the remote gray silence of the mountains where in magnificent grandeur lies the Cirque de Gavarnie, a colossal amphitheater among the snows and ice, unique in Europe as is the Grand Cañon in America. Accessible only at the entrance the perpendicular walls of rock that form this vast horseshoe rise in three great steps to a total height of more than nine thousand feet. At the base the Cirque is three miles wide, while at the top it is nine miles across. At the farther end a waterfall a quarter of a mile high dashes down upon a glacier's everlasting ice.

After trying to make a luncheon of Chamonix pie at the little hotel at the entrance I looked through the guest book, but saw no names of Americans, who have yet to learn that the Pyrenees are almost as easily reached by direct route from Paris as are the Alps, and are possessed of interest that is at least equal. On my way back to St. Sauveur as I turned for a last look, a mass of fog had filled the upper portion of the Cirque and rested like a huge level lid some five hundred feet above the ground, creating the most extraordinary effect I ever witnessed.

Back to Lourdes, and thence to Dax, where you take an express train, and sleep in a very comfortable stateroom until, when the morning dawns, you are in Spain.

## CHAPTER V

### GERMANY

GERMANY is a big country. Moreover, it is a most interesting one. Towns can be found there that are, as Henry James would call them, "medieval silhouettes"; and there, also, are most ultra-modern cities. It is a land of peoples as diverse as are the territories they occupy. Side by side, within Germany's boundaries, you will find the brusque and domineering Prussian, living in the vast plain of northern Germany; the ancient Saxons, still clinging to strange old superstitions and still living in the beautiful environment of their exquisite old-time towns and the atmosphere of legend and romance that lingers yet around the region of the Harz; the gay Wurtemburgers, with their brilliant capital of Stuttgart; and, best of all, beautiful, enchanting Bavaria, land of medieval cities, of mountains, of castles and of lakes, and of the kindly, fine-faced men and women who live there. Not even four years of terrible war, accompanied by dire suffering and culminating in utter defeat for the Germans, have succeeded in effacing the thousand charms of their fatherland. Germany remains, as she was before the war, one of the most satisfying lands for the tourist.

The route that I am going to indicate is a long one, with many zigzags, and an excursion through southern Bavaria from Munich that makes a loop through some of the most beautiful scenery and interesting cities in Europe. The route proposed also overlaps into Austria through the cities of Prague and Vienna, because these can be most easily visited on the way down from Berlin to Munich. By examining the map you will see that I am far from following a straight line for the obvious reason that you can't see Germany on a straight line; but the plan of tour, though devious, is not a difficult one to follow, and I think will show you more, with less traveling, than can be found in any other way. And while there will still be much of interest that you will not have seen, the things best worth while will not have escaped you.

By reference to the chapter on France you will recall that we were to leave France from Paris, coming back to its southern portions after exploring the countries to the east. Leaving Paris on a through corridor express about eight in the morning, we cover the three hundred miles to Cologne in a little more than eight hours.

Cologne, occupied after the armistice by the British as a bridgehead, is the gateway to the Rhine country, a country that cannot at all be appreciated by a steamer ride to Mayence [in the heart of the French occupied zone], but which calls for exploration, not only of some of the towns and castles on its banks, but of the valleys that so enticingly open out from it. There is much to see in Cologne, but if hurried you can content

yourself with the cathedral and the church of St. Ursula. Externally the Cathedral is the most impressive in the world; and within it is solemn, majestic and beautiful, lacking somewhat, however, of the overwhelming splendor of Milan. No great emotion can be shared, and Cologne Cathedral, both within and without, is a great emotion. Come to it alone at the hour of afternoon service, and as the deepest tones of the organ tremble around you and the day dims to twilight through the rich-hued windows, and the shadows make mysteries of color and shade among the great columns, then will you be raised to a spiritual exaltation you have never known before.

St. Ursula's is one of the strangest churches in Europe, and the tradition of the Saint is a strange story, and though utterly incredible at first, you finally perceive that there is at least some historical basis for the romantic legend that has survived the past.

Once upon a time there lived in Brittany a king who had a daughter of such far-famed loveliness that a certain king of Cornwall sent ambassadors for her hand. Now she was only fifteen years of age but of piety equal to her beauty, and she agreed to accept the hand of the British king if he would send her eleven thousand virgins who should accompany her on a pilgrimage to Rome, and postpone the marriage three years to enable the pilgrimage to be accomplished. All this was agreed to. The maidens joined Ursula at her home in Brittany, and proceeding to Rome were blessed by the Pope. Then setting out upon their return they journeyed in safety until they reached Cologne, where

they were set upon by the Huns, penned within a vast circle and deliberately shot to death with arrows. Buried where they fell, there the bones remained for centuries forgotten, until, in a vision, their location was pointed out by an angel to the then Bishop of Cologne who found them as had been revealed, and building on the site this church, placed these bones in cases around the walls. And there they are to this day; they *are* the bones of women; and the skulls *have* been pierced by arrows as will be shown you by the sacristan, and you will leave the church with a good deal to think about.

If you want to see the best example of the way in which Germany combines beauty and utility in the handling of the problems of trade and commerce, go to Dusseldorf, twenty-five miles away, and to the public bureau of information where you will be given the necessary detail to enable you to understand the things that you will see.

From Cologne to Mayence, which constitutes the tourist's Rhine, is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the trip can be made in a day on steamers that are very comfortable. The narrow stream, seldom more than a quarter of a mile in width, and more frequently much less, is crowded with boats of every description; on the banks are large cities of modern look, and villages that still preserve in wall and tower the appearance of a distant past; terraced vineyards lead from the water's edge up steep hillsides to ruined castles on the summit; in places where the hills give back broad fields edge the stream, and over all is an

atmosphere of legend and of wild and thrilling historic fact that makes of the Rhine country one of the great objective points in every European tour. Guerver's "Legends of the Rhine" should be read by the traveler who would get the spirit of what he sees; and some knowledge of the history of the varied peoples now united in Germany, and of their varying stages of civilization, is also essential to a full enjoyment of the land.

The valley of the Ahr is one of the first into which it is well to enter a little way. Leaving the boat at Remagen eight miles by train brings you to Ahrweiler which I want you to see just because it is a beautiful picture of a German feudal city with its walls and gates. More charming scenery, however, is found in the valley of the Moselle, which, all things considered, is the side trip to take if time limits you to but one.

Leaving the steamer at Coblence—every American will at once remember that here American soldiers stood under arms for four years and more after the armistice, while the Stars and Stripes waved proudly over the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, across the river—you take a smaller boat navigating the Moselle, taking two days in the trip to Trèves, the end of navigation, and requiring three days to the journey if you would see, as I earnestly hope you will, the castle of Eltz, the gem of all German castles. Differing as it does from those of England in style and architecture, it is a unique masterpiece of that early medieval combination of palace and fortress within which men lived

and from which they fought. Early Germany was largely a political chaos where every baron made his own war or peace with his neighbor, and out of this condition rose these great castles which so thickly strew this country of the Rhine.

The Moselle now flows very quietly between its wooded banks, and it seems as if, when you left the Rhine behind, you left behind the Twentieth Century as well, and now were sailing back into the past, so foreign look the old walled towns with their steeply gabled red roofs above the gray ramparts, and the castles on the hills, not all in ruins, but many still occupied by the descendants of those fierce men who centuries ago built these strongholds of the crags. I know no journey where the years of old so take possession of one as this sail upon the Moselle; and when, twenty miles from Coblence we come to Moselkern where we are to leave the boat, we are quite as apt to look around for our armor as for our suit case. From Moselkern we drive the five miles to where, rising from the forest is this "fairy tale in stone," as Schloss Eltz has well been called. Admission is difficult, but though often possible is not vital to the success of the trip, for just to gaze at this embodiment of medieval life in all its emphatic picturesqueness is more than compensation for the ride through the woods.

If you have time you can do no better than drive on the ten miles to Cochem, a much better place to pass the night than Moselkern, and most beautifully situated on the river bank with a fine old castle lording over it from the hill above.

The next afternoon you resume your journey by towns that are pictures still of a time so long ago that America never knew it, and pass the night at Trarbach. If you should happen to arrive, however, in time to get a train to Berncastel, where the wine comes from, and only half an hour farther, I would suggest that you go on, for Berncastel is a most curious old place where it is a joy to prowl around. Taking the boat the next morning you reach Trèves for dinner. Trèves is a Roman town in Germany, seat of more than one Roman Emperor; with a Roman building now used as a Christian church, with ruined amphitheater and imperial baths, and a gate that gives a most impressive idea of what Trèves was like when Rome was there.

Returning to Coblence by rail in two hours, you can spend the afternoon at the royal castle of Stolzenfels, romantic both within and without, as well as in situation and appearance.

On the morrow the Rhine steamer takes you to Mayence. Here you will see French soldiers everywhere, guarding the occupied zone, of which Mayence is the bridgehead. Now Mayence is generally looked upon as merely a place to wait for a train in the morning, but I found it a most interesting city with many queer old buildings that repaid a longer stay.

You can leave Mayence at noon and reach Rothenburg on the Tauber that night by way of Wurzburg. And Rothenburg is like no other town on earth. It too, like Carcassonne, is an utterly unspoiled presentment of the Middle Ages; like Carcassonne, too, it lies

almost wholly within its ancient walls, and is to be entered only, as of old, through its wonderful gates. But here the resemblance ceases; Carcassonne is grim, majestic, defying; Rothenburg is fairy-like, beautiful, and alluring. Of the French city you are half afraid; with the Bavarian town you are wholly in love. But this is true of everything in Bavaria, from the people and the land to the towns and the castles. Everything in Bavaria allures and charms, and Rothenburg most of all. Look at the red-roofed walls and their slender turreted towers that compose among the trees, and across the green fields, and through vistas of streets into such pictures that you long—Oh, how you long!—to be an artist and paint them. Look at the gates up to which the walls angle in such attractive lines. Look at the inner line of gates, that bar the streets with strange gables and steeply slanting roofs. Look at the town-house of such fascinating and unheard-of architecture. Look at the riot of flowers—and such flowers!—in the gardens, in the windows, over the doors, everywhere. And see the streets, clean and sweet; and the churches, grave and old; and the far sweep of the peaceful landscape; and the people who bow and smile at you because you are a stranger and they would make you feel at home. This is Rothenburg, and whatever you do don't hurry away, and don't fail to find the "Architect's house" on the right hand side of the street as you go from the Hotel Hirsch toward the market place, where your afternoon tea will be served on an old millstone in the vine-draped courtyard, that has been undisturbed for centuries. And if you are going

to stay only a day in Rothenburg, I wish you wouldn't go at all.

After Rothenburg we are going to leave Bavaria for a time while we turn north into the region of the Harz, where the fairies live. The branch line from Rothenburg takes you back to Wurzburg in time to connect with a train that gets you to Erfurt for dinner and a glimpse of the astonishing cathedral and the minster that back upon the market place. The rear of the cathedral is upheld by a series of great arches that spring many feet above the pavement of the square, for the front is built upon a hill. At the right is a vast flight of steps, a hundred feet or more in width, and separated from the cathedral by these great stairs is the three-spired Protestant church, the whole forming a most extraordinary and picturesque background to the market. In a certain well known book on the Rhineland appears a photograph of these singular buildings entitled "Cathedral of St. George, Limburg," and great was my disappointment on going to Limburg expressly to see this picture to find absolutely nothing of the kind had ever existed there. It took a deal of study the following winter to get on the right track, and my pleasure was great on my next summer's trip at finding correct my surmise that the buildings were really at Erfurt. From Erfurt to Nordhausen is fifty miles, and there you change to the railroad that takes you into the Harz.

Thirty-seven miles on this route is Wernigerode where you are really in the mountains, and where you can hire a carriage for the excursion to the Brocken,

that famous peak where the witches dance, and the Devil often holds his court. From here to Harzburg, the fashionable center of the mountains, is fifteen miles by rail; and from there a three hours' drive among the hills brings you to Goslar, that alluring city that Vernon Lee terms a "dear little old town out of a fairy story."

This is a very direct route through the Harz, and there is much left behind on either side which you should see were you devoting weeks instead of days to the mountains; but frankly, they are not worth much more time than I have suggested spending there.

The rounded summits are set with pine, and down stony beds rush foaming brooks, or leap in shredded mist from rocky ledges. White roads take their way through the forest and along the streets of toy-like villages where people seem but to play at life. Many a tourist will you meet with knapsack over shoulder, who whistles to the sun and the morning, and many other figures of bent old women coming up from the depth of the woods with bundles of sticks on their backs, fuel for the tiny fires that cook their simple suppers. The Harz is the land of Once Upon a Time. Here grows, if only you can find it, the blue flower of fortune, and the peasants tell (for they are all of the world of yesterday) how just over the mountain there, a man gathering pine cones in the dark wood found it blossoming in his path, and picking it, the mountain opened and there in a golden cave sat a fair girl tossing pearls and rubies at his feet. "Forget not the best," she cried as he filled his pockets, but for-

getting love for wealth he turned away when he could take no more, and with a crash of many thunders the mountain closed behind him, and the jewels were but as rubbish in his hand.

But the blue flower yet grows in the scented dusk of the forest paths—who knows but you may come upon it. And in the lonely huts fairies still come to play with the children when the lights go out and the old folks sleep. Why, it was just in the next village that one winter night a little lad played by the dying fire with a fairy lass who screamed with pain when a spark from the log burned her foot. Then a great white face looked down the chimney, and a great voice said: "Who hurt my child?" "My own self," said the fairy girl, and she and the great white face vanished toge'her. But if the fairy child had put the blame on the boy? "Hush, it sometimes happens, and—"

Such is the lore of the Harz, and of the somehow vague people that live in the shadows of the black woods and that sometimes come out along the white roads to look in at the very different life that comes in automobiles to Harzburg when the heat is on the lowlands. Here in the great hotels gather the fashionable folk from Hamburg, and Bremen and Berlin and all the north country cities, and they dress bravely for dinner and tramp long walks by day, and are as other folk of their kind from New York clear to the east and on to the west again; for, the round world over, people of a certain class are mannered much alike.

But Goslar! It is all so a part of this fairy land.

It is all so old, so different. As you sit at luncheon under the wide arched arcade of the Kaiserworth, with the old wooden figures above you, put there only seven years after Columbus found your America, and watch the knickerbockered tourists in their long capes and perky, feathered little caps, come and go in the market place; and then as you wander through the twisted streets of strange and carven houses, or gaze at the painted hall of the Emperor's palace built six hundred years ago (for Goslar was once imperial), why then will you realize that you have come upon another day than yours. And only when you realize this is travel worth the trouble.

But you will realize it even more vividly once you come to Hildesheim, only an hour away. A city from a far-off time, all strangely made, and that glows with color, for these ancient Hildesheimers built their gabled houses of most fantastic shape, and then they carved them with a thousand odd, fantastic forms of beasts and birds and faces that peer out at you; then they painted and they gilded all these queerly made designs, and they set them along streets that dodge this way and that, ever taking you to new beauties. Now of the houses these ancients built, seven hundred yet remain, and because of this I would rather miss any place in Germany than Hildesheim; yes, even Rothenburg. That is, I think so, now that I am writing of Hildesheim.

Only a little way from Hildesheim is Brunswick. Now Brunswick has two bits of streets, the Hagenbrucke, and the Meinhardshof, that are finer than any

one thing in Hildesheim, for the houses hang over so impossibly, and are gabled and latticed in such extraordinary fashion that you know the minute you look at them that they were built by the fairies. For you are still in the region of the haunted Harz, you must remember, where all sorts of things happen; but aside from these wonderful streets, Hildesheim is the more fascinating. Right in this connection I want to urge you to read Schauffler's "Romantic Germany" before going to these enchanted cities, in fact before going to Germany at all, for it interprets to you the land, and points the way to its beauties as does no other book I have ever read.

In four hours by a fast train you are in Berlin, and Berlin is the most modern city in the world, more modern than Chicago. I don't like it. It may be beautiful in a big, garish way, but it certainly is not picturesque, and it is one of those towns of which Baedeker writes more effectively than does any other author. Read your Baedeker and you have it all.

From Berlin to Leipsic is a hundred miles, and Leipsic is a different story. There is a singular charm in its beautiful streets, strange to find in so great a city. In its heart is a wooded park, that somehow is not like other parks, and dominating it is the great round tower of the City Hall, a huge building which we love in spite of our consciousness that we ought not. The Middle Ages have not yet deserted Leipsic, and in many quiet spots you can be lost both as to place and to time. I always like to wander around a city alone at first with no definite aim in view except

just to get acquainted, and after that seek the places I ought to see. And here it is very pleasant to loiter by the windows of the shops with their beautiful displays of jewelry, of silver, of marbles and of furs, such furs! for here is the center of the fur trade of Europe. The public buildings are all interesting and imposing; there are broad streets, and fountains and statues everywhere, and a certain sense of spaciousness and luxury about it all that makes the city very beautiful; and all the while medievalism is just around the corner. You had better take a guide and find it. And because he will show you, and because your guidebook will enumerate, the many things of rare beauty and interest that await the visitor I will not dwell upon them here. But of all the big cities of Germany I like Leipsic best.

Yet of course there is Dresden, only two hours farther on, and there are many who call Dresden the beautiful city of Europe; yet for me it has not just the charm of Leipsic. To be sure, the Elbe makes a picture of infinite fascination as it circles through the city, but the place has a rather self-conscious, self-satisfied air, and takes its reputation for beauty very seriously in quite the manner of a spoiled belle. Among much else for you to visit Baedeker tells of a "Renaissance Orangery." I didn't see it, and I don't know that I have a very clear idea of what a "Renaissance Orangery" is like, but I'm quite sure you could have one in America, at Newport very likely, and I'm equally sure there's nothing of the sort in Leipsic. In my memory of Leipsic and of Dresden this orangery

in some vague way I cannot well define, has come to mark the difference in the atmosphere of the two towns.

From Dresden to Prague you can go in four hours and from Prague to Vienna in four hours more, but as these are cities of Czechoslovakia and Austria they will be referred to in another chapter. If you are confining your journey to Germany alone, then you will go direct to Regensburg which you reach in the afternoon if you leave Dresden in the morning.

Just as of old the dwellers in castles fought with their neighbors whenever passion or envy or avarice dictated, so did the dwellers in cities attack the man across the street whenever events made it worth while to do so. In England law was born with history, and from the beginnings of things there was a certain order that always guaranteed some semblance of protection to life and property; but on the Continent might was the only recognized right for centuries. Thus every man's house had to be his castle, that is of the man great enough to be feared or rich enough to be envied, and so in the cities themselves the homes of such men were made places of defense by strong walls and lofty towers. At San Gimignano in Italy, and in a little town down on the Riviera, and here in this Bavarian city of Regensburg some of these strange towers still survive, rising above the sky-line in a fashion very foreign to our modern times. Other bits of antiquity still persist in this old town, some city gates, the steeply roofed City Hall, and the stately spired cathedral begun in the twelve hundreds. Here in this great church,

where the music is as fine as anywhere in Europe, I went to service. Windows of stained glass softened and beautified the light that fell on thousands of worshipers reverently standing in the long aisles, for seats are few in this fair cathedral. I could not understand the Latin service, nor could they, but the music and the shadows and the candles like stars on the far altar, and most of all the rapt worship of those still men and women were an inspiration that is sometimes lacking in our American churches. There seems no need of sensational appeal or lantern slides to bring these Bavarian people to the house of their God.

Up the Danube, seven miles from Regensburg, there is a wonder. On a bluff from which for miles and miles you look across the great Bavarian plain until the eye can no longer distinguish between the blue distance and the blue sky, stands a white marble temple, the Walhalla, or German Temple of Fame. Without, it is a reminiscence of Greece; within it is still, white and splendid. Here is shrined the memory of the men who made those different kingdoms which became the German Empire. Warriors, statesmen, poets, artists, all appear; and where no likeness of the man has been left by Time, then his name appears, and where Time has also wiped out that, then is written a reference to his deeds, so that perhaps the most impressive monument of all is a simple tablet thus inscribed—"To the Unknown, the Architect of Cologne Cathedral."

Three hours from Regensburg (by the way, the English have a horrible habit of calling it Ratisbon) you come to Nuremberg. The suburbs are tremen-

dously disappointing. They speak of trade and they are grimy and busy and repellent. The station and the street to the hotel are woefully modern and conventional; but dinner makes one feel better, partly because it is dinner, and partly because of the quaint Bavarian custom that leads the proprietor to pass among his guests bowing and speaking to everyone, a custom that makes you feel that in spite of modern shops and electric lights you have reached a far land and a pleasant one. Then in the lingering twilight go out and cross a marvelous bridge and lo! you are in fairyland. Narrow streets run up and down, and houses like inverted steps lean over you; exquisite iron grills in delicate, lace-like patterns close the lower windows, and odd signs and lanterns of iron wrought into rare beauty hang here and there over massive doors heavily carved. And you wander on back into the Middle Ages, for thither lead all the inner ways of Nuremberg.

Upon the hill is the ancient castle. From without it fails to look the part, but within it is all a castle ought to be, and take it all in all it is doubtful if anywhere exists to-day a stronghold that can give to the man from the Twentieth Century a more vivid and perfect idea of the Middle Ages and their life. Oldest of all the great pile is the five-cornered tower from the Ninth Century, and gathered here are all those instruments of horrible torture with which medieval man worked his will upon his captives. As you mount the dim stairway, oppressed with the growing horrors of the spot, you suddenly confront a low-doored cell,

where on a low bed sits a ghastly figure, a waxen image of a famous robber baron, dressed, so they tell you, in the very clothes he wore when he occupied this selfsame cell five centuries ago. On the day appointed for him to die he was led forth into the courtyard, at the side of which his horse stood tethered. With a neigh of recognition the steed broke away to his master's side. For the baron to leap upon his back was an inspiration of the moment. Massive walls closed every side but one—that way was only the low parapet, and beyond lay the open road—but *two hundred feet* below. But they took the leap, and in safety, by the Devil's help, and to-day your guide shows you, deeply impressed in the solid stone, two marks that look like the hoof-prints of the spurred horse, which indeed he assures you that they are.

Nuremberg is true to its duty as custodian of its precious legacy of the past. All the beautiful and ancient things are now most sacredly preserved, while an ordinance of the municipality enacted some few years since requires that when any building is destroyed or removed to make way for a newer and more convenient one, the new structure must externally reproduce the old, thus preserving for all time what is left of the city's strange and medieval aspect.

Nuremberg is one of the few cities where a good guide is absolutely imperative if you would find and understand the wealth of beauty and of art that is gathered there. And it is idle to go at all if you mean to spend but a night, for the most rushing of tourists cannot possibly make his visit worth while in less than

two days, and then only with a thoroughly competent guide.

In a few hours from Nuremberg you come to Munich, a city of which I cannot write, for to me it is but a bore and a tribulation. There are straight avenues, and multitudes of cross streets at prim right angles, all lined by three-story brown stone fronts, so it is impossible to tell whether you are uptown in New York or in Munich. To be fair about it I suppose I ought to say I have met people who profess to love the town, its trim promenades and its nice shops. All that makes Munich of importance to me is because it is the starting point for the excursion through southern Bavaria, a country with such charm of wide and peaceful fields, set with red-roofed villages and dotted with trees; a land of such marvelous lakes, of such wild mountains and romantic castles, of such quaint walled towns and splendid cities and delightful people, that to journey there is a perpetual pleasure.

Leaving Munich we can take one of the most interesting trips I know of, going west through Augsburg, and Ulm, and Stuttgart to Strasbourg; thence turning southeast and coming back over the wonderful Schwarzwald railway through the heart of the Black Forest to Lake Constance, and thence back to Munich along the beautiful mountains of southern Bavaria gemmed with lakes and crowned with castles. And when you have made this round you will have traveled less than 600 miles but you will have seen much the life of which cannot elsewhere be found. So come along!

It is less than an hour to Augsburg, a town that is not what it was when, in the days of the Middle Ages, it was a free city, an empire of itself, and when in the fourteen and fifteen hundreds the Fuggers became the richest family in Europe and built here their palaces, and something else of which I will tell you presently. But because of its one-time greatness and power, and because of the wealth that centered here and beautified it, Augsburg to-day is vitally interesting. There is one broad street, ended by a medieval gateway, where the old, old buildings still stand in a solemn sort of way, and where to walk is like taking a stroll into the more formal life of the Middle Ages, the sort of life to which the passer-by took off his hat. And there is another street, a stately street, where in the center, fountains of bronze, elaborate and beautiful, have tossed the water in the air for centuries. And there is a cathedral where you should go just to see the glory of the glass, and a church, St. Ulrich, where, if you love wrought iron as I do, you will find the most beautiful iron screen in the world, a thing I would rather see than the bronze doors at Florence or a thousand other things more famous.

You may stay in one of the Fugger palaces if you like, for it is now a hotel. The floors are of inlaid marbles, the rooms of enormous size, the staircases broad and stately. It is built round a great open court, like the old Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and almost lost in one corner are the dining tables. In the center a fountain sends a single jet far in the air, and in the basin swim fish of all sizes. You select one, the waiter

lifts it out with a net, and presently it is served piping hot and well garnished.

But the Fuggers did a more wonderful thing than build this palace, and to us a much more interesting thing because it gives us a glimpse of the human nature of these rich men of long ago. One of the richest of the family, the veritable Andrew Carnegie of the Middle Ages, bought, in the very early years of the fifteen hundreds, a tract of several acres in what is now the heart of Augsburg. Then he obtained a charter from the Emperor, a charter that still holds faith, and then he walled around this acreage and builded gates by which to enter, and laid it out in streets, with a little square in the center, and builded a church, and even a schoolhouse for its very own, and more than fifty tiny stone houses. And then he made a will, and appointed trustees who, as one died, chose his successor, and he ordered that these trustees should let these little houses to "deserving workmen of his native city" for a dollar a year and an annual prayer for the "repose of the souls of all dead Fuggers," and that all this should be done forever and forever. And even so is it unto this day, and flowers and children smile at the windows, and cleanliness and order and comfort are the lot of the fifty families now abiding there in the Fuggery, as it is called.

An hour from Augsburg lies Ulm with its giant cathedral whose spire is the highest in the world, and where the organ is one of the sweetest. Ulm is delightful. The old city walls still border the Danube, and along their ramparts you can walk while you

watch the curious roofs of the piled-up city on the one hand, and the swift flowing river on the other. In this old town the streets wind about most fascinatingly, and over the narrow pavements ancient houses bend graciously, some Gothic, and some rich in applied color like those of Italy. Now and then these twisting streets open upon quiet, leafy squares where old women sit and knit by the fountain that plays under the shade, and, following on, you come at last upon the Rathaus, built four hundred years ago, a picture extraordinary and bewildering, for from oddly gabled roof down to the very ground it is a glowing mass of rich and beautiful frescoes.

Sixty miles away is Stuttgart, the clean, vivid looking capital of Wurtemburg, over which I can't enthuse at all, in spite of its very picturesque situation among the hills. It is a red geranium sort of a town, if you know what I mean by that—very bright, very spick-and-span, with gorgeous buildings, many typical of the new architecture of Germany, and a contented, irritatingly self-satisfied atmosphere. Above all things, don't go to the Wilhelma, a foolish royal palace in a very ordinary park, which is quite a waste of time. Of course there are museums and galleries just as there are in New York and Boston, but I am writing for the man who wants Europe itself to be his gallery and museum, and that sort of a man will drive about a bit, and stay all night at one of the pretentious but not overly good hotels, and push on in the morning.

Leaving Stuttgart about ten A. M., and changing cars at Carlsruhe at noon, you can reach Strasbourg by way

of Baden-Baden by two o'clock. Strasbourg I have already touched upon in the chapter on France.

At Baden-Baden and Strasbourg you are on the edge of the Black Forest, a region more beautiful than the Harz, and equally filled with romance and folk-lore. Our route takes us through it on as direct a line as did that through the Harz, but it is a pity, as a week or ten days could be spent here in delightful exploration. Not yet is the region modernized, and in many odd little towns you come upon people dressed as the people have been dressed for centuries.

A little at one side is Freiburg, like a picture city, with its wonderful old cathedral and its unsurpassed tower. And everywhere in the depths of the woods or on the heights of the mountains are smaller towns and little villages, all possessed of individuality and a charm that make the traveler glad to come and sorry to go. Around these places too, gather wild legends, and linger queer old customs and superstitions that fill all the region with a peculiar interest. For instance, did you ever hear of the time the Devil fell in love with the bar maid of Schiltach? Well, once upon a time the Devil, who had a summer home in the forest, met, in his rounds of the tap-rooms, the charming young girl who served the customers at the little inn in the village of Schiltach and promptly wished her for his bride, and meeting refusal he proceeded to enlist the villagers in his behalf by making their lives a burden until they should persuade the maid at the tavern to consent to the match. The cows no longer gave milk, the dogs went mad, guests at the inn were rolled out

of bed o' nights, the bells of the village were rung by unseen hands, and finally he set fire to the inn and posted in the market place a proclamation written in blood that he would burn the town as well if the fräulein wouldn't have him. Then the town council took action, as was high time, and passed a resolution advising the marriage, and when the maid would not, they burned her alive. These occurrences being somewhat noteworthy, even for the Black Forest, they built a new Rathaus in commemoration thereof and placed on the wall a tablet that told the tale. Now all this happened in 1533 and the Rathaus is there to this day, and if you want to see it you change cars at Hausach and you'll be there in twenty minutes.

But assuming you have not time for exploration, then take the train over the marvelous Schwarzwald, or Black Forest railway, at Offenburg which is only a few miles from Strasbourg and enjoy the ride, one of the most interesting in Europe, that takes you for a hundred miles over the mountains and through the very heart of the forest, and by typical villages where you will surely want to stop, to Lake Constance.

Lake Constance is magnificent, and stopping at Constance, at least for a day, go to the Insel Hotel, one of the most romantic places I know of, centuries old, and once a convent, standing in the midst of the gardens the friars loved, on an island that looks forth upon the lake and the great mountains that rise beyond. Several days should be spent around the lake if you love old towns like Meersburg, and medieval Uberlingen. An excursion that I found altogether worth

while and that nobody ever takes, is to go by boat to Friedrichshafen and thence by rail to Ravensburg, a curious village of towers and pinnacles and full of the atmosphere of a bygone day.

Leaving Lake Constance we enter upon the Bavarian Highlands, a region that I believe to be the most beautiful and romantic in Europe. I make this statement after due deliberation, and after having crossed and recrossed every country of the Continent except the far northern lands. I believe it to be true, not only because of the unequaled beauty of the lakes and mountains, but because of the strange splendor of the mad king's castles, and the incredible appeal of those ancient ruins that on innumerable crags rise above green valleys or over the red roofs of clustering villages.

From Lindau at the foot of Lake Constance you take the train that brings you through mountain valleys by old cities of exceeding charm and past great monasteries and ancient pilgrimage churches clinging far up the slopes to Reutte. From here a drive of eleven miles takes you to Hohenschwangau, where the night should be spent in order that ample time may be had to explore the two castles that are, unquestionably, the most romantically beautiful in Europe, for they are Ludwig's who brought his kingdom to the verge of financial ruin in his reckless quest for beauty. Now all these towns of the mountains are but centers of attraction, for within easy reach are castles and lakes and views of loveliness unparalleled in all this charming world, so I want you to understand most thoroughly that I am merely suggesting a way

to these beauties, and I most earnestly urge that at each stopping point you consult your Baedeker as to the excursions you should make. From Reutte an easy drive brings you to beautiful Partenkirchen and when you leave Partenkirchen or Garmisch (for they are but twin villages) a drive of eleven miles brings you to Mittenwald, among the most fascinating of Bavarian villages.

Twenty miles from Mittenwald the diligence, or preferably your carriage, takes you to Kochel, at the head of Lake Walchensee, and from here the railway runs to Lake Wurmsee. By the way, as "see" means lake, "lake" Wurmsee is superfluous. I would stay at Starnberg, exploring Schloss Berg (and Schloss means castle) and the beautiful shores of this beautiful lake. From Starnberg back to Munich is but seventeen miles.

When you leave Munich you are bound for Salzburg in Austria, though you are to pause on the way for glimpses of one more very wonderful thing and one more very beautiful thing that are still in Bavaria.

From Munich to Prien is fifty-six miles, and there you change to a queer little steam tram that in ten minutes leaves you at Stock, on the shores of the Chiemsee, the least lovely of Bavarian waters but which holds on an island in its center one of the most luxurious palaces in the world, another of Ludwig's extravagances, where the decorations of one room alone cost nearly a million of dollars.

Resuming the journey to Salzburg, in twenty miles you change at Traunstein and in half an hour more

are at Reichenhall. Here you change again, and although this sounds tiresome you will really not find it so, and after a ride of twelve miles through scenery of great beauty are at Berchtesgaden whence an electric line takes you to the Königssee, the weirdest, strangest lake in Europe. But in the meantime don't hurry from this little village of Berchtesgaden, for nowhere else have I been so bewitched by the sheer beauty of a place. Great snow mountains hang over it; strange people kneel at shrines in its streets, and wherever you look there is beauty of form and of color that is inexpressibly satisfying.

The Königssee is the end of the world. Save only at the head and foot and at one place midway its length can people find a foothold; everywhere else the mountains lift themselves out of its green waters in great, precipitous walls a mile and more in height. Lonely as a desert, beautiful as a jewel, Europe holds nothing better worth while than this magic lake of Bavaria. And there on its shores you may say goodbye to Bavaria and to Germany, and in an hour be in Austria and at Salzburg.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE NEW STATES OF SOUTH CENTRAL EUROPE

WE have come now upon what used to be the most curious country in Europe. England was always England, France was France from the Channel to the Pyrenees; but Austria-Hungary, before the war split it into a number of separate parts, was a strange aggregation of many peoples with many customs, and with a history as diverse as the different nations which combined to make her vast territory, which lay so far to the west as to seem like Switzerland, so far to the south as to seem like the Orient, and so far to the east as to be indistinguishable from that Russia on which she bordered.

Time was when the Turks were thundering at the gates of Vienna and the fate of Europe was unknowable, till a Polish king led forth the conquering armies of the Cross and of civilization; later on his kingdom was blotted from the map and became in part and under another name an Austrian province. In the far city of Czernowitz strange Jewish folk were Austrian subjects, and down in Bosnia curiously costumed Serbs claimed the protection of Austrian citizenship against their Mohammedan neighbors in the minareted town of Sarajevo, where was committed the murder of the

Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort, in June, 1914, which brought on the Great War and the disruption of that strange congeries of peoples and lands which we used to know as Austria-Hungary.

In Tyrolean forests Austrian peasants kneel at wayside shrines to ask the blessings of Christ on their life of sweet simplicity; and at great hotels in Carlsbad (now in the republic of Czechoslovakia) rich sinners seek relief in healing springs from the consequences of a life of too great indulgence. Vienna and Budapest, cities beautified by modern art and formerly typical of luxury, were the twin capitals of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Now Vienna, broken and ruined, shorn of her former glory, is the head of a humble little Austria so shrunken as to be scarcely recognizable, and Budapest presides, sullen and scowling, over a Hungary likewise bereft of much of the territory that used to be hers in the days of her pride.

Across the great stretch of territory that used to be the Austro-Hungarian realm sweeps the Danube, mightiest of European rivers. Far to the north and east the Carpathians lift the almost unknown wilderness of their snowy peaks, and, in the west, the Alps of Tyrol give to the world a far greater beauty than Switzerland can show.

The very names of the erstwhile Austro-Hungarian provinces are unfamiliar—Styria, Galicia, Bukovina—and of the people who live in them we know less. But much is there that is beautiful, to see most of which a summer would be needed; so this chapter will be content to hint at the best of the more familiar, with but

a look or two at just a little of that which is somewhat less well known.

In Prague and Vienna are two great cities of contrasting type. Prague, now the capital of that Czecho-slovakia which was hewn out of Austro-Hungarian domains, is a place of embattled gates and olden towers, and a strange dark, evil-smelling Ghetto where stooping, bearded Jews are harsh taskmasters of the pale-faced, cringing women and little children and childish, faded men who come to them for work; and with a drear Jewish cemetery where long rows of tall, somber stones tell in Hebrew letters of the dead who lie there. From over the river the city forms a picture of wonder with tall roofs and spires and towers and the picturesque sweep of the current as it circles round it, spanned by the arches of an ancient bridge. Fine, broad streets lined with handsome shops, mark a modern quarter, but yet you are always conscious that back of this lies a city strange to Europe, yet not quite of the East; a city of romance, and many legends, not all happy ones, and a certain somberness comes upon your spirits in this Bohemian city of Prague.

Vienna used to be amazingly gay and different and new. It was very modern, very European, and unlike your sensations in Prague, you felt quite sure that here nothing but the usual and the conventional could ever happen. There were fountains, and monuments and statues on carven pedestals, and theaters and operas, and a sense of lightness and brilliancy that made it a better Paris, and you wondered what had become of the old town that began with the Christian era, was the

death place of a Roman Emperor, and during all the Middle Ages sheltered its hundreds of thousands of people.

But the war turned Vienna into a corpse. It made of it a metropolis with no reason for being one. It struck a deadly blow at Viennese sparkle and joy, substituting misery and hunger. Yet some of the old charm lingers on—nothing can kill it.

Of course you will want to see Carlsbad, where flock the rich sick men, and the rich men who think they are sick, from all the world over. There is not much beauty here, nor, with the band playing at six o'clock in the morning, much enjoyment, but it is none the less an interesting sight because it is something different from what you can find elsewhere, to see these thousands of invalids of every nationality on earth waiting their cup of water, which, like most other duties, is certainly obnoxious as the sun is coming up and the birds begin to sing of a summer morning.

From Passau on the frontier of Bavaria and what is left of Austria you travel the Danube to Vienna. A river of castles on wooded hills, a somewhat somber stream where the towns are fewer than along the Rhine, but a day's journey by all means to be taken, for these same hills block the stream so strikingly, and open its way again so beautifully, and the old towns on the margin fit so well into the picture that you wonder if even the Rhine can be so lovely. Particularly is this true on those days when a haze like an opal softens it all with a fine, mysterious veil of hinted color.

If you look at your Baedeker's Austria you will find that the places he recommends the traveler to visit are the towns from which mountains can be climbed. Now personally I am not very keen on mountains, for I never went up one yet that it wasn't rainy or misty or cold or something, and anyway I'd rather lose myself in some old walled town than suffer on the most wonderful peak in Christendom. Now Baedeker sends you to Salzburg because near there are various mountains to be climbed on foot or by cog railways, but I am sending you there because it is such a picture of itself as it spreads out along its valley with its mighty rock in the center of it all from which looks down its great castle. For this, and because of the life that moves through the narrow streets of the old town, by all means go to Salzburg.

Salzburg is at the entrance to the Salzkammergut, a region of beautiful lakes and charming villages and superb mountain backgrounds. It is not overwhelming and awful as are some mountain districts, but friendly and delightful, a place to linger in and be happy. If you have followed the itinerary of this book from the beginning you will recall that you went from Dresden to Prague; from Prague to Carlsbad, a ride of several hours, and from Carlsbad to Passau, several hours more; or you went from Prague to Vienna. At Passau you boarded the steamer on the Danube and were a day in getting to Vienna. And I assume that you took an express train from Vienna which brought you through to Salzburg in a trifle over six hours. Now in doing this you have left unexplored

the great regions that lie to the north and east, but with the exception of Cracow, now in Poland, and the Carpathians that are most easily reached from there, this northeastern region of the old Austria-Hungary is not especially inviting, and I am leaving out the Carpathians because the country we are about to enter from Salzburg is distinctly more enjoyable. Coming this way and wishing to finish your exploration of Germany your loop through Bavaria will begin and end at Salzburg instead of Munich.

On the way to Ischl, which is the center, as Salzburg is the beginning of the Salzkammergut, you pass through some of that lovely meadow land with its peaceful farmhouses and grazing cattle under the trees and by the streams, which backed by the great mountains is such a picture of peace and contented prosperity that one feels the happier for just looking at it. It is a narrow gauge line, this road to Ischl, and by and by it begins to climb among the dark trees of the foothills and up to where there are wide views of plains and of little towns, and finally the curiously colored water of the Abersee.

It will pay you to stop at St. Gilgen, the village on the lake, and make the steamer trip, which in an hour or two will show you much of beauty. And then if you do feel inclined to ascend a mountain, go up the Schafberg, over a mile high, on the rack and pinion railway. To do this you leave the boat at St. Wolfgang, and on a clear day there is a view of breathless beauty from the summit. You can do it all in the day, reaching Ischl in the evening.

Ischl is as beautiful as it is fashionable. It was the summer court of Austria, and the Emperor might often be seen upon the streets during July and August when the family was in residence at the imperial villa. In spite of the fact that it is only a village among the mountains there is nothing primitive about this beautiful place, which gives the impression of having just been swept and freshly painted, and is really one of the very few towns, that seem set out to be looked at, where I love to stay.

Only twelve miles away is a village of a very different sort, Hallstadt, where the houses, curious and old, seem to cling like swallow nests to the rocky side of the mountain just where it plunges down into the green waters of a dark lake. By all means break your journey here as you go on from Ischl, though you have to be ferried over from the opposite bank along which the railway runs. Thirty-eight miles farther on you change cars at Selzthal, from where in a little more than two hours you reach, through suburb scenery, Bischofshofen and change again for the main line south. It will be no misfortune to stay here all night, for you are in the midst of magnificent mountain ranges the peaks of which are whitened forever by the snows that never melt. From here on to the Adriatic is the most wonderful railway journey I have ever taken, and yet I remember the passes from Switzerland into Italy, the trip from Innsbruck to Verona, and the ride from Florence to Venice; but this is absolutely incomparable. And yet how dangerous for me to say so, for everything is but a matter

of individual preference. I like it best, that is all.

If you leave Bischofshofen about eight in the morning you will reach Villach at noon. Now be sure that your tickets read from Bischofshofen to Abbazia by Villach, Laibach and St. Peter. There will probably be a through car on the train when you board it, but if not you will have no difficulty if you show your ticket to the guard and give him a tip. Fifty miles after leaving Villach you come to the station for Veldes, or Bled, as it is also called, and here you must stop, for without exception it is the most beautifully situated little village I have ever seen. Great mountains rise round a lake; on a rocky island is the most picturesque white church imaginable, and just across on the mainland an old castle towers from a precipitous rock. Always has this vision lingered in my mind as one of the fairest pictures earth has to offer.

Less than half a day's ride, still among the great mountains, and the train leaves you at the station for Abbazia on the Adriatic, in what used to be the coastland of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When you leave the car you are yet far above the city that, a glittering line of beauty, edges the shore of the Adriatic, seven hundred feet below and four miles away. But what a wonderful ride down the white zigzag of the road, with the strange blue-purple of the sea ever before you, and the scent of strange flowers ever around you. And the city itself, finding compensation for its modernity in the exquisite loveliness of its situation and itself. A city of shops, of music, of flowers, of gardens and of sunshine among the trees. Never too

warm and never too cold; a place to go back to again and again, for the hotels are not surpassed for comfort anywhere in Europe. Its beauty is rivaled only by one or two cities of the Riviera. Go to the gardens on the shore when the band plays in the morning, and the tall bamboos wave in the breeze from the sparkling sea, and the black-faced Moor in white robes and turban passes the program for the day, and watch the people come and go dressed in the height of fashion. I am at a loss to know why more Americans don't come here. It is so beautiful, so fascinating, and withal, like the rest of the Adriatic cities, so easy of access. We, of course, have come upon it over a long route, but that is unnecessary, for when you go to Venice—and everybody goes there—you can leave in the evening, and after a comfortable night's rest on a smooth sea, be in Fiume for breakfast and in Abbazia in half an hour after at a cost scarcely more than staying overnight at a hotel.

Southward runs the Dalmatian coast, that marvelous eastern shore of the Adriatic, along which steamers ply to enchanting places—to Zara the old, the romantic, where the edge of the East begins, that is in Europe but not of it; Zara, where the Crusaders leveled the mightiest walls of Christendom; Zara the gate of Dalmatia, which is the land of yesterday, the land of another world than yours, of another world than Europe; a land that because of its vividness, its color, its utter foreignness and strangeness, will ever after make the rest of the West seem tame.

Along the water front of Zara rows of modern

buildings spell disappointment; but fear not, they are only a shell, and beyond, in dim streets too narrow for horse or carriage moves a life that holds you like a spell. Strange figures come and go in odd costumes of clashing colors; in open house fronts the family tasks of the day go on before you; and in the Place of the Five Fountains moves back and forth a long procession of the women who toil, carrying in buckets on their heads water to the houses, and to the ships at the quay.

Leaving Zara you come in a few hours to Spalato, the strangest town on earth, for it is a city within a palace. Ages ago Diocletian built here the greatest palace the world had ever seen; then he abandoned the throne of Rome and came here to end his days in sumptuous retirement. The centuries passed and the palace became a desolation. Then in the six hundreds swept down on the nearby city of Salona the wild men from the north and left that city a chaos of broken marble. Creeping back to their ruined homes after the tide of invasion had passed, the surviving Salonans abandoned the site altogether, and within the vast walls of Diocletian's empty palace built for themselves another city. And there it is. Of course as time went on, and modern days brought safety, the town outgrew its original limitations and now spreads on either side the palace walls; but yet within those walls, and along the tiny streets that thirteen hundred years ago they builded there, is the center of Spalato.

And think what you can see from here! There is old Salona, dead for centuries, but where you can yet

behold the ruts of Roman chariots in the pavements of the streets. There is the drive along the Riviera of the Seven Castles. There is the trip to Trau, a strange little island city still huddled within the walls that used to keep the pirates out. And—but this book can't tell everything.

Next comes Ragusa, one of the half dozen most beautiful and unusual cities in the world. Its mighty walls look down from the gray rocks upon the blue waters just as they have for centuries, and within those walls are still worn wonderful costumes of white and red and blue, and jewels in strange setting, and marvelous work of gold and silver filigree, just as they have been worn for generations. Here is medievalism, not only the environment but the life itself; and not only this, but a beauty rare and strange; and not only this, but one of the best hotels in Europe (at least it used to be there) where you dine on a balcony that overhangs a garden of figs and palms and oleanders and pomegranates where the nightingale sings; and not only this, but a railroad runs from here up into Herzegovina and Bosnia; and not only this, but, in three hours more, the steamer will take you to Cattaro and there begins the road over the Black Mountains that in a few hours brings you to Cettinje, formerly capital of the vanished principality of Montenegro, now swallowed up in the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, otherwise known as Jugoslavia.

Of course I have not even mentioned a tenth of all the beauty and interest of Dalmatia where three weeks could be spent that would seem like a fairy tale.

You will never have another chance to penetrate so easily into the real East as is given by the curious, narrow gauge railway that from Ragusa climbs the Dalmatian hills into the Balkans. On part of this route the grade is so tremendous that the locomotive is fitted with cogwheels, and helps itself up by cogs set in the center of the track. On this route your tickets should read first class, and you will be wise to take a luncheon with you from the hotel at Ragusa. The journey itself is of absorbing interest, across great, bare mountains and over a rocky land that the warfare of centuries between Turk and Slav has left an incredible desolation. Roofless stone huts stand in stony fields, and here and there in caves by the wayside, with bushes screening the entrance, live the poverty-cursed Herzegovinians.

Nearing Mostar, the capital of this province, you come upon your first Turkish mosque, with graceful minaret and rounded roof; and a Moslem cemetery where the grave stones are so shaped as apparently to wear turbans. So far as I know no one in Mostar speaks English, but that rather adds to the sense of aloofness that is half the charm. The hotel is a very decent one, and when you descend from the omnibus with your luggage the proprietor knows that you want room and meals without the telling. The town, because of its utter strangeness, is indescribably fascinating; an old bridge, famed among the artists and architects of Europe, spans the Narenta with an arch of singular beauty, and as you come upon it down a curious street, an old round tower looks down from

the rocks above in a way that completes the picture. Singular costumes are everywhere, Mohammedans in flowing robes, Slavs in big, baggy knee trousers and embroidered crimson jackets, peasant women in bright array spinning with distaff in hand as they gossip in the market place, and everywhere color.

If you take a train in the morning for Sarajevo (famous forevermore on account of the crime of June 28th, 1914) it will be six o'clock when you arrive, for though only eighty miles away the upward climb is tremendous. But you'll never forget that ride, though if it be in summer you will find it hot, for strange peoples gather at the stations, all in costumes you have never seen, and fantastic towns appear and disappear as in some moving picture show. And Sarajevo! Here is the East indeed! The great bazaar, the finest oriental market in the world, save that of Damascus, and absolutely the most foreign thing an American can see in Europe, is literally intoxicating in the supreme delight that comes from its utterly unexperienced blend of fantastic form and color. In dark little rooms, all open at the front, squat queer forms at work upon the rare things of the East, on gold, or silk, or beautiful leather. Every trade has its street, and along these streets saunter a thousand startling figures. It is a fairy tale; it is the Arabian Nights!

The way back to Ragusa can be done in a day and will not bore you, for you will want to see again the story-book land through which you came to this odd city of romance. And another thing; I doubt if you

find "Ragusa" on the time tables, for trains and boats stop at Gravosa, but as that is only a mile away, and a trolley line runs between, it really doesn't matter.

Even if you don't care to go into Montenegro take the morning boat from Ragusa (Gravosa) and make the three hour sail to Cattaro which will take you into the marvelous gulf where the mountains come straight out of the water five thousand feet into the air. The steamer lies at the dock for an hour, so you can look about a bit, and then begins its journey back up the Adriatic to Trieste, a trip that will end at four the next afternoon.

Time spent in Trieste is time wasted, and you can either take a train for Venice, reaching there in four hours, or you can take the night boat that leaves Trieste at midnight and arrives in Venice at six A. M.

Two portions of these beautiful regions are yet unexplored, the Dolomites and Tyrol. If you leave Venice a little after eight in the morning you are at Feltre before noon. Here you leave the train and taking a carriage or diligence, always a carriage by preference, drive to Primiero, which you will reach in good time for dinner, having lunched at Feltre, as quaint an old Italian town as you will find in many a long ramble. At Primiero you are among the strangest and best of those strangest and most wonderful of all the mountains of the world, the Dolomites. Much of the region hereabouts, Austrian before the war is now part of Italy—as is the case also with portions of Tyrol further west. You have never seen anything in the least like the Dolomites before. They are giant,

isolated towers, many of them rising nine thousand feet and some exceeding that in height; rearing up in naked precipitousness from level valley floors that are carpeted with greenest grass, or else shadowing awful abysses where ice cold torrents swirl toward the sea. At dawn and sunset, and often when at other times a half unseen mist arises, these giant shapes take on colors of unearthly loveliness, as if painted in pastel upon the sky. In the bit of land where at this point Austria and Italy meet, these vast rocks are crowded together within a space fifty miles square, and in this narrow confine beauty takes a form that elsewhere you will seek in vain.

Primiero is in the very core of this magic region, a place sometimes written about as the gateway to fairyland, but though writers and artists often come here the average tourist seldom does. Perhaps the most impressive view of all is obtained by an excursion from Primiero up the Valley di Canali, which is like going to the end of the world, so far away does it seem, and so cut off from everything and everywhere by the vast walls of rock. But be sure to go there. Even an American can walk it, and a boy from the hotel will be all the guide you need.

You will want to see them all, once you are among these mountains, and it is hard to make selection for a brief tour. But you will have seen the views that are, let us say, as fine as any, if, when leaving Primiero, you drive to Cortina, the most frequented town of the Dolomites, by the way of Predazzo, Vigo and Campidello; a two days' trip unless a motor 'bus is taken, so

you should break the journey at whichever village most takes your fancy.

Over all these roads comfortable diligences travel on regular schedule, but a private carriage is so very much to be preferred that you will be glad you assumed the extra expense although in this instance it will prove considerable. The situation of Cortina is exquisite, and there are certain excursions to be made from here that are on no account to be missed, to beautiful Lake Misurina for one; but the town itself has the atmosphere typical of a crowded resort. Orchestras play for dinner in the big hotels and the English guests all dress for that meal. A band performs in the afternoon, and you do not feel at all alone with the mountains as at Primiero.

Twenty miles from Cortina along a road of wonderful views is Toblach, of itself a charming village where your journey in the Dolomites ends and you take a train for Innsbruck in the Tyrol, four hours away. It is entirely possible when you leave Cortina to reach Toblach by the way of Misurina, where the night and half a day at least should be spent.

The Tyrol is a land at least as beautiful as Switzerland, and a land in which it is pleasanter to travel. Switzerland is a very self-conscious place, where all the people take themselves very seriously as the showmen of the world's wonderland, and you continually feel as if in the presence of some great natural exhibition. It is bigger, with loftier mountains, higher waterfalls, larger lakes, and broader valleys, but it lacks the element of charm that comes from the natu-

ralness of Tyrol, and the equal beauty into which her smaller, though none the less imposing landscapes continually compose. It is a land of valleys cut deep between the mountain ranges, and in these valleys live a people of charming manners and varied costumes, still retaining the simplicity of life and thought of long ago. A people who still make pilgrimages on foot to distant shrines, where for them miracles are still performed, who yet go in procession to the village church on feast days, and yet kneel at those rude crosses that everywhere are lifted by the wayside. Along the brooks that course through the woods old mills still turn their mossy wheels just as when they were owned by the great-great-grandfathers of the men who own them now. In village market places brightly clad peasants yet dance old folk dances when the harvest moon hangs in the sky; and well do I remember a night ride from Munich to Innsbruck on midsummer night's eve when all the mountains were outlined with the fires these peasants build on that night, when the fairies are at work. Wood-carvers live in the mountains, and in the village doors children sit and carve on wood, just as in Bruges the women gather in the doorways to work at the lace for which they are famous.

And more than all, it is the land of castles; no valley but is guarded by some stately pile, and on innumerable summits picturesque walls look down on ways where for centuries armed men have tramped. If you would see this Tyrol from end to end take Stoddard's "Tramps in Tyrol" for your guide, and if you would know its legends and romantic history read Clive

Holland's "Tyrol and Its People." But if you come merely to look at the best and go, then you will find that there are three natural centers of tourist life: Bolzano or Botzen, Meran, and Innsbruck.

We have come upon the land at Innsbruck, a city framed by great mountains, and from which opens a valley toward Hall that is as fair and beautiful as any nature knows how to make. A mountain there is which guards this valley that comes so splendidly up from the green plain that not even Pilatus is more lovely. The town itself has not put off the years, but has found in their passing a grace and beauty that make more than attractive to the modern tourists her streets and buildings. The drive to Hall should on no account be omitted, for there the market place is a medieval gem. And this is but one of many drives and excursions by rail, all of which lead into regions of delight.

From Innsbruck west, a wonderful railway makes the road into Switzerland, but western Tyrol is not quite so interesting as the center and the east, so we will follow down the line that leads to Bolzano; for we are not exploring Tyrol, merely looking at it. Here the Dolomites barricade the east with a vast wall of gray and amethyst, and from here is the call of many ways, so that each day for a week would find you taking different directions, to castles, to mountain peaks, and to flower-set valleys.

From Bolzano to Meran is a railway journey of twenty miles, and Meran is the most beautiful city in Tyrol. "The flower town" everybody calls it because of the flowers and grapes and trees that grow there,

and if you longed for more time in Bolzano, surely you will do so again in Meran. But one thing you must do—go to Castle Tyrol, the most picturesque castle in this whole region.

Now I am conscious of having, all through this book, rather overlooked the wild, rugged, grand scenery that Baedeker always stars, because that sort of thing never has appealed to me, but if it is a thing you like, go from here to Trafoi, the "Chamonix of Tyrol." The distance is thirty-nine miles, but a railway has recently been put in for much of the distance, and by the time you read this may have been extended through, and in any event you can drive the intervening miles. Trafoi is near the glaciers and the snows of the Ortler, a great peak more than two miles high, where the scenery is on a colossal scale of grandeur.

Back to Meran and from there to Bolzano, where you take the long train for the south that comes down from Munich and beyond, and for fifty miles more you ride over the mountains until Mori is reached where you change to a curious little train that scrambles up the passes and down again to Riva at the head of Lake Garda. Austria used to stretch far southward hereabout, but her defeat in the Great War pushed her boundary line miles and miles to the North. What a wonderful ride it is, for suddenly from the summit you come upon a view that for beauty of color is matchless. A thousand feet below lies Garda, a lake more beautiful than Como, a lake that to me is the most beautiful I have ever seen; a lake of purple and Alice blue, with pearl colored mists to the south where Italy

lies, and near at hand gaunt gray mountains with just room at their feet for Riva. And as you swing down the steep grade and out upon the valley, notice Arco, with its ruined castle high on a lonely rock. Down the long length of Garda you sail into Italy and the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VII

### ITALY

I AM very fond of Italy, not only of the country but of the people, and I do not sympathize at all with the well-nigh universal fashion of praising the one and sneering at the other. Many times have I traveled there, yet never was my luggage broken open or even delayed, much less lost; never was I defrauded, never did I receive the slightest discourtesy, never did I find an Italian I could not trust. Everywhere I was shown the most helpful consideration, not only by the officials but by the smiling, kindly peasants. Nowhere in Europe, except in Bavaria of before the war, have I found such pains taken to please you, once you drop the superior and domineering air we Americans are apt unconsciously to assume.

Not only is Italy a great country, but it is a great nation. Since once united under a central government its commercial and intellectual progress has been amazing. Great battleships of a first-class navy ride at anchor in the Venetian roadstead, and up and down the streets of old cities tramp regiments of clean-cut, intelligent soldiery. In Milan, trade and manufacturing find a center whose ramifications reach every quarter of the kingdom. At the capital, cabinets of bril-

liant and able statesmen have made the Government respected, while the King and Queen, by their many acts of self-sacrificing kindness, have become beloved by all classes of their subjects.

Thus the traveler finds Italy a great, growing, vigorous nation, where the people, even the very poor, seem happier than elsewhere; where the sun more often shines, and where on all the hills and in all the ancient cities beauty sits perpetually enthroned.

I cannot take you off the beaten track in Italy, for all her ways are but main traveled roads for the tourists from every country in the world; nor can I say of her anything new, for in a thousand books her praises have been sung for centuries; but while I love her all, yet there are some places I like better than others and some of which I am just a little less fond. So assuming that the reader will like what I like, and that he cannot spend the time to see everything (yet in Italy nothing should be missed) I will show him how most easily to find the things that most appeal to me.

Of Rome I can say nothing. It is a great, big, modern city with interesting ruins on exhibition as in a huge outdoor museum, and I detest museums, and I don't like Rome. But let us begin at the beginning. You will remember that we crossed from Trieste to Venice, a city that is the most unusual and romantic in the world, where I ever hope that some day I may own and live in a little palace that I know of on the Grand Canal, with a gondola of my very own and a gondolier who shall wear a pink sash with his white uniform.

Swept seaward by the tide of barbarian invasion, scourged from their homes by Attila and his Huns, the Italians of the mainland sought refuge on the naked islets of the lagoons where now is Venice, twelve hundred years ago, and there developed into a power that commanded the seas, and into a life that was filled with a wealth of color and a pomp and circumstance that made the city of the sea unique in history. Tinged with the splendor of the East, strong with the power of the West, she dominated the centuries, appealing to the imagination and the fear of men. She housed herself fittingly, not in the stern architecture in which Rome expressed the unlovely power she so strongly and yet so brutally exercised, but in a wealth of dreamlike palaces blossoming in stone and gold and color; in churches like St. Mark, unearthly, exquisite; in minarets and bridges, in marbles and mosaics. And here she lived her life gayly as well as bravely—the brightest, most brilliant life in Europe, though filled with an element of strange and even tragic romance.

This was Venice in the days when she was great, and if you would thrill to her as to no other place on earth, read before you go of the things she did, and of those deeds that were wrought out within the compass of her waterways. Faded now is the beauty, but still is it there. Stripped of their marbles are some of her palaces, though yet ghostly fair in their decay, and out on the lagoons where you must be sure to go the shimmering colors of the sea and sky are just as of yore, and as of yore are the islands of towered church

and towering cypress trees that seem to float 'twixt sea and sky.

Take the steamer to Chioggia of an afternoon; Chioggia, more medieval than Venice, where a mile of fishing boats rest their bright sails in the sun. Go to Torcello, older than Venice, "the Dead Mother of the Lagoons" as Ruskin called the lonesome ruin. Go to Burano of the lacemakers, and to Murano where for centuries have lived men whose "Venetian glass" has been a household term through Europe. And go to the strange, strange cemetery where the dead lie in tiers above the ground as at New Orleans, and where the graves of the humbler folk are marked by a forest of tall iron stakes, bearing aloft wreaths of painted iron flowers. Until you do these things do not think that by any means you know your Venice.

When you come back into Italy from Tyrol you will reach Verona in time for luncheon, and you will do well to spend the afternoon and night there, for Verona is a city of marble and of beauty, worn, like Venice, with a great antiquity; and where in the Piazza the Middle Ages peep out at you from the shuttered houses. Duty will of course take you to the Arena, and maybe you will enjoy it, but the laughing life of the streets is so much more to my liking than this dead, unburied thing of Rome's that, to tell the truth, I never saw it.

From Verona to Padua you can go in a little more than an hour, and changing there you can get a train that takes you to Ferrara in an hour and a half. There, depending on the train you take, you may or

may not have to change for Ravenna, which is reached in an hour and a half more if you catch a fast train.

Where the Apennines are far to the west, and Italy comes quietly down to the Adriatic with which she mingles in nearby lowlands, there is Ravenna, the city of the Gothic Emperor who from among the barbarians became the ruler of Rome; the city that Byron loved; a city so worn with time that in one's memory all her details are confused, as of a city you have dreamed instead of seen. There is the recollection of a long, sunny street from the station, of a vague square where stained houses stand, of the great rooms of the one-time palace that is now the Hotel Byron. On a cloudy day I know the town must smell of mold and damp, for it is almost a part of the sea that creeps beneath its soil and fills with stagnant pools the marshes round about. And yet one should go there, not because of its beauty, for it has none, but for the strange and fragmentary beauty of the things that are there. Nowhere else can you see the art that made of her churches "royal palaces to God and the Saints" in those very early centuries of the Christian era when elsewhere all the world was Pagan. "Like a great mottled green snake, with the neck of a peacock," glows the wonderful enamel in the church of San Vitale, and with a gleam of gold and blue the Baptistry of the Orthodox is a magic of mosaic. So, too, the mausoleum of Placidia, and the old, old church of Sant' Apollinare. Nowhere save in the Moorish work in Spain can be seen such mosaic, such color, a color that burns with

all the intensity of the early faith, a color that was stolen from unthought-of-blue-green of the Adriatic that tosses its foam at Ravenna's door. All these marvels are now in lonesome, decrepit churches that fail to bear bravely the burden of their vast age, but these are the things you should come to see. And when there, as added compensation, is Dante's tomb, hard by the hotel, and the curious mausoleum of Theodoric the Great, far in the level waste, seeming as aloof from to-day as the spirit of the Sixth Century when it was built.

In an hour from Ravenna you come to its antithesis, Rimini, where gayety reigns on the shore and a great hotel is filled with the fashion of eastern Italy. Of course you will find, back from the beach, an olden city, noisier by night than any other town where I have ever stayed, save only Cordova where those dreadful wagons climb all night long up the cobblestones under the window.

But you do not come to Rimini because it is worth while, for it is not, unless perchance you want to see how Italy lives at its resort where only Italians come, but because from here you take your way to the oldest and the smallest republic on earth, San Marino. And to travel this way is like taking a carriage for the Middle Ages, because nowhere else in Europe, so far as I know, does medievalism so persist into the Twentieth Century. Here, buried in the very heart of Italy some fifteen miles from Rimini, lies this alien state, a republic, just as it has been for centuries, absolutely independent of Italy as of all other nations on earth,

with its own laws, its own postage, its own courts and government.

But the road thither is itself worth the traveling even if the greatest political curiosity in Europe did not wait at the end, for as it leaves the plain you find Italy on the way, for here is the heart of the land and all that Italy means to the imagination lies before you; and all that spell of beauty, of half-told romance, that has exercised its fascination on all generations, and all races of men lays its charm most potently upon you. It has been said, that every man has two countries, his own and Italy, and in summer and on an Italian road the truth of the saying is emphasized and you feel an exhilarating passion for the land and the people. An exultant love of life—their life—and deep delight in the beauty of form, of color, in the free blowing winds from the arching sky, the warm scents from the sunburnt fields, in the beauty of lights and shadows on far white villages, the joy and mystery of the road where something new, strange and always delightful is waiting beyond every turn. Before you are the mountains dim as the ancient life that came and went upon them. Like ghostly hints from that life, great white oxen toil their dusty way down to the sea, driven by oval-faced, black-eyed peasants. Poplared streams cross the highway under Roman bridges; broken towers of feudal strongholds crumble on occasional hilltops; close built villages, white and still in the hot sun, lie amid the olive groves; between the mulberry trees swing long festoons of grape vines. Noon is on the land, and the road is almost empty;

under wayside shade laborers drink their red wine or sleep; and little children play half-naked in the shuttered streets of little towns. This is the real Italy, the Italy to find and to love. Not the Italy of the galleries and the museums, not the Italy of Florence and of Rome, but the Italy of the long, white road, of the hot, still noon, of the wind that comes from the mountains, and the perfume of the sunburnt earth.

After hours of driving you see, blue with the distance, a cliff, a wall, that ends the valley through which the road slopes upward to the rock of San Marino, and as you draw nearer it lifts still higher from the plain, a great line of precipice edged with walls, the sky-line broken with towers. Here on its impregnable mountain this little republic, that has never had more than the twelve thousand inhabitants it has to-day, has for a thousand years defied the world and time.

There is no custom house on the frontier, as by a reciprocity treaty with Italy, Italian goods are admitted free, and all other goods coming through Italy for San Marino are taxed at the Italian custom house at the place of entry, the duties so collected being remitted to the San Marino Government.

Through a massive gate the visitor enters upon the lower city, which hugs the base of the immense cliff, and comes upon a little square where shouting boys are splashing in the fountain in the center, and old women are cooking odd looking messes over charcoal stoves, proclaiming aloud their culinary abilities to the crowd, many of whom press near to buy. In shady corners and under big umbrellas family groups are at

dinner. The rock, which forms one side of the square, is pierced with caves, and in these shadowy wine cellars are outlined men drinking at little tables, and gambling as they drink. Outside is a laughing, good-natured crowd, continually moving back and forth in picturesque confusion. Around the corner, stairs cut in the rock lead mysteriously upward and finally, by little levels and narrow lanes, reach the summit and the town. Here the streets run in a perfect network of confusing, narrow ways, plunging for a little space down the mountain side and hurrying back again; ways that are lonely and empty, where tall houses abut so closely and the streets are so narrow that even the daylight seems old and faded, and the shadows reach menacingly up the bare, stained walls that are pierced with but few windows, all heavily barred or shuttered.

By day the people think they are busy. Great quarries are sunk deep in the flanks of the mountain, and the fine gray stone is shipped throughout Italy. But the men and boys at work here, and the lazy, white oxen that draw the stone to the sea, all move slowly in the hot Italian sun, and there are many intervals of rest, when in the shade the white bread and red wine give excuse for ease. In the evening, when the heavy diligence pauses on its afternoon run from Rimini by the gate below the hill, and the mail bag has been carried to the post-office that stands in the square above, where on one side is a vast outlook to the mountains, then the people delight to gather here where the sunset air comes cool from the heights, and in little groups they listen as some better reader than

the rest reads of the ways of the world in some outside newspaper, for the nation of San Marino is perhaps the only nation in the world without a daily paper. Here, too, in the lingering twilight Madonna-faced young mothers nurse their babies unashamed, and older women knit while they talk in soft voices full of music.

In San Marino, alone among the towns and states of earth, the rights of the people, the affairs of today, are still regulated by the olden law of Rome. Elsewhere the Roman or Civil law may be the basis of codes, as of the Code Napoleon which largely governs our own State of Louisiana even yet, but here it remains wholly effective and almost unchanged, even as Roman lawyers gave it to the land. Here even time is the time of Rome, the day being divided into four quarters of six hours each, so that no dial of any clock in the Republic is marked for more than six hours.

The supreme executive power is vested in two Regents who are elected every six months and are ineligible for reëlection. First of all the people meet in the great square and each votes, from candidates submitted by a committee of the council, for members of the Great Council of Sixty. There are always present a number of little girls dressed in white, one of whom marks the ballot of any citizen who cannot read. From the Council so chosen twelve men are drawn by lot, and these men nominate to the Great Council twelve other men as candidates for Regents. Of these twelve the Council elect six. The

names of these six are then engrossed, each on a parchment roll, and the rolls deposited in a silver casket, which is taken to the cathedral in solemn procession in which all the people join. Here it is placed upon the altar, and after mass is said, a little girl chosen by the outgoing Regents ascends the altar steps, the seal on the casket is broken, and the little girl draws forth two names, and the men so chosen are the Regents for the next six months. At the inaugural ceremony the national anthem is sung, and while I did not hear it there, I brought back with me the music and find it a really wonderful composition, full of mighty chords and inspiring melodies.

The standing army is only nineteen strong, but it is augmented on state occasions by the sixty members of the national guard.

Salaries are small in San Marino. Before the war the Regents used to get but thirty dollars each for their entire six months of service; the orator who delivers an historical address at each inauguration was paid but a dollar, and other officials of the Republic received sums in proportion. The Judge who presides over the trial of cases must be a non-resident, as it is believed that with so small a population no native lawyer can be found who will be free from entangling friendships with one or the other of the parties. All lawsuits must be pressed to conclusion within six months from commencement, lest they become a disturbing factor to the peace of the State, and if not finished within that time they are dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff.

Now even if this unique and almost unknown survival of medievalism does not interest you, go there for the wonderful view, for from where the edge of the great rock rides out into the plain like the prow of a mighty ship at sea, there is a view more majestic than ever I saw from an elevation of no greater height. The eye sweeps the coast south from Ravenna for a hundred miles, and looking straight to the east you see across the whole width of the Adriatic and on to where the Dalmatian mountains show their white ribs amidst a violet haze.

From this archaic governmental survival you drive in half a day to Urbino, the easternmost of those Hill Towns that constitute the most interesting and the most medieval portion of all Italy. To understand them you must know just a little of their history and of what they are. Beginning at the Mediterranean and ending at the narrow plain that borders upon the Adriatic, there extends east and west throughout central Italy a range of broken hills that culminates in the great peaks of the Apennines. In the fighting days of old, difficulty and not ease of approach was the deciding factor in the selection of a city site, so very early these hilltops of central Italy were seized upon as natural and appropriate situations for those walled cities that are now known as the Hill Towns. Some of these cities, like Volterra, were old before there was a Rome, and all of them were originally entirely independent city-states, like San Marino is now, owning no central authority and often warring with one another; for never, until the efforts of Garibaldi bore

fruit in the government of to-day, can there be said to have been an Italian people, or an Italian nation. Even when Rome placed its powerful and quieting hand upon the land, it was merely the government of Rome over the rest of the peninsula, and even then these cities were really more governed by Rome than made a part of Rome. There never was so much a Roman Empire, as an empire by Rome. And with the fall of Rome these cities resumed their independence, and on other hills other towns sprang up, and each helped to make the succeeding centuries one cruel story of interurban warfare that converted all Italy into a battleground. This, in a broad way, is the history of all these hill towns, the romantic and varying details being, of course, beyond the scope of this book. Williams' "Hill Towns of Italy" is the best and most comprehensive study of the subject, though Russel W. Leary has a charmingly written book, "Italian Lanes and Highroads," which deals with these cities incidentally, and Edward Hutton has written about them descriptions in such exquisite English as well to merit the name of prose poems.

Up the hillside piles the picturesque confusion of Urbino, topped by the huge palace, erected as a ducal residence in the beginning of the Renaissance's best period in the later half of the fourteen hundreds. If you find a keen delight in irregular masses of colored roofs, and the sharp pitch of odd streets, all grouped as on some artist's canvas, then go by all means to Urbino, for as you walk its rounds you will forget in the joy of its color and its composition such cares as

Providence in its wisdom may have dealt to you at home.

Leaving Urbino the railway takes you down some fifty miles through the mountains to Fabriano where you change to a faster train that after a journey of equal distance but less time leaves you at Foligno, where you again change to another train that in an hour reaches Perugia. This route will take from early morning till about four in the afternoon. But what of it? As someone else in effect has said, the purpose of travel is not merely to arrive, but to enjoy by the way, and how could you spend a more delightful day than in traversing these Italian valleys and mountain slopes, rich in memories of a romantic past and in the beauty of the present?

Most wonderful, most absorbing, most beautiful of all the cities of the hills is Perugia, drawing herself up haughtily upon her mountains like some cold, haughty grand dame who wills to sit aloof. Medieval houses line her streets; immense fragments of her ancient walls yet remain, the foundations of which were there before a stone was laid upon the seven hills of Rome; and there are gates that are mighty and yet of a compelling beauty. Gates from which broad views are had out upon a far country where other towns of age and fascination lure the traveler. From the edge of the town, where the little park that affords shade is held back by a low parapet from the immense space that falls away beneath, I watched the full moon swing up over the hills and fill the vast valleys with a glow that dimmed the many lights that picked out here and

there the outlines of other walled towns, from the towers of some of which came up the sound of bells that struck the hour. And then there is that other view as you walk without the circle of the walls, and mark her battlements and the towers of her gates and the great churches high above her roofs. If you love to think upon those gone days when men in armor rode in and out, and every day was as the story of a play, here is the environment intact before you, an environment not only romantic for its past but splendid for itself in its strange and foreign beauty. And then the rambles through the town, where you set forth not to arrive, but just to get lost in the maze of streets that seem literally to throw themselves headlong down the steep hills where the houses clutch at the rocks to be saved; streets that creep under queer black archways, and come out on wonderful squares set about with even more wonderful buildings, or look forth on far views, or suddenly leave you without the walls with all the bright, open country smiling up at you.

Now this is Perugia. And oh, yes, there's much more; churches, museums, galleries and what not. But I stayed four days and had no time for them, for first of all is Perugia worth while for her very self.

There are two hotels that run their own private tramcar up from the station, and of these hotels each is so good that there is no choice between them. It was mid-August when I was there, mid-August of the hottest summer Europe had seen for years, but always a cool breeze tempered the sunshine, and anyway no reasonable American need fear the heat of an Italian

summer any more than he would his own. The theory that Italy is impossible in summer was started by Englishmen, who affect to suffer when the thermometer is over seventy.

May I help you find some of the best in this city of perfection? Then take your Baedeker and turn to the map of the town; while you should walk all around the walls, especially fine is that part which lies between the Porta Susanna and the Porta Eburnea, 4A to 6B on the map. Around the quarter of San Severo (D3) is one of the most picturesque of places. From the Porta Pesa (E2) is a glorious view; go out along the road and turn back for the magnificent picture of the city. Other superb views are had from the Porta del Bulagaio (D2) and the Porta Eburnea (B6). In D5 is a section rich in striking sights. But what's the use of particularizing; it's all so wonderful!

From Perugia you can go by rail a dozen miles to Assisi, home of Saint Francis who in the twelve hundreds rescued Christianity from the selfishness that it inherited in its evolution from the old Pagan culture and tradition, and broadened it out from its ever narrowing confines of mere personal salvation, into a creed of good will to men. Here too, the centuries have lingered and have not fled, and here too is beauty in all the byways of the little town. But here you should go to church, for few buildings in the world are more impressive within than the curious two-storied church of Assisi. Some writer, I forget who, put it perfectly when he wrote, "This church far surpasses all others

in beauty and solemnity of color, in picturesque bursts of light and shadow. . . . As a study of decorative effect it is perhaps the most important building in Europe."

From Perugia your way leads to Rome by those other hill towns of Spello, Trevi, Spoleto, Terni and Narni. Can't you arrange to have a look at them? They are right on the road and only a few miles apart, and each one has its own individuality, its own interest, and makes its own distinct picture of walls and towers and hills. But if you won't stop, why then your express will take you to Rome in four hours and a half. Rome demands a guide, a competent and a scholarly one. There are several such in the city who devote certain days to certain places, upon which they lecture in a way that, if you have any imagination at all (and if you haven't home is the best place for you) makes very real the historic past.

To Naples you can go in four hours. Naples fascinates me. Not only the unparalleled beauty of its situation, but the vividness, the unusualness of its life. To prowl those dark, narrow streets of steps where the red and white clothes hang like banners from the innumerable lines stretched between the houses; to see the work of the household go on in full view of the street; to see the children gather around the man who cooks something over his charcoal brazier that they like to buy; to haunt the crowded quarters by the Porta Capuana and watch the faces of those who gather round the public reader; to push back the heavy curtain at the door of some old church and see in its twi-

light the still forms of kneeling worshippers; to linger by the sea when the fishing boats are hauled upon the shore by bare-legged boys and fishermen; to hear the noise and the cries; to see a young Adonis asleep in the sun, and the children at play in the shade, this is to come upon Naples, and to love it. Its beauty is another story and a very wonderful one, for from the heights above the town and from the drives that encircle them are enchanting vistas of the bay, and its islands, and the misty outlines of Vesuvius. You can go up Vesuvius by railroad, and in a day if you like; and Pompeii is another excursion from which you will come back in the evening hot, tired, and thrilled as if you had spent the day with the ghosts, as indeed you have. And Capri! But don't do that in a day. Go of course to the Blue Grotto and watch the flash of the naked divers as they sink through the silver sea for your pennies, and go to the other places Baedeker tells you of, and after that settle down for a day or two just to look and realize how beautiful this old world can be. Follow the road that climbs the cliff to Anacapri where the roses grow, and up to which by rocky steps come the slim girls with slender jars on their coils of black hair—the girls the artists paint. Watch the splendor of the sea; and the beauty of the shore, and be happy.

Before you go to Naples read Norway's "Naples Past and Present" as it tells in a most attractive manner of the multitude of things there and around about, which you will surely wish to see. And before you leave Naples you will, of course, take that most

famous drive in the world that leads among the oranges and the roses to Sorrento and Amalfi. When you are through with Capri you can take a boat direct to Sorrento, which you will probably wish to do, and from there drive in about four hours to Amalfi. Be sure and spend the night at Sorrento, and when the twilight is coming on, and the dew brings out the heavy perfume of the orange blossoms, go out upon the bluff to watch the great circle of the lights come out along the bay, and the violet shadows of the mountains outline against the lemon yellow of the sky. Sit there while the night deepens and the Mediterranean darkens to purple black and the stars come forth, for thus will you best apprehend the spell that just beauty can cast upon one.

Don't end your drive at Amalfi but after at least a day there, make another day of the drive to Salerno where you can get a train back to Naples. And before leaving Amalfi make an afternoon's excursion to Ravello. There is no need to stay in Salerno, but though the drive there from Amalfi is but twelve miles I have advised taking the day to it, for the road so abounds in views of unprecedented loveliness that you will continually wish to pause; and if you are going to hurry through everything you had better postpone your trip to Europe until you have time to stop where you please and go as you please.

Before turning northward from Naples everybody ought to go to Sicily, and I say that though I have never been there. You can go in a night, and four or five days on the island will give you some idea of

its beauties which are most interestingly set forth by Arthur Stanley Riggs in his "Vistas in Sicily."

From Naples we go back to Rome the road we came, though if ever I pass that way again I shall stop to explore some of those old walled towns that stand back on the hills a mile or so from the railway line, like beautiful pictures painted on the land by some master artist. Why don't you stop as you go along and see what they're like? The very fact that nobody else does it should be an inducement, for you would have all the joy of an explorer in thus prowling around where to-day seems dead and the past alive.

From Rome see that your tickets read via Orvieto to Siena, the railway branching at Orte from the way we came down from Perugia. I am asking you to stop at Orvieto just over one train because you can thus look upon the most savage of the Hill Towns, aloof upon her precipitous hill, but holding within the stern circle of her walls a glittering, jewel-like splendor, the mosaic front of her cathedral. Just as the town is one of the most romantic in situation to be found anywhere, so is this façade the most gorgeous bit of color that the architecture of Europe can show. But really why not stay overnight, instead of over a train, for there is a most comfortable hotel in an old palace, and the town should be seen from more sides than one, so unique is the situation of this city of the rock. If you leave Rome at nine in the morning you can be in Orvieto in two hours, and if you don't stay overnight, you can go on at about five in the afternoon, and as you will make close connections at Chiusi

you will be in Siena in time for dinner. But if you want to see one of the two or three most picturesque villages in all Italy you will leave the train about fifteen miles this side Siena, at the station for Montepulciano and drive the six miles that lead to where this indescribably fascinating town lies behind its medieval walls. Only a few thousand people live here, and the place is still and quiet with no attractions at all save that exceeding one of enabling you to see precisely how a walled town of the Middle Ages looked to the knights and ladies who rode this way. Nothing is changed within or without, except that a good little hotel is now ready for the guest; but aside from this, you go back centuries when your carriage rolls under its gates, and the experience is worth the having.

At Siena you come upon a town that is different from any you will elsewhere find. A hill town like Perugia, it yet has an atmosphere and a beauty distinguished as its own. I think as a town it lacks somewhat of Perugia's charm, depending more, perhaps, upon the places and things to be found there; upon the beautiful work of wrought iron; upon certain medieval buildings like the Palazzo Piccolomini; upon glimpses of towers from under archways and down streets; upon the astonishing market place, and the town hall, or Palazzo Pubblico, that fronts upon it; and on the cathedral with its face of colored marbles, and its curious black and white interior, with its extraordinary pictured pavement, and marvelous pulpit upheld by lions, models of which are in so many

museums. But whatever the reason, Siena has a very commanding place among the cities of Italy.

As before pointed out, all these Italian cities were, during the Middle Ages, independent governments, city-states, and all the patriotism of the people centered in their city, beyond which they had no country and knew no allegiance. They personified this patriotism in the town hall, and, regardless of faction or local feud, lavished their wealth upon it, making it, as another writer has mentioned, ever more and more beautiful. And here at Siena is the "most typical town hall of Italy."

Some morning you will start from Siena for one of the strangest towns on earth, San Gimignano. After a short railway ride you leave the train at Poggibonsi and drive over the hills about eight miles to this "city of beautiful towers." Here is unquestionably the most medieval thing in Italy, not a city that looks precisely as of old, as does that dear little town of Montepulciano, where I want you to go and know you won't, for San Gimignano is dying, has been dying these many years, so that within the circuit of her walls that once upon a time defended fifty thousand people, only four thousand live to-day. But a better presentment it is, none the less, of what a city-state of medieval Italy was like. For San Gimignano was once a power and fought her wars and made her treaties and maintained her embassies in other towns, with the bravest and best of them. And here remain unchanged all those civic buildings that once housed an independent political life, and those palaces where her

nobles lived and over which they built those monstrous towers which made each palace a fort, towers that yet make her skyline the most surprising you have ever seen, and which shadow her empty streets as a nightmare follows you in sleep.

It is these towers that make of San Gimignano the most picturesque and the strangest town in the peninsula, and therefore had you better miss much else than this. And as the medieval environment still persists, so remains the medieval mind, for to-day, as for centuries, the life of the place is dominated by the memory of Saint Fina, that little girl who believing she should suffer for the mere thought of some uncommitted childish sin, lay down upon a plank and there remained until finally death came, and sainthood. So if you can but talk to these simple, kindly folk, who live thus remote from the stress of modern life and thought, you will catch the medieval point of view, as is fitting, here in the most medieval of atmospheres.

From this city of the towers you can drive in three hours to Volterra, thereby going back of medievalism and back of Rome, for Volterra was a city of that Etruscan civilization that flourished in Italy before the world knew Rome. I expected much of this ancient city with its vast walls of such great age, and its golden gates through which such different civilizations have come and gone, and frankly I was disappointed. Poverty sits within her streets, which are also dreary with an age that has passed on into decay. She is old and desolate to death. But who does not want, after all, to see a city older than the Empress of the World,

and so I am glad I drove to her mountain stronghold. If you get an early start from San Gimignano you will have plenty of time to gain an impression of Volterra and make the late afternoon train for Pisa fifty miles away—fifty miles, that is, from the station, which is seven miles down the mountain side from the town itself.

At Pisa it is like coming into another world. The town is commonplace and comfortable with a great modern hotel that is, in a way, thoroughly English, and where you are made to feel very much at home with the latest *Mail* and the Paris edition of the *Herald*. You would not come to Pisa at all were it not for those "three white marvels on the grass" as Symonds calls the Baptistery, the Cathedral and the Leaning Tower, all grouped together, with the white tombed Campo Santo for a background. They are absolutely unearthly in their beauty. And there they are, grouped altogether in the midst of the dullest town in Italy. You cannot describe them. How can anybody describe that marble miracle of the Baptistery; or the delicacy of the great cathedral front; or that miraculous tower that swims so dizzily against the blue sky; or the wealth of art that has marked for its own the tombs of that strange cemetery. But go there!

There are two ways to Florence from Pisa; one is forty-eight miles and the other sixty-two. We will take the latter because the longest way round is always the best way there—in Italy—and because that way lies Lucca where we are going to stop, partly because her old walls present so appealing a picture, and partly

because she is very beautiful within. Old stained glass is always worth a pilgrimage, and in the cathedral there is glass of the fourteen hundreds that is beautiful as poetry. Moreover there are mosaics and paintings and statues in all her churches and public buildings that well repay the visitor, and best of all is the picture of the city's beauty, framed by the blue mountains and emphasized by those great walls of hers and the towers that rise above.

An hour of two from Lucca and you are in Florence. You will like it. Its grim palaces with windowless lower story and the iron rings in the walls where once the torches blazed of nights; the beautiful shops with their marbles and jewels; the queer bridge across the Arno all built over with houses, like London Bridge before it tumbled down; the exquisite cathedral with its tower that lifts so grandly from the earth; and that other tower, which seems to me the most beautiful in the world, that soars aloft above the Palazzo Vecchio. But the story of Florence and her charms is too long to tell; read your Baedeker and any one of the many books that have been well written about this famous city.

It is a long ride of more than 200 miles from Florence to Milan, and Milan is redeemed from the dullness of most big cities only by its cathedral. On three different visits I have tried to be impressed by the exterior of this gigantic building, because one feels he owes a duty to the famous things of the world. I have individualized some of the two thousand statues, I have walked around it, and I have climbed to the

roof, but still I am really unable to enjoy it. But within! There is nothing in the world to approach it. It makes you gasp, as does a dash of cold water, when first you see the marvel of its splendor, the glory of its great spaces rich with the glowing color of painted glass and the softer but even more beautiful tones of its shadowed walls and columns. To come here alone and sit quietly for an afternoon watching the ever-changing lights and shades, is an exaltation.

But this is all in Milan I have ever found to enjoy, and I have always wanted to hurry away to the south, or to the lakes of the north where our journey now takes us.

From Milan to Como you go in an hour, and at the quaint village of that name that gathers in a fold of the mountains at the foot of Lake Como, the tour of the Italian Lakes may be made to begin. Between the range of semi-mountains passing east and west through central Italy, and the foothills of the Alps that lie east and west along the northern boundary is the great plain of Lombardy; to the south of this mid-region are those wonderful hill towns, and to the north this chain of lakes, concededly the most beautiful in the world. Lake Garda, far to the east, we have already seen.

Between Garda and Como are two much smaller lakes, tiny Idro and somewhat larger Iseo. The first is far from the railroad and nobody ever goes there, but it lies most beautifully in a hollow of the hills, and on its banks are peaceful little villages where peasant life moves quietly, all indifferent to the outside world. If you have just the right temperament you

will love this little lake and the simple life about it, but it would be a dangerous experiment for me to recommend it to the average man. Should you really want to go however, take a train at Como and leave it at Brescia, seventy-seven miles away, a town, by the way, that many people regard as among the most delightful in Italy, and from where you can drive in a few hours to Idro.

And, too, if you wish to visit Lake Iseo you start from Como and change at Bergamo, forty miles away, to a branch line that brings you in a couple of hours to Sarnico. Here you take steamer for the ride of fifteen miles down the lake to Lovere where there is a good hotel and where you should make your headquarters.

Like Idro, Lake Iseo is off the tourist track, but the mountains rise higher round its northern end; many islands add to its beauty, and over it all is a sense of aloofness that many of us like. But if you don't care for these excursions to the east, then look around Como a little while, particularly at its odd church, and buy some silk blankets of enduring beauty and incredible cheapness, and take the afternoon boat for your journey up the lake. Where to make your headquarters is a matter of violent disagreement among all travelers, who are in accord only on one thing, and that is that it should not be at the village of Como. Personally, I prefer Bellagio, where there is a delightful little hotel overhanging the water, and where they give you a room with a balcony and a glorious view, and serve you well-cooked meals in a garden right on the edge of the

lake, and all for very little money. Of course there is another hotel, big and fussy, where you can spend three times as much, if that adds to your enjoyment.

Como is shaped like a tuning fork, and just where the lake divides, and blue Como goes to the west and green Lecco to the east, there, at the base of a lofty peninsula, lie the arcaded streets of Bellagio. Up the steep hill runs one street of little steps all aflame with the bright silk blankets piled in front of the shops, and at the top of this street you come into a wonderful garden of palms and roses and tall pointed cypress trees, where by the way is another hotel with a terrace where you can take your afternoon tea and look abroad over a great landscape of mountains with white villages on their summits or clinging to their flanks, and the sweep of the lake below. Up to the villages you can see the white roads twist, and some day I am going back just to follow those roads that push so enticingly over the hills to that always interesting spot, the just beyond. To the north the snow mountains rise, that come more distinctly into view after you leave the terrace and climb farther through the woods, until at the very top you get a view of both branches of the lake, the naked rocks of the mountains to the east, and the dimmer shapes of the great northern peaks. Over all this beautiful view is drawn a faint veil of glorious color, that magic mist which Italy always wraps about her to add a warmth and touch of mystery to her exquisite form.

There is nothing somber about Como, for gay villas in gayer gardens are everywhere; and villages that

seem always bright and where the villagers are always happy. Best of all are the nameless little towns where the fishing boats are drawn up at the quay, and the church tower is mirrored in the water, and the idlers laugh on the shore. Of interest, too, are the huge barges with big, square sails that slowly move with the wind, and even the steamers that bustle back and forth have a certain romance, for do they not go always to the beautiful and unknown places at all of which you long to stay?

From Bellagio, when ready to depart, you cross the lake to Menaggio, and take a curious little narrow-gauge road that climbs, amid views of ever-increasing splendor, the mountain that separates Como from Lake Lugano. And mid-way you come upon a silent little lake, where tall reeds grow on the margin, and where from a hill on the opposite bank looks down the most picturesque little church imaginable, all composing into a view that concentrates all Italy into one small picture you can put away in your memory and never forget.

In eight miles the railway leaves you at Porlezza where a steamer takes you down the lake to the charming town of Lugano that edges the water below the great hills. Now Lugano town is not in Italy at all, but in Switzerland, though nobody ever realizes it, so it really doesn't matter. Here, too, you can be very comfortable in an inn by the lake where the prices are moderate. And here, too, are great hotels where you can spend any amount of money you desire and be thought much of as a rich American.

More than half the charm of Lake Lugano lies not in the richness of her landscape, great though that assuredly is, but in the villages that rest in the hot sun upon her shores, or hide themselves under the trees that cover her mountain sides. Take a boat some morning and leave it at the first village you come to that looks alluring. Loaf through its streets, lounge on its quay, watch the people at work or at idleness; get the black-eyed, red-cheeked children to laugh at you, and watch them as they play, for they are graceful as kittens. Drive or walk to the distant villages you get glimpses of from the steamer's decks and idle away an afternoon, for thus you come to a perception of Italy that all the Roman forums and museums and art galleries can never give you. What's the use of studying a painted picture, when a lovelier one, and alive, is waiting for you out-of-doors?

You can, from the end of the lake, go up Mount Generoso on a rack and pinion railway if you want to, in company with a lot of people precisely such as you see every day at home, and hear them talk of where you can best buy ostrich feathers in Paris, and of how much they always pay for gloves, and if it is a good day you will have a view that will make you dizzy, and if it is not a good day, as it probably won't be, you will sit and shiver and wish you were home.

And please don't regard Lugano as just merely a place to stay, but explore its old market place where the children patter about in queer wooden sandals, and see its arcaded streets, and climb up to the railway

station just for the view, and row out on the lake and be happy.

From Ceresio, at the foot of Lugano an electric railroad takes you in an hour to Varese on the lake of that name. Not so imposing as the others of the group, there is no need to linger unless it appeals to you, but the journey this way to Lake Maggiore is certainly attractive. It is but fourteen miles, a delightful fourteen miles, on to Laveno, on the shore of Maggiore, largest lake of them all and with a broad beauty, and exquisiteness of color, and here and there emphatic bits of loveliness that make you long for much time for exploration. Here again there is sure to be heated discussion over the town where headquarters should be made. Stresa is unquestionably the most popular and the most fashionable, and I have heard people condemn as of no understanding those who would stop anywhere but at Baveno, while as for me I would never dream of going anywhere but to Pallanza and to that certain rather modest priced hotel that has a little garden on the lake; for Pallanza among its palms and magnolias, and its one great campanile rising among them, is the most lovable little town imaginable. I frankly admit there is nothing there but just the town and its beauty, and the far view of blue, snow-streaked Monte Rosa from that said little garden by the lake. Not a single "attraction" that I know of except the Borromean Isles to which you row, and which are so wonderfully picturesque to explore, and Isola Bella, with its vine-clad buildings by the shore and those marvelous gardens where grow

all the trees of all the climes, and where the great white peacock comes down the terrace steps—at least he did when I was there. And that other little island of the fishermen, where the nets are spread to dry, and a real and vital worship goes on in the white towered church, and life does not seem hard even for the very poor. How you will love the ride up and down the lake, when the steamer makes for the little harbors of gayly painted villages where it seems as if everybody was always cheerful, or sails into views of great mountains where the snows lie white, or puts out into mid-lake where all the shores take on that soft splendor of color never seen out of Italy.

When you pass on into Switzerland you will never regret it if instead of going direct from Pallanza, you drive over to Lake Orta from Arona, and spend the afternoon and the night in the hamlet of Orta, stopping, let us say, at the Belvedere, the hotel with the beautiful view. Personally I would stay a day and a half and make every one of those excursions of which Baedeker tells, and all which are extremely interesting and worth while.

A branch railroad connects Orta with Domodossola, where I stayed overnight once in a most wonderful old inn with a history, where there are dungeons under the floor, and thousands of wistaria blossoms glorifying the interior of the courtyard, and here you connect with the express from Milan that will take you through the Simplon tunnel and leave you at Visp, in Switzerland, in an hour and a half.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND is the most difficult country in Europe to write of with brevity and clarity, and I have never yet read a book that treated the subject in a manner that was satisfactory. Perhaps this is because it is all scenery, and description of just mere landscape into which there fails to enter the human element, either of historic association or present interest, never conveys any very clearly defined impression to the reader. And more than anywhere else in Europe this human element is lacking in Switzerland. Elsewhere stately castles tell impressively their stories of ancient days and ancient ways, but Switzerland is not a land of castles, for being a republic for centuries there was no class of feudal barons dominant by strength of stronghold, or of a subservient peasantry to gather their humbler homes around the fortress on the rock.

Here and there, of course, are exceptions, of which the castle of the former counts of Gruyères in the unfrequented picture town of that name, is the most interesting example. But even this is more château than castle, and throughout the country there is little that gives evidence of the romantic days that surely

must have existed here as well as elsewhere, nothing to compare at all with those tremendously effective piles of neighboring Tyrol, the land of castles, or of the not far distant Bavarian highlands, where life of the olden time, though lived in such proximity, was passed under such different conditions.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is lacking at the very outset one of the chief features that distinguish so generally the picturesque landscape abroad from the picturesque landscape at home. Missing, too, is that sense of foreignness that the presence of a native race, with costumes and customs that differ from our own, gives to so much of Europe. There are, of course, native Swiss, but they are so crowded by the enormous influx of visitors who perpetually make of Switzerland the most crowded spot on earth, that the tourist seldom sees them, and never in such a way that they become an integral part of his impressions. Never, except in some few remote towns (and they are amazingly few) where the foreigner has not yet come.

Then, too, the architecture is everywhere very much conventionalized. In Lucerne are some old frescoed houses, and a trace of old walls and towers, and of course that old, covered bridge; and Berne and Fribourg are still interesting, but the nation prides itself on being "up to date," and the dominant recollection of architectural features that the traveler brings away with him is of innumerable, vast, barn-like hotels.

For all these reasons traveling in Switzerland is more like journeying among our own mountains, and

less like being abroad, than is travel in any other region I know of. The country, moreover, is so thoroughly organized on the plan of a gigantic exhibition, that it is difficult to feel anywhere that you are not examining some fenced-in wonder that you have paid an entrance fee to see. This feeling is emphasized by the swarms of people from every nation who dutifully pass up and down the country looking at things precisely as you are doing. Every little waterfall is advertised; every mountain that by any amount of ingenuity can be scaled by mountain railway has its hotel on top; every remote village is exploited; from the grandest peak to the most insignificant hamlet the whole country is on parade. And every nook and corner is crowded with its own special adherents who proclaim its local charms to be superior to all others. So if I should attempt to guide the reader to all the delights of this land of sights, I would have to write of it a volume instead of a chapter.

Not content with converting their country into the world's summer playground, these enterprising people have now succeeded in creating a continuous performance by making people believe that the thing to do in winter is to go where it is colder yet, and where the snows are still deeper; so now we find the same crowds blinking in the winter sunshine that throng her ways in the summer. I have never been there in the winter, and I never shall, for why anyone wants to be cold at any time is for me one of life's unsolved mysteries.

Switzerland has beautiful scenery, and a vast deal

of it, for as someone has said, if it was flattened out it would cover the map of Europe. It is emphatically the place for the man who likes his beauty with his accustomed environment; the conventional man to whom comfort and cleanliness are paramount, for the whole country presents the appearance of having been just put in order for you, and is very spick-and-span and immaculate with the best and most moderate priced hotels in the world; and you can have everything just as at home, and be very, very comfortable in the midst of superb mountains and lakes; and I have no doubt at all that many, many people will say, "And what more does one want?" For the man who feels like that Switzerland is of all the lands of Europe precisely the place where he should go.

Coming up from the Italian Lakes by the Simplon route, a change of cars is made at Visp to a branch line that takes you to Zermatt for a view of that most startling of all mountains, the Matterhorn. The route that I would follow from there circles through Switzerland, showing you most of what all travelers prefer. Returning to Visp from Zermatt, and going west by the main line, a change is made to another branch line at Martigny for the journey to Chamonix, the center for Mt. Blanc. Back to Martigny the main line is again followed to Montreux or Lausanne (I prefer the former) on Lake Geneva; from here north to Fribourg and on to Berne; thence east direct to Lucerne, to Zug and to Zurich, and south to Coire. Thence west by rail and carriage (or diligence) to the Rhone Glacier via Andermatt, or, if the tour can

be lengthened, as by all means it should, from Coire south to St. Moritz and Pontresina, from there taking the great loop to the south and west by Chiavenna and Splugen and on to Reichenau just to the west of Coire, and thence to the Rhone Glacier. From the Glacier (Gletsch, the little village is called on the map) you proceed to Meiringen and Interlaken, from where, after the many beautiful excursions in the neighborhood, you come back to Lake Geneva by the electric line through Château d'Oex and Montbovon, running up from the latter town to Gruyères if you want to look at the quaintest town in Switzerland.

To go back now to where we leave the main line of railroad at Visp. The branch that takes you into the overwhelming presence of the Matterhorn is only twenty-two miles long, but two hours is consumed in the trip, so tremendous are the grades. Nearer and nearer the train brings you to the great snow peaks that gather round the valley's end, and occasional glimpses are had of the glaciers that come from their heights. Green valleys with peaceful villages lie in the depths between the towering walls and there the wonderful flowers of Switzerland are always blooming in the sight of the snows. Zermatt has now lost, in the confusion of crowds and huge hotels, that charm of isolation that once so distinguished it, but there are yet quiet walks through the woods and pastures where you can be alone, as you should be, while gazing on that white miracle that hangs in the blue sky almost two miles above you. Separated from the range, no other mountain on earth looks so high, so awful, so

majestic. Indeed I believe the Matterhorn is easily the most impressive sight in the world.

I ought to say in this connection that the lure of mountain climbing brings many people to Switzerland, as to Tyrol, and that Zermatt is a recognized center of this sport. It is a subject, however, on which I am not qualified to offer advice, nor any suggestion beyond the fact that plans should be made only in consultation with an official guide to whom you can be recommended by the travelers' bureau, branches of which are to be found in all parts of the country.

A very easy venture in mountain scaling can be, and by all means should be, made from Zermatt, and that is the excursion up the Gorner Grat by means of the railway that now circles to its summit. Once here, at an altitude of over 9,000 feet, you are surrounded by a vast panorama of snow-covered peaks, and glacier-filled valleys, while directly before you the Matterhorn goes up and up. Zincke, in his "Month in Switzerland," says: "Here you have what is said to be the finest Alpine view in Europe."

Leaving Zermatt in the morning you reach Martigny before noon, and Chamonix in a little more than two hours thereafter. But if I were you I would make a stop of two hours or so at Sion, one of the most picturesque little places imaginable, on its two twin hills, in which event you would get to Chamonix about eight in the evening.

You will recall that this is the way I brought the traveler who came down through France, and that it is also the way by which we are to seek the south and

the Riviera, so that anyone intending to follow literally the plan of this book would pass it by for the present and go directly from Zermatt to Montreux, pausing here on his return from Switzerland.

What Zermatt is to the Matterhorn, Chamonix is to Mont Blanc. Here, too, the little village is submerged by the great hotels, and its native population of a few hundred is entirely lost sight of in the great shuffle of the crowds. But here, too, is beauty of valley and mountain, and an excursion, too, that is world famous—the day's trip to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, over which ice field it is the proper thing to walk. No guides are supposed to be necessary for this little tour, but just the same I should have one.

A six hours' journey is required to take you from Chamonix to Montreux on Lake Geneva. There is a quiet hotel with a pretentious name here, overlooking the lake and good enough to satisfy any but the most luxurious taste, where, on payment of a bit extra, I was given a most comfortable corner room with broad windows looking out upon a most glorious view.

There is something very compelling in Lake Geneva, that holds you day after day. Often lavender mists hide the opposite shores except where, high in air, peaks ribbed with snow now and then appear and disappear in startling fashion. There are so many walks that rest you by their still beauty; so many excursions to be taken up lofty mountain sides; so many rides upon the lake to the famed towns along the shore, that the days slip into a week before you even think of going.

A tram car takes you in half an hour to the Castle of Chillon, and unlike much else of which the poets have sung, here lurks no disappointment. Picturesque within and without, it is exactly what it ought to be, satisfying alike to one's historic and artistic anticipations.

From Lake Geneva the railroad climbs up to Fribourg and in an hour or so you seem in a different country from that which fringes the lakeside with its garnished towns and modern villas and hotels. If old Switzerland yet lurks anywhere it is here and at Morat and at Berne. From the surrounding hills Fribourg presents a very medieval picture, a medley of gables upon steep hillsides, an ancient tower or two still standing, and over all the dominant bulk of the cathedral. A suspension bridge connects the two parts of the town the river separates, and up and down the steep slopes the streets zigzag in curious and interesting fashion.

In the market place a lime tree has been growing nearly five hundred years, ever spreading farther and farther above the children who for so many generations have played there, its long and twisted branches that are now upheld by stone posts. They say that centuries ago when some great battle was in progress all the people gathered here waiting news of the result, and that a wounded soldier spurring from the field with news of victory was thrown from his horse and clutching a limb of a nearby lime tree to break his fall, a twig came off in his hand. Still clasping it he struggled on afoot till reaching the market place he

cried, "Victory, victory," and fell dying among the crowd. His monument is now this vast tree, for they planted here the little twig he carried, and here it is growing yet.

Not far away by rail is Morat an enchanting old town with mellow galleried walls, arcaded streets and curious houses dating from the Middle Ages. It is a tiny community and can be seen quickly, so even if I were in a hurry I should not miss it.

If Fribourg and Morat are medieval, so is Berne, reached in an hour, and not only medieval but beautiful, making a rare picture in its setting of distant mountains and immediate forests and meadows. Here the old architecture persists more than elsewhere, and wide overhanging roofs shade narrow streets, and arcaded ways suggest Italy and antiquity. Around the rock on which the city stands a river sweeps, and in the broader streets play many fountains, some of which are ancient of days, and of that beauty those artists of old could so well impart.

Three old gates are all that are left of the walls of Berne, and one is that famous clock tower that always comes first to mind as the most characteristic bit of this most charming city of Switzerland.

To Lucerne you go in a couple of hours, and Lucerne is beautiful because of the lake that is along the leafy circle of its promenade, and because of splendid Mount Pilatus that lifts its perfect form in uninterrupted view before it. And Lucerne is interesting because of its queer bridge, from the rafters of which yet hang

those old and faded paintings; because of the curiously decorated houses in the market; and because of its few remaining walls and towers. But Lucerne is not a place to love, it is so very modern, so very fashionable; yet it is a comfortable center for pleasant rides upon the lake, and pleasant rides along the shore and back through the valleys and the woods.

It is from here that everybody goes up the Rigi to stay all night and see the sun rise in the shivery dawn. Two visits have I made Lucerne, but though I may make many more never will I see the sun rise there, or anywhere else if I can help it. For one thing the sun always rises too early, and more deterrent yet, it is always cold on a mountain top.

Lucerne to Zug is only eighteen miles by the direct line of the railway, though a more popular route is to go from Lucerne by boat to Vitznau, changing here to the railroad up the Rigi, and descending by the railway on the other side, requiring but three hours for the ascent and descent, and bringing you out to Lake Zug at Arth where a steamer is waiting to take you to the village of Zug. The lake is more compact in form than Lucerne, and possesses a distinguishing charm of its own, the mountains gathering around its southern shores, and green fields and many forests covering the hills to the north.

In this mountain district of Europe comprising Switzerland, Tyrol and the still more eastern Alps of Austria, there long prevailed a custom of gathering the dead into charnel houses, "bone houses" they are called

by some, and here at Zug, in St. Michael's church, is a great heap of labeled skulls. These mountaineers were ever democratic.

When ready to leave Zug, the train takes you to Zurich in an hour. Here is really the garden city of Switzerland, bright, cheerful, clean with a wholesomeness that always, when you come upon it from the steamer's deck, suggests the school boy with his "bright and shining face." Zurich always seems just starting out, not yet touched by the heat and play of the day. And yet this very modernity that makes the city such a happy sort of place to stay, has after all destroyed its greatest charm, for not so long ago they tore down the old walls and planted flowers and trees where once they stood. It was vandalism, and unnecessary, for Rothenburg, for instance, is just as wholesome and bright as Zurich, and yet her old walls still remain, and thereby give to her a fascination that no modern town, or town that even looks modern, can ever have. Europe, for her own sake as well as ours, should learn the lesson that we Americans have, at home, most modern surroundings, and that when we travel elsewhere it is in search of the things we have not. But Switzerland has sinned past redemption; she has persistently destroyed every charm she could; and even her beautiful landscapes, which are inevitably safe, have been blotted by the ugliest, even if the most comfortable hotels in the world.

So Zurich smiles very, very blandly at you and says, "See my nice new buildings, my aquarium, my zoo and my public gardens." Still there are some few

interesting bits left in a few arcaded streets and ancient houses, and in spite of her destructive ways you can't help but half love the town after all.

Her lake, too, is the most enchanting in Switzerland. The stern mountains have gone back into the background where mountains really belong, and a serenity and composure and peacefulness take the place of the majesty and the somewhat exciting beauty of Lucerne.

By far the most picturesque spot on the lake is at the other extremity from Zurich, where a veritable medieval picture is presented by the fascinating town of Rapperswil, looking down on the still waters from the hill up which it is so closely built, topped by a castle that adds to the scene just the touch needed to make it perfection. When leaving Zurich it is best to take the steamer to Rapperswil, going on from there in less than an hour by rail to Weesen at the head of Lake Wallensee, a lake for those who like solemn and majestic scenery. And from Weesen I would drive up to the unfrequented village of Amden which perches dizzily far above, and which is as much off the beaten track as any place can be in Switzerland.

Leaving Weesen just before noon you will be in fashionable St. Moritz, at the very eastern edge of the country, in time for dinner, after a journey through breathless gorges, along appalling cliffs and over mountain passes that seem unconquerable. You know it is only us moderns who profess a liking for this sort of thing, for to the early travelers mountains were disagreeable incidents to be overcome as soon as possible,

and many is the book of travel written before the last hundred years that inveighs against the gloomy horror of the Alps and even the lesser hills of Wales. I am not at all sure that I have yet acquired this cultivated taste, for I never could accept a mountain for a personal friend in the way one does with a lake, or a smooth flowing bit of river where the trees grow by the banks and the cattle come to drink. They call it the Engadine, this southeastern corner of Switzerland, and both at St. Moritz and at the nearby village of Pontresina you are well over a mile high, while the not distant glaciers cool the temperature of the sunniest day. Snow storms in mid-September are not unusual, and it is entirely too cold for comfort before July. Indeed, it is as winter resorts that these towns of the Engadine are most frequently sought, all sorts of winter sports being organized on an immense scale for those who like such frigid pastimes.

But in spite of its short seasons and great elevation the Engadine is one of the most charming of the varied regions of Switzerland. The many valleys are of vivid greenness, orchards abound, and flowers in astonishing variety literally carpet the fields and woods. Life seems different in this more sequestered region, the villages are quainter and more unspoiled, and on picturesque crags old castles look out upon the mountains or gather the little towns around them in quite the Tyrolean way. Fewer people come here, once you leave St. Moritz and Pontresina behind, and it is entirely possible to feel that you are in a foreign land.

From St. Moritz you go by diligence or private

carriage to Chiavenna, and thence by the same method over the wonderful Splugen Pass to Thusis where you take the railway to Reichenau, whence you continue on your way as outlined earlier in this chapter.

Stop for the first night after leaving St. Moritz at Sils-Maria, one of the most delightful villages to be found anywhere, situated on the Sils lake with a great view of precipitous mountain peaks. The next day you can reach Chiavenna, and on the morrow you can cover in about ten hours the road over the Splugen Pass to Thusis. This road is one of the most noted in all the mountains, passing through the Via Mala, a dark defile nearly four miles long and of extreme narrowness with precipitous sides of rock that rise a thousand feet or more above the roadway that, in turn, hangs hundreds of feet above the rushing stream that tears along below. The summit of the Splugen Pass is not so high as are some of the other passes into Italy, but many believe that none approaches this in grandeur. As one writer puts it, "the Splugen Pass is truly the most magnificent road over the Alps."

From Thusis to Reichenau is the journey of an hour or so, every moment of which is made interesting by the beautiful pictures continually composing of castle, ancient village, green valleys and snowy mountain peaks, for here is the very heart of the Engadine. From here to Andermatt you may continue by rail.

From Andermatt the drive to Gletsch, where the visit to the Rhone Glacier is made, will take half a day. This ride over the Furka Pass, and on down two thousand feet into the vast hollow of the mountains,

into which the enormous cataract of ice seems literally to pour, is to the writer far more impressive, because so absolutely unique, than any other drive in Switzerland, perhaps in the world. It is not beautiful, but it is thrilling and it is awful. The summit of the pass is 8,000 feet above the sea level, and when driving it in July the road in places was sunk between snow banks the tops of which were level with the carriage seats. From a hotel at the edge of the glacier's crest there is an overwhelming view of the huge Alps all a-glitter in the sun, from the tops of which we saw streamers of wind-blown snow float like white banners. Two thousand feet directly below lies the curious bowl-shaped valley scooped out by the ice. Just at your right drops down the glacier into that vast depression; a half a mile across and 2,000 feet in height is the fall of this frozen marvel. In seven gigantic zigzags the white road leaps down to the bottom, a road that fills you with horror to look upon and terror to pass over; but in the tiny village a mile or so from the glacier's foot, a good inn is waiting with blazing fires a-crackle in the fireplaces and a sense of comfort that is very grateful after that nightmare ride down those seven dizzy zigzags. The walk out to the glacier is a hard one but will never be regretted. There, from a cavern in the great ice wall, the white Rhone comes forth, a very river at its birth, and you can put your hand upon the cold precipice within which it is born.

But coming back to the hotel you realize with a certain chill of dread that the only way out of the pit in which you are is to climb over those other white zig-

zags that on the slopes ahead of you mark the road to Meiringen and Interlaken; but so it is, and thither on the morrow you must take your way. From Meiringen the railway and steamer bring you to Interlaken, the center of the most interesting and most spoiled district of Switzerland. Crowds are everywhere, and the peasants have become nuisances with their perpetual begging devices, but the region round about is unsurpassed in natural beauty, and the journey along the marvelous Jungfrau is an experience that can never be forgotten, even if you agree with me in not feeling any especial affection for mountains.

First of all I should explore the two lakes and the interesting towns along the shores, going for one place to Thun for an afternoon's trip, and for another to picturesque Oberhofen with its castle, one of the few Swiss castles that does not seem like a make-believe. After that I should take that most wonderful excursion in Europe, or anywhere else for that matter. Take the railway that leads to Zweilutschinen, changing there to the train that goes on to Grindelwald where the afternoon can be delightfully passed, going on by late train to Scheidegg for the night in order to get an early train out in the morning on the wonderful Jungfrau railway. This astonishing engineering achievement, without parallel in the world, takes you up and up into the very frozen heart of this Queen of the Alps. To describe the view, to analyze one's sensations is impossible, but you come away awed and silent.

Changing cars at Scheidegg, the railroad brings you to Lauterbrunnen, hid away from the world in its ex-

quisite valley cut so deep among the mountains that not until noon of a winter's day does the sun look upon it from over the edges of the impending cliffs. "Nothing but waterfalls" is the literal meaning of this name, and more than thirty silvery streams leap from the precipices to be turned to finest mist long before they reach the ground. Most beautiful of them all, if seen when the stream is anywhere near full, is the Staubbach which throws its veil of mist from a wall of rock near a thousand feet above the valley floor. Do not hurry away from this strange valley of the waters but spend at least a day in exploring its beauties.

Another mountain railway lifts the traveler in about an hour to that shelf upon the mountains where clings the little town of Murren, from which, as from an open window, you look forth upon a stupendous grouping of mountains, of glaciers, of perpetual snows, and of the far, fair valley deep below. So far as natural surroundings are concerned Murren is one of the most picturesque towns of Europe, nor is the ride up to it, unfolding every moment a view of more and more absorbing interest, surpassed by any other, save that journey along the mighty Jungfrau. There are so many points of view around the village that a day at least should be spent here. And Interlaken is but two hours away.

Sometime ago the Montreux-Oberland-Bernois electric line was opened through the midst of the Bernese Oberland. On this line run most comfortable trains and excellent restaurant cars, the trip taking but four hours, through charming rather than awe-

inspiring scenery, from Interlaken to Montreux on Lake Geneva, where you will remember our loop through Switzerland was begun. By referring to the chapter on France you will recall that we went from Lake Geneva into the French Alps and on to the Riviera by the way of Martigny and Chamonix. So the traveler who has left southern France until now will follow the route that chapter describes, and by that way come finally to Dax where he can take the express train for Spain.

## CHAPTER IX

### SPAIN

IT is a stately looking train, this express for Spain, as in the early dark it swings across the switches under the cavernous, covered train shed of the station at Dax, and comes to a halt before you, a gleam of light, and polished brasses, and new paint and varnish. Your car will probably be upholstered in pale blue plush, with sprays of apple blossoms painted on the ceiling, and after your luggage is examined at Irun you can enjoy a very comfortable night's rest in your two-berthed compartment, provided your traveling companion happens to be an American or an Englishman, for otherwise the window must be tightly closed, for the people of every nation of continental Europe regard night air as deadly poison. In the morning, coffee will be brought you and served on a little shelf that lifts from beside your bunk, and after that, get up and look about you, for you are in Spain. But the traveler who is familiar with the transcontinental ride through New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, will think he is back in America. The train is running through a desert, drenched in an intense sunshine that pours down, white and dazzling, from a sky of hard, enamel blue. No trees anywhere, but on the horizon, incred-

ibly distinct, are naked cliffs, carven grotesquely as from sand, their summits of vivid white, while shades of pansy purple lie along their base and up the deep gashes cut by passing cloudbursts. Here and there the surface of the desert is blurred by some small town whose adobe buildings are of the color of the sands, a town that more clearly defines itself as the train comes near. The shadows have that distinct blue quality you so often see in paintings on the walls of galleries, but so seldom find in nature. Illy defined roads lead from these villages to the station, always a mile or more away; here, in broad-brimmed hats and rusty clothes a few men lounge in the shade, and mules stand with drooping heads waiting their riders when the train has passed. No trees, no vines, no grass, no flowers anywhere, only a vast range of country of uniform dull yellow overlaid with the blue shadows, the lavender shades on the distant mountains, and the arch of the opaque sky of burning blue.

This is Castile, a vast and desert plateau lifted far above the level of the sea, and ridged with yet loftier hills where Avila lies dead behind her walls, and descending to but twenty-two hundred feet at Madrid. It is almost noon when after climbing wearily among the dune-like hills of sand, the train stops at Avila, all withdrawn from the present into that strange and compelling past that lies within the circle of her lofty ramparts.

Here in this northern Spain we have indeed come upon a world that is different. At the station a beggar boy holds out his hand wistfully, and with the

copper you give him buys from the dealer whose stand is across the road, a huge piece of bread which he devours eagerly and with furtive glances, like a hungry dog. No omnibus has yet come from the town, and as you wait you glory in the foreign life around you, for here in its hoped for strangeness is indeed the realm of the very well worth while. Over yonder a family group is gathered in the scant shade of a cactus hedge. The man sprawls contentedly, having finished what is really his breakfast, and his wife sits cross-legged, motionless as an Indian; two small children roll over each other in the hot sand, and close to them all the donkey stands, his heavy saddle lifted to the ground beside him, for these Spanish folk are good to their beasts, and everywhere the donkey is made as much a pet as a burden-bearer.

Presently you tire of waiting and take the hot, dusty road to the silent city of which you see nothing save the gigantic walls, "with their nine gates and eighty-six towers," that mile after mile encircle it. A lonely city in a lonely land; occasionally, out from a lofty gate, rides some dark skinned man sitting sideways, well back on the haunches of his donkey, or a peasant boy comes slowly up from the empty country leading a long pack train of mules. Within the walls the streets of low houses seem all deserted; turreted walls are crumbling to meet the desert dust; by a broken arch, beautiful girls fill tall jars of terra cotta at a public fountain; in the square stands a cathedral that seems more prison than a church with carven lions chained to the door by iron chains; in silent corners

women sit idly and talk; a priest passes; a tall man swinging a cane in his gloved hand comes from a door, and without looking at you, though strangers are rare in Avila, moves down the street; under an awning two men sit and drink; there is no noise and little life.

They serve you strange messes at the hotel where no one speaks English, but where the landlord's little son speaks a foreign sort of French much like your own. So after you walk the circuit of the walls, and thread the desolation of her streets you may wish to go on to Madrid by a late train, where, if you do, you will arrive by eleven in the evening.

There is a certain keen elation in coming alone by night upon a huge foreign city with its different life spread out before you, and miles and miles of land and sea cutting you off from all your own environment; it exhilarates like a plunge in the surf. So never will I forget that long ride from the station in Spain's capital. It was an August night, and hot even for August and for Spain, and all the streets were filled with people. Some slept under the trees of little parks, or on benches by the wayside; on many a corner men were playing the real music of Spain on guitar and harp, and children, and men and women, too, danced and sang in the circle of the electric light. Other men and women in evening clothes, with a certain fine distinction stamped on their clear-cut faces, drove by in carriages with crest and coat of arms upon the panel. Slow moving oxen dragged heavy, low-wheeled wagons over the rough pavements. In

front of the cafés crowds sat at little tables on the sidewalk and drank as they listened to the orchestra on the balcony above them; there was the clang of trolley cars; the cries in a new tongue of the thousand venders of the streets; and over it all a brilliant yellow light. This is my abiding impression of Madrid, a town I like because so different from all other capitals, a town where the best shops close in the afternoon of a summer's day, and where there is always plenty of time for everything.

Now of the sights; of the churches and the king's palace, and of the wonderful armory therein, and of all the king's horses, and of the galleries; of all these inquire of Baedeker. Only I wouldn't bother with the Escorial; it is as dreary as Versailles.

Where shall the traveler go from Madrid? An answer to this involves not a few considerations. All Spain is picturesque, and the whole country bears a distinctive color, a peculiar life, and a characteristic architecture which combine into an atmosphere that distinguishes it in a very marked degree from all the rest of Europe. Now I take it that you want to go to those places where this Spanish atmosphere is most pronounced, and at the same time, such of those places as you can reach most easily. Bear in mind that every part of Spain is different from anything you have ever seen before, so that no matter where you go there will be sure to await you the joy of a new sensation; but remember also, that travel is attended, not exactly with greater hardships, but, let us say, with greater inconveniences than in any other European country. The

land is not travel worn, and does not change its ways and habits to meet the tourist's whim; it is the tourist who must change. Outside of certain narrow lines of traffic very little, if any, English is spoken, nor will the inn-keeper, nor the peasant on the street, take that trouble in your behalf which is gladly assumed in almost every other country. Unless you are prepared, therefore, to accept certain annoyances, that are aggravated by the utterly discreditable train service maintained by the railroads, your route through Spain will follow rather more closely than elsewhere the steps of the Americans who have gone before. It is absolutely incredible in the first place how such train service could have ever been devised, for only by the utmost ingenuity can such things come to be—mere chance would work it out better; and it is even more wonderful that the natives permit such a monstrosity to exist.

When you examine the time-table you will find that on such a frequented route as that between Madrid and Lisbon a sleeping car runs but three times a week. And you will observe with consternation that one train will bring you to a junction where you must wait for hours, because the train with which you wish to connect departed five minutes before your arrival. The hotels, too, are as a rule vastly inferior to those of the rest of Europe, and all travel is exceptionally slow and exceptionally expensive. And yet, in spite of all this, it is absolutely compensatory, provided you really care for the striking, the romantic, and places, lands and peoples of an absorbing interest.

Another thing to remember in planning a trip through Spain is that it is a place of many climates, many landscapes, many customs and even many races. Many differing tribes of varying civilization roamed this vast plateau of northern and central Spain, or had settled in the fertile regions by the coast, before Carthage, and then Rome, ruled the land; and these variant natives were still unamalgamated when Rome was swept from the peninsula by the conquering Goths, who in turn fell before the Mohammedan Moors. This race made of Spain, for seven centuries, an oriental province, governed at times by the Sultan in Damascus, and remained for all those seven hundred years the most eastern nation in the most western land in Europe. This long period when Spain was really oriental accounts more than does anything else for the indescribable charm that yet hangs over her. It is so amazing to find all this fairy-like architecture of the East near the edge of the Atlantic, together with a folklore in which stirring tales of the Cid, that soldier of the Cross and knight of Chivalry, are blended with romantic stories of Caliphs and strange adventures in the perfumed dusk of gardens where fountains played and nightingales sang, and pomegranate blossoms flamed in the dark.

In the cold and naked North the people are as stern as their country. They were the last to yield to the Moor and the first to replace the crescent with the cross. And to this day, life in all these northern cities moves with greater dignity and less happy abandon than in those regions by the southern sea where are

found the orange groves and the Moorish palaces of delight.

Now it so happens that the things that are best, that are most typical of Spain are the things most easily to be seen, so that when you have followed the conventional round, where the hotels are fairly good and the train service not so bad as the worst, you have really been to the places best worth while. And yet—after all there is a wonderful charm in the little, far-off towns, a charm that fully and richly compensates for the trouble of finding them. But this is not a guide to Spain, merely a hint where to go to most comfortably and quickly gain a just impression of the land.

Madrid is not Spain at all, it is just Madrid; wonderfully interesting, but it has gathered its people from every province of the kingdom and in its vast crucible has fused their individualities into a personality of its own. But you found Spain, the Spain of the North, at Avila, and you will come upon it again at Segovia, where you can go from Madrid of an early morning and return in time for dinner. One writer quoted by Baedeker thus epitomizes it: "Segovia is an unmatched picture of the Middle Ages. You read its history on the old city walls with their eighty-three towers; in the domes and belfries of its churches; in the bare and blank ruins of its deserted monasteries; and in the battlemented towers of its noble mansions." It well pays to wander its queer, half deserted streets, and loiter in its vast cathedral; but most of all does a full comprehension of its strange beauty come upon you when you make the long circuit without its walls;

down by the proud Alcazar that sweeps out so superbly into the plain; and on through the narrow valley with the lofty cathedral and its attendant multitude of lesser roofs and spires gathered so wonderfully upon the opposite hillside. And most impressive of all is the great Roman aqueduct as it strides through the town and out across the valley. Where it crosses the market, women bring their chairs and sit and gossip in its shadow, and watch their babies who sprawl half naked at their feet.

Outside the city gates there are grain floors where the grain is brought and heaped upon a hard clay circle, around and around which a woman, seated on a low sledge, drives the ox that treadeth out the corn, just as in Bible days and Bible lands of old. Time brings no changes here; the people live on somehow, doing the same things, thinking much the same thoughts and talking of much the same things, as in the shadow of the two thousand-year-old aqueduct people have lived and thought and talked for centuries; for the world of yesterday is the world of to-day in Segovia.

But most typical of all the cities of proud, haughty northern Spain is grim, mysterious Toledo that across the far-reaching empty miles from Madrid lifts itself up on its great yellow rock and gazes out at the desert and the scant life that passes there. As I have said in "Picture Towns of Europe," I never saw a city that cast such a spell upon me. She is like some enchantress that in her old age found the secret of eternal preservation; for she still lives, though she seems of

an incredible age, age that has brought poverty in its train. Gone is all the pomp and splendor of her early days, the story of which is like a book of romance, and now in her dark and narrow streets discouraged looking men and women shuffle to and fro between their humble homes and those factories where the inlaid work that made Toledo famous is still manufactured. But though a teaspoon of this gold on steel will cost you quite a sum of money, the wages paid the artist who designed it and the skilled workmen who made it, are incredibly small.

Yet Toledo is romantic to the last degree and I would rather miss the lightness and color of Seville than the somber beauty of this forbidding city of the North.

Back in Madrid, you are ready to make for the South unless you are journeying to Portugal, in which event you will leave in the evening on one of those thrice weekly sleeping cars which go through, though you will not, to Lisbon, for you will change in the morning for Thomar at the junction of Entroncamento. But going on to southern Spain you will leave Madrid just after dinner on a very comfortable sleeper, and awake at Cordova in the morning. You really must travel by night in Spain, for if you left Madrid at 7:30 in the morning, it would be two o'clock in the morning of the following day when you reached your destination. Whatever you do, at Cordova, don't go to the leading hotel, the most expensive one and the one where it is taken for granted all English and Americans will go, for it is absolutely the noisiest hotel in Europe. Sleep,

even for a moment, was impossible, and at one o'clock I dressed and finished the night in a chair in the lobby. Later I discovered in the broad Paseo del Gran Capitan two little hotels side by side, and both of charming appearance, at one of which I shall certainly stay when I go back. And I shall go back, for never can one escape the lure of this strange, oriental city. And yet it has but one real "sight," the mosque, but marvelous as that is, it is not there that lies the fascination. It is in the medley of color on the low houses; in the way a yellow church tower blocks the view down some narrow lane of blue shadows; it is in the way the black-shawled women carry their fans, and the way a black-haired boy sleeps in the shade; it is in all the thousand odd, subtle things that go to make the soul of a place, and it is the soul of Cordova that you love. If you are interested in merely the obvious then will you see naught but a low-built city by the Guadalquivir, and be impressed only by the mosque, that most astonishing building on earth, where far in the forest of low Moorish columns is a Christian church, and where in other places are jewel-like mosaics more glorious even than those that burn with their green blue fire in the crumbling churches of Ravenna.

Fifty thousand people now live in this city where you never are quite sure you are awake; but under Mohammedan sway, while the rest of the continent lay under the blighting shadow of the Dark Ages, here at Cordova was the most splendid, the most enlightened city of Europe. "Under the Moors, breaking away from the Caliphate of Damascus, it became the capital

of Moorish Spain, the Athens of the West, and for five hundred years maintained a splendid supremacy. A million inhabitants, with three hundred mosques to worship in, nine hundred baths for their ablutions, and nine hundred inns for the entertainment of the faithful, give some idea of the magnitude of Cordova. . . . In her ancient splendor she may be likened to Damascus, to Antioch, to Athens or to Bagdad, for she rivaled all those great cities in pride of place, in learning, in wealth, in luxury, and in the arts and sciences. But now how shrunken and faded! Her silent and grass-grown streets a world too large for the insignificance of to-day."

Such is Cordova, and, in a way, such is Spain!

From Cordova to Seville is two hours and forty-five minutes by the train de luxe, and four hours by the next best train. Seville to me was the one disappointment of Spain.

It is bright and gay, and a pleasant place to stay, and yet no brighter or gayer than Madrid. It lacks the enchantment under the mysterious spell of which Toledo seems to lie, and it has not the color and the poetry of Cordova, though very much more alive than either. Over narrow streets awnings are stretched from the roofs to afford protection from the blistering sun of summer, and on the corners are piles of fruit for sale, the beautiful yellow and rose colored fruit of the cactus that grows in long hedges along the railroads; the delicious Muscat grapes; the insipid melons, and the yellow peaches. On the corners, too, you buy all sorts of cooling drinks, the one that is most popular

being the juice of unripe white grapes sweetened to a most sickly flavor.

In noisy cafés men while away their afternoons, and at one, which is famous, the bull fighters of all Spain gather, when the season pauses, as at an employment agency. All business moves leisurely, and haste and punctuality are unknown virtues—or vices.

Here, as in all Spanish towns, a guide, and a good one, should be obtained. I think the best guide in Spain is at Toledo, though there is a very capable one in Seville, and to him and to Baedeker must be left the task of enumeration of all that you must see, and so much is there of imperative interest, aside from the ever fascinating life of the street, that no day and no two days will be long enough to see it all.

While I do not know how it is in fact, yet the impression of Seville is that of the most Moorish town in Spain. Even the cathedral, with its vast, confused roof suggesting that of Milan in some vague way, seems not so Gothic as it really is; and the low, white houses, and the bridge, and the house of Pilate, and the open courtyards of the well-to-do where life moves lazily, all seem to take their color from that marvelous Alcazar, the home of Moorish sovereigns and Spanish kings these seven centuries—from the Alcazar, and the rare tower of the Giralda, that startles the New Yorker like a vision of Madison Square.

Here in the Alcazar, and at the Alhambra in Granada, the stranger visualizes most clearly the Moorish past. In the Alcazar, grouped around an open square, are rooms of such extreme beauty of color and

delicacy of minute elaboration that you realize what a superb luxury was this life that moved its silken way among them. To a perfectedness of taste was added a love of literature and of learning that made of Spain a Mecca of scholarship. The amenities of existence were cultivated here as nowhere else; and then this life was set to music, and musicians played the day into night, and not improbably the night into another dawn. Surely these dead and gone Moors lived a life that was very idle, very wrong and very lovely; and while in some indefinable way the town itself was a disappointment, nowhere else do you come so close to this life as at Seville.

It is a hundred and eighty miles from Seville to Granada and it takes a fast train eight hours to cover the distance. Here at Granada you come upon the first really fertile country you have seen in Spain. I was on the point of writing "beautiful" in lieu of fertile, but that would not do, for all these desert places, the bare and yellow fields, the treeless yellow plains, the naked yellow mountains, the rushing yellow streams, and the tawny cities that seem part of the yellow desert, all have a beauty of strong and vivid coloring, and of atmospheric effects, the magic of which sooner or later lays hold of every traveler. But round and about Granada is something different—clear streams, and flowers and orange groves that do not make you wonder how they can grow, but that grow as flowers and trees naturally should, in the midst of green fields and by running waters. They grow, too, in a landscape bordered by snow-crested mountains,

in a region of plenty and of as fair views as Europe has to offer. And as the province of Granada is the garden of Spain, so is the Alhambra one of the two or three most wonderful and beautiful things in the world. And after days spent in wandering through its courts and towers, you cannot tell which it is that has made it so surpassingly beautiful, the grace of the buildings or the charm of the scenery. For the artist-architects who builded here, so combined their art with nature, so wonderfully used the distant mountains as integral parts of the beauty they were creating, and so depended on a view for emphasizing their workmanship, that the result cannot be separated and appraised as buildings and as landscape. It is impossible to think of one without the other, so perfectly and completely are they united.

Nor can any idea be given of the Alhambra to one who has not seen it. It is idle to say that the walls are thirty feet high and six feet through, a half a mile long and 730 feet between them. Equally idle is it to tell of the mosaics and the frescos and the gardens, the Court of Lions and the valley below and the mountains above. And equally unavailing is it to go there for but a day. Half the effect is psychological. You must come to sense the past and its romance and the legends thereof before the Alhambra becomes anything but a mere bewilderment of form and color. It is a matter of wandering and pondering, and presently as you walk alone there will come to you an ordered and an understandable beauty, and then and thus will you know and love this beauty spot of earth.

Now the town of Granada is also worthy of exploration, and there is a certain other district where your guide will suggest taking you, and where you will be made to feel, if you are very susceptible, that your life is really in great danger. But I wouldn't bother to go; it isn't worth while; the danger is a fake, just part of the play, that's all.

If you leave Granada in the morning and change at Bobadilla you will come to Ronda in the middle of the afternoon. And here is a place where you really must stay for a day or two, for not only is its natural situation such as to make your visit there a joy, but there is that about the life of the old town which makes any stay too short. The hotel facing the little park, at the end of which is that unforgettable view toward the mountains, is one of the best in Spain, and here can be engaged a guide without whom you will have come largely in vain. The streets around the hotel, and that which leads to it from the station are extremely dull and disappointing, and while you unpack your luggage you will wonder why you came. But don't be discouraged so easily; run the gauntlet of the beggars by the entrance to the park, and make your way straight out to the parapet that guards the western edge, and then you will know why you are here. A thousand feet the precipice breaks in a straight line to the valley below, beyond the yellow floor of which, and miles away, jagged mountains lift bare sides to the blue sky. Below the swallows that are on the wing beneath you, old mills edge a narrow stream that unrolls like a ribbon across the plain. Just to your left

a tower of rock lifts to the height of where you stand, split off by some ancient earthquake from the hill, and covered over with a medley of Moorish houses done in creams, and greens and blues, with here and there a lofty yellow tower lifted far above the jumble of red roofs. Between these two rocks and the two towns a gorge opens out to your view, a gorge that is but a gigantic crack, less, perhaps, than two hundred feet in width, but twice that in depth. Out from this crevice a river leaps to light and plunges headlong downward until it reaches the level, still hundreds of feet below. And just at this point there is flung between the walls of rock a bridge four centuries old, and of a beauty and grace that make of it, amid its strange surroundings, one of the sights of earth. Across this bridge, in the old town of the Moors, lies gathered the romance you came to see. Seek it and you shall find. Down to the depths of the gorge, whence the mist of the foaming river is ever ascending, an uncanny stairway, half tunnel in the rock, half clinging iron steps, creeps carefully, and along the twilight of the shuddery depths you can pick your way over slippery stones to where you come out upon the other side of town, where there is a road that wearily climbs the walls of rock you have not seen before.

It is not a very nice trip through the gorge, for from the cliffs above are tossed the dead bulls that die in the arena close by; for the Ronda arena is one of the famed of Spain, and great fighters come here to try conclusions with the tortured beasts appointed unto death.

Ronda to Gibraltar is four hours—queer, famous

Gibraltar, where British redcoats march, and bare-legged, brown-skinned Algerians in flowing robes of white jostle silk-hatted Parisians in the narrow streets, and where foregather men from the uttermost ends of earth. Gibraltar with its eternal savor of romance; where the liners sail in the morning for east of Suez, for the Red Sea, for India, and the mystic regions of the lands of adventure. Where the Dark Continent lies in sight; and where—yes, and that's the pity of it—a liner bound west will some day wait for you in the harbor, your journey done.

## CHAPTER X

### PORTUGAL

THERE are certain places in Portugal that I am extremely enthusiastic about, and I would never go to Spain without going over to see them. But for the masses of the people I have a very cordial dislike, and outside the delightful spots I am about to refer to, there is not enough of interest in the places that remain to compensate for the inconveniences of getting to them and of staying in them. Besides, after having seen the best of any country why bother with what is but second best?

The Portuguese beggars are the most numerous, the most persistent, and the most repulsive of any beggars in Europe; the peasantry the most utterly ignorant (eighty per cent. of the entire population can neither read nor write); the hotels, with certain notable exceptions, the most primitive anywhere; and the officials everywhere the most disobliging and discourteous. This last may be accounted for by the fact that my visit was less than a year after the overthrow of the monarchy, and that therefore the offensive manners of the official class were possibly only their expression of "liberty, equality and fraternity." The country is utterly bankrupt and in the hands of a military des-

potism whose tyranny is far greater than that of the monarchy overthrown by the ambitions of a few men. That Portugal, under these conditions, should pose as a republic is the joke of Europe.

But in spite of all this, there are places in Portugal possessed of such great, such unusual and romantic beauty, that they by all means should be visited. The train service also, is good, much better than in Spain. At Thomar the charming personality of the landlord made up for the limitations of his inn. At Bussaco there is a wonderful hotel in a former royal palace. At Braga the quaint inn is full of interest, absolutely clean, and entirely comfortable. At Cintra there are at least two hotels that are perfectly satisfactory. At Lisbon, if you are foolish enough to stay there, there is a new hotel that is very good, though noisy; and as for the rest you can get along without undue discomfort.

If you were going from England to Portugal, by far the better route would be to go down on one of the large and very fine ships which land passengers at Oporto, and make the trip in three or four days. But we are going from Madrid on one of the trips of that thrice weekly sleeping car, which we leave at Entroncamento the next noon. Before leaving Madrid you will have had the porter send a telegram in either French or Spanish to the proprietor of the hotel at Thomar to have a carriage meet you at Payalvo, the nearest station to Thomar which is six miles away. Practically no English is spoken or understood in Portugal except in Lisbon and Oporto, and yet, take my word for it,

you can get about perfectly well just the same. You don't see how? Well, you just do, that's all.

Thomar itself is typical of a dull little Portuguese town of the better class, with the universal black and white pavement of its market place filled to overflowing on one day of the week with the neighboring peasants, the men in long, stocking caps of every color, and the women aflame with shawls around their shoulders and handkerchiefs over their heads, of the most brilliant colors and varied patterns.

But it is not the town itself that we came out to see, but the great castle-church of the Templars that hangs on the hill above it. A winding, stony way leads to this most singular building, that differs at almost every point from anything you have seen before. Of enormous extent, you stumble at first into all manner of queer places—a huge court where soldiers of the Republic are barracked who grin at you from interminable rows of windows, into courtyards where vacant ruin is all you find, through dark alleys into other courts where the ragged poor have their tenements in rooms where once lived rulers of the land, and where, from balconies carved with the skill of a long dead hand, clothes are hung to dry. At last a gate in a long, low wall opens into a garden, and ahead of you a stately flight of steps leads to the Templars' Church, built eight hundred years ago, and whose dusky interior is a small eight-sided shrine of rich and beautiful decay, for faded are the once brilliant frescoes, and stained with neglect are the walls and the carven columns that,

in the twilight, faintly tell of the one-time splendor now but shadowed there.

You find your way into another church dating from the Middle Ages, when Henry the Navigator bore his country's flag on every sea and Portugal was playing a great part in the world of nations. Here is developed in unequaled degree the fanciful, almost grotesque, national architecture of the Portugal that was then, and which is known as Manueline; an architecture symbolic in a way of Portugal's supremacy on the sea. Coils of rope, carved from the stone, festoon and overlay windows and doors and arches, and great billowy sails ornament the deeply sunken rose window. Surely nothing like this Manueline architecture, surely nothing like this great castle-church has ever been on earth before.

From a gallery you come suddenly out upon the platform of a roof, down the side of which, from some mysterious source, flows a stream of clear water, and from which roof on one side, the higher buildings rise, and from the other a view is had over the gardens to the mountains on beyond.

Wandering in the old cloisters you come with shocking unexpectedness upon a fearful thing. Let in a recess of the wall is a stone coffin, the whole lid of which is glass, and there, dead three centuries, lies Baltasar da Faria, the man who brought to Portugal the horror of the Spanish Inquisition. And—but surely you don't want me to tell you how Don Faria looks to-day? I can do it though, for the light, though

waning, was not yet gone, and never will I forget the slightest detail of what I saw, or the way I sped through the empty garden and down the long, silent, darkening road, to get me home to my hotel.

It is a ghastly trick these Portuguese have, of burying their folk under glass. Why, in one of the churches of Lisbon, down in a half lighted vault lie all the dead of the Royal House of Braganza, in rows of black coffins covered each with a black velvet pall, on some of which faded wreaths are crumbling down to dust. The guide brings forth a little wheeled platform, and for a small consideration turns down the velvet palls, and lo, when you mount the little steps, on exhibition before you are three hundred years of kings and princes. You remember the deposed Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and how he was of the royal house of Portugal? He, too, lies here in grim and melancholy state. And don't you remember from his pictures those impressive side whiskers? He has them yet, but—

It is not a long journey from Thomar to Bussaco, a charmed spot that is to Portugal what Del Monte is to California. There is no town, but in the midst of the most beautiful wood in the world there is a garden where fountains play under the palms, and in the midst of the garden there is a palace of white marble, built for a king and used for a hotel, and this is where you stay; this is Bussaco. And it is a place of wonder and delight. It is never very hot up here, and it never goes to frost. For centuries the monks owned all this great domain, and from the world's four corners they

brought trees and vines and planted and tended them; and within the most shadowed places they built shrines, and from springs hid in the rocks they brought forth tiny rivers that flow here and there, spreading to dark pools, and cascading down fern planted ways, and everything is quiet and still and beautiful, and you are never ready to go on.

You leave Bussaco after lunch and changing cars at Oporto come finally to Braga. Now from the station take a carriage that will carry you to the Grand Hotel do Elevador at the Shrine of Bom Jesus do Monte, for there, and not in the town of Braga, will you wish to stay. The drive is some four or five miles, and at first it leads through the foreign looking city where on hot summer nights children play utterly naked in the streets of the poorer quarters and where the ugliness and grime of utter destitution are painfully in evidence. Then the road leads out through the open fields, and finally up and up beneath the forest that covers the hillside, until it comes out upon a bright and cheerful little village almost lost in the shade of great trees, but with flowers in all the open spaces and a park with rustic bridges, and a church that is the most noted shrine in Portugal. When morning comes, and you explore more thoroughly, you discover in front of this church as singular a sight as ever you saw, for down the mountain side to the valley below leads a perfectly enormous flight of stately marble steps. At every landing there are statues; down through the center a brook takes its way, and by its side grow ferns and flowers; and where, on a great mosaic platform,

the steps part to right and left and continue downward through the woods, the stream vanishes into pipes beneath the stone, to seek its level again at the mouths of two great stone serpents twisted around tall columns that stand at either side of this astonishing marble way. Up this long, long flight, on hands and knees at Whitsuntide, toil tens of thousands of the faithful who pilgrimage hither from all Portugal. But even without this great multitude, which I would have given much to see, Braga remains in my memory as one of the most interesting and beautiful, in its strange foreign way, of any place I yet have visited.

Oporto bores to distraction; the hideous sores of the following beggars, and the unspeakable things offered openly for sale by little girls upon the public streets, made me glad to flee the town on the first train to Leiria, a wonderfully picturesque place guarded by a ruined castle that from its lofty rock faces another hill where lie the far spreading walls of an ancient monastery. From here a drive of six miles brings the traveler to the marvelous remains of the great abbey of Batalha, so magnificent, displaying a workmanship so admirable and a design so sumptuous and elegant, that the ruined abbeys of England and Scotland, famed though they be, seem very commonplace in comparison. Eight miles farther and the ruin of Alcobaça, only a little less ornate, is reached. From here to Vallado, on the railroad, is but three miles more, and as Vallado is not an attractive place to stay, catch the train if possible for Caldas, where the accommodations are much better.

Now by no means should this trip to these great ruins be missed, for while lack of space forbids the detailing here of the fascination and the beauty they possess, you will find them vividly described in the late Martin Hume's "Through Portugal," by all odds the best written book on Portugal I have ever come across.

I realize as an infirmity my inability to find anything of real interest in most big cities, and perhaps because of this infirmity Lisbon impressed me as doubly dreary. The famous view from the heights was disappointing, and the churches proved commonplace; the streets were shabby and the life within them dull and conventional. Really, I can see nothing to detain one in Lisbon, especially as an hour away lies Cintra, a veritable Eden of the modern world, bright, beautiful and picture-like. Upon the hills where the red and green and blue houses gather in the shade, grows every tree of every climate. There are palms and aloes, oaks and cork trees, magnolias and pines; strange flowers blossom in the gardens, and roses and unknown flowering vines sheet the houses with scented bloom. Adjoining the market place a palace stands with two curious inverted cones upon the roof, chimneys from the great kitchens below. Over the precipitous cliff that rises a thousand feet above the town run the broken walls of a Moorish castle, centuries old. And on beyond, in the heart of a park, is the singular Pena Palace whence King Manuel fled the day a Republic was declared. Through all the neighborhood are walks that take

you always to places of loveliness, and in the clean little town itself, the life continually forming and reforming in the public square is ever full of interest. Only an hour away by trolley the Atlantic sends great rollers to break on the rocks of the westernmost point of land in continental Europe, and for all these reasons, and a dozen more that elsewhere I have set out at length, a stay in Cintra is a never-forgotten pleasure.

When leaving Portugal there is the serious question of how to get out. Assuming that you are returning to England the problem is a very simple one, for two or three times a week most comfortable steamers pause on their way north from South America, and will land you at Liverpool or Southampton after a short and pleasant voyage.

But suppose you wish to sail home from Gibraltar and have not yet seen southern Spain; what are you going to do then? There is just one possible way to cover the three hundred miles between Lisbon and Seville, and that is to leave Lisbon on a train that carries no sleeping car, and arrives in Seville after twenty-four hours of comfortless journeying. To buy a compartment to yourself will cost a great many dollars extra, but if it happens that the train is not crowded, and you have an interpreter from Cook's to negotiate the matter, a few dollars invested with the guard will insure you a separate compartment clear through, in which event you can stretch out on the long seat and sleep very comfortably. But if the train is crowded, you will reach Seville a wreck.

While it will cost some more, by all means the better way is to return to Madrid in a sleeper, and go down from there as outlined in the chapter on Spain; the better way at least until a civilized train service is established between Lisbon and southern Spain.

Now south of Lisbon is an interesting country, with interesting cities, but nothing that at all compares with what we have seen in the North, and rather than explore farther south I would stay longer at Cintra and Bussaco. And if you feel that way too, why then here will end our journey over Europe in search of what is really the best worth while.

## CHAPTER XI

### NORWAY, SWEDEN AND DENMARK

TO say Norway is to say fjords. You doubtless know that a fjord is an arm of the sea cutting deep into the land and fringed as a rule by high and often snow-covered mountains. Norway is indented along its entire western coast by a multitude of these superb waterways which, cutting into the coast, throw out ramifications in all directions forming a veritable labyrinth.

Now you may not like natural scenery. Perhaps you see enough of it at home. If that is the case you can reduce your travels in Norway by fifty percent. or more. If, however, placid waterways, with deep reflections of shore and sky, edged by rugged mountains and bold rocky promontories, and occasional excursions through the impressive and oftentimes gloomy valleys appeal to you, then you will want to cruise along Norway's western coast and sail up its numerous waterways which are so individual in character and quite unlike anything else on the European continent.

Bergen is the natural center for cruises to the fjords and is the point, probably, from which you will make your start. It is Norway's busy fishing mart and for

centuries has been an important trading port. It is a picturesque old city of timber houses and medieval aspects. In the Middle Ages Bergen was one of the seats of the Hanseatic League, the ancient warehouses of which stand on the quay in solemn array. To the south of Bergen, and the easiest to reach of the principal fjords, is the famous Hardanger Fjord which abounds in lovely scenery; but there is a tameness about it in striking contrast to the rugged grandeur of the waterways to the north. Going north from Bergen you easily reach the beautiful Sogne Fjord, and its little gems of Norwegian towns, Balholm and Gudvangen, and, when you are tired of threading its narrow waterways, you can get into a *stolkjaerre,* one of those two-wheeled carts peculiar to Norway, and climb steep mountain roads to summits commanding gorgeous views of snow-capped mountains and shining reaches of fjords many hundreds of feet below you.

Still further north is one of the best of all Norwegian fjords, the Stor Fjord, out of which opens the Geiranger Fjord, to many the loveliest of all. It is a deep and narrow waterway hemmed in by lofty walls of rock, down which descend many slender cascades, including the Seven Sisters waterfall, a lace-like cataract of shimmering loveliness. Steaming, sometimes, so close to the shore that a biscuit might almost be tossed into the little red-roofed houses clinging precariously to the rocky walls, you suddenly come to the end and enter a land-locked basin upon the shores of which nestles Merok, as lovely a hamlet as

there is in all Norway. There you can get into a *stolkjaerre* again and drive up, ever upward into desolate, silent mountain-lands, circled by snow peaks.

If you cruise along the coast from one Norwegian fjord to another, which is the favorite way of seeing Norway, you will revel in the hours of the northern summer night when the coast is bathed in a strange evening radiance. The sun sets amid clouds resembling molten gold, and the moon rises and lights up one part of the sky, while the rest is divided between sunset, evening light and a pale glimmer like dawn. Towering rocks, of extraordinary shapes, rise up everywhere like enormous castles, seemingly the abode of fabled giants. In the background glow the peaks of Norway's mainland, fjords open out between great rocks standing like sentries at their gateways, tiny red-roofed hamlets sleep on the shores, and an occasional fishing smack cuts the smooth waters, its crew of modern Vikings gazing stolidly at you with peace in their hearts. The evening star rises over a line of peaks, the moon sets in stately glory, the water takes on a ghostly bluish hue as the light wavers between night and day, and your ship plows along, leaving a wake of silvery sheen.

North of the Geiranger Fjord is Molde, a favorite pleasure-ground for visitors to Norway. It is a little town nestling in the midst of a maze of fjords, and it can be made the center for any number of fjord excursions. Close at hand is the Molde Fjord itself, on which the town lies; then come in succession, the Romsdals, Fane, Lang, Rodgen, Is and Tomre Fjords,

and, out to the westward, the Haro Fjord, beyond which is the open sea. A labyrinth of fjords!—no wonder the leisurely tourist makes Molde his vacation headquarters. There congregate yachtsmen from England and elsewhere, speckling the waters roundabout with the little white sails of their craft. And there, by the way, lay the Imperial German yacht "Meteor," with His Imperial Majesty, William Hohenzollern, aboard, on the day when war burst upon Europe in 1914 and sent him scuttling southward to his royal stronghold of Potsdam.

Still further north is the city of Trondhjem, the ancient Viking capital, situated on a fjord named after it, and possessing the finest cathedral in Norway. There, for centuries, the kings of Norway have been crowned, and the throne used at each coronation is on exhibition at the old royal palace. Trondhjem has broad streets, attractive shops and a cheerful, likable air which endears itself to the hearts of visitors. And don't forget to eat salmon there. Salmon is good all over Norway, but it is especially fine at Trondhjem.

Many visitors make Trondhjem their Farthest North, but some of the best scenery in Norway lies beyond it. True lovers of fjords and mountains should therefore push onward, threading the sea-lanes of the gloomy Lofoten Islands, to the Lyngen Fjord, which, to my mind, is unsurpassed in stately grandeur. It is a magnificent waterway, cutting deep into the coast, a place of somber and majestic beauty, where, in the Norwegian summer, the night hours are lighted by strange midnight daylight, which tints mountains

and snow fields, glaciers and water with an unearthly loveliness. There is something terrifying about the Lyngen Fjord; its scenery reaches such a point of grimness as to suggest the imminence of some world-encompassing cataclysm.

From the hamlet of Lyngseidet, deep in the upper reaches of the fjord, you may be able to visit a Lapp village, a rude collection of strange, flat, sod-thatched huts, for the Lapps have a camping ground not far away; and, if they happen to be using it, they are not at all averse to entertaining foreign visitors, from whom they wheedle as much money as possible in exchange for souvenirs of their own manufacture.

Beyond the Lyngen Fjord lies Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, and beyond that looms the gaunt North Cape, the extreme northern bulwark of the European continent. If you feel that a full sight of the midnight sun is essential to your Norwegian experience, you may journey as far north as Hammerfest, or even to the Cape itself, though this strange phenomenon may be seen in lesser glory from points further south. But it is highly probable that you will find the famous midnight sun a disappointing spectacle, for it is simply a pale disk, stripped of brilliant rays, gleaming against the background of a bluish-white sky.

Retracing one's steps southward, one may go by train from Trondhjem to Stockholm, the Swedish capital, or else continue further southward to Christiania, capital of Norway, and journey thence to Sweden. Christiania in no way suggests a great me-

tropolis. Despite its bustling streets and tram cars, its numerous up-to-date shops, fine hotels, royal palace, and a harbor full of shipping, it fails to be more than a metropolis in miniature. But great cities would be woefully out of place in this land of rugged mountains, marvelous fjords, and rough, honest country folk. In Christiania you are pleased whenever you catch sight of a peasant trudging through the streets, and you are glad of every glimpse of wooded hills and flash of blue water that greets your eyes when you look down some of the city's thoroughfares. These glimpses are surprisingly frequent, for Christiania, unlike other capitals, has not succeeded in divorcing itself completely from the surrounding countryside. Between the city's business center and the open country there are no miles of suburban streets, for islands covered with trees and country houses lie within a few minutes' steaming of the wharves that line the water front. There is a mountain just behind the city, a fjord just in front of it—eminently a fit setting.

To visit Christiania without ascending the mountain behind the city is a heinous offense against tourist etiquette. "Of course you went up Holmenkollen" is almost invariably the first remark of a visitor to Christiania when he meets another. Holmenkollen is quite *the* sight of the Norwegian capital. You go out there by trolley, transferring to a hill-climbing railway, the gradient of which grows steeper and steeper until, after a while, you begin to wonder whether there will be any stop. But there is. Holmenkollen, though it dominates the district for miles around, is not a for-

midable mountain, but a big, sloping hill, and just as you are beginning to feel like a real mountain climber, the train comes to a halt and you find yourself on the summit, in the midst of a pleasant aggregation of cafés and restaurants and villas.

Below is one of the most glorious views in the whole Northland. At your feet is little Christiania, the spires of its churches jutting up from amidst the mass of its houses, its royal palace perched on a slight eminence, quite aloof from other buildings. Just beyond, glistening in the sunlight, is the beautiful Christiania Fjord, dotted with little green islands, fringed with villas and villages, speckled with the white sails of innumerable yachts joyously dashing over its waters. When you have had a good long look you can sit down at a table, on the veranda of one of Holmenkollen's restaurants, and get a very satisfactory meal, and every time you look up from your plate your eyes will meet some part of that glorious view.

Holmenkollen is lovely alike early and late, at sunset or by moonlight, and it can be enjoyed with ease at almost any time, for the railway trains climb the mountain at frequent intervals from morning till night.

In Christiania proper the great thing to do is to pay a visit to the Viking ships. In the old days, when the Norsemen used to sail forth to harry the coasts of lands to the south it was the custom to bury the greatest of them in the ships which had carried them on these piratical voyages. The dead warrior used to be laid in his ship, wearing all his warlike accoutrements, and the corpse and ship were covered with a

mound of earth, making a great tomb that dominated the regions for miles around; just as the dead Viking had dominated it when he lived. Two of these Viking ships have been dug up within recent years and taken to Christiania, where they are exhibited in large sheds, especially built to house them. Because of the fact that these vessels were embedded in a special kind of clay, they are extraordinarily well preserved, even to the bolts which kept the various parts together. Now, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, they look much as they did when mourning warriors of Viking Norway reverently laid their chieftain to rest in the vessel sailed by him over many a stormy sea and defended doughtily in many a bloody battle against Danes and Irish and English.

Until quite recently there was only one on exhibition, but a few years ago another ship, larger and better preserved than the first, was discovered at Oseberg, in southern Norway, and, after considerable vexatious delay, was dug up with the greatest care and taken to Christiania, quite superseding its predecessor in interest and importance. In the Oseberg ship, by the way, a Viking queen was found buried with her beautifully carved sleighs and carriage, her household possessions, food and a vast amount of other material which was intended to be of use to her on her long journey to Valhalla.

You can make the jump from Christiania to Stockholm in a night, on an express train with comfortable sleeping berths. In the early hours of the morning you pull into the big Central Station at Stockholm,

and you find yourself in one of the noblest cities in the world.

From the very first glimpse of Stockholm it strikes you as splendid. "How majestic!" you exclaim, as the enormous and dignified royal palace first strikes your eye. "How imposing!" you say of the bare rock frontage of the south suburb. "How grand!" is the appropriate ejaculation to accompany your first glimpse of the North bridge, the noble sweep of sea wall and towering buildings and surging harbor traffic. And when you have been ushered to your room at the hotel, and, throwing open the window, take your first real look at all the grandeur and splendor that is Stockholm; when you have let your eyes dwell on every detail, from the green Djurgarden, in one corner, past the forts and warships of Skeppsholmen, and the picturesque masses of the old town's buildings, past the great pile of the castle, with the blue-and-yellow banner of Sweden floating over it, to the tower of the new City Hall, soaring up into the sky at the other corner, the words that will come most naturally to your lips will be: "What a noble city!"

Yes—noble! That is the word for Stockholm. There is a strong tinge of the aristocrat running through the Swedish nation and nowhere has it found more felicitous expression than in the aspect of the Swedish capital.

Stockholm has been called the "Venice of the North." But that isn't a good name. Venice is Venice and Stockholm is Stockholm. The Queen of the Adriatic has canals intersecting it in all directions, and

the Queen of the Baltic is likewise plentifully besprinkled with waterways—but there the resemblance ends. Venice's canals are narrow, sluggish, ill-smelling. The waterways of Stockholm are wide and alive, filled with impetuously rushing water. In fact, they are not canals at all, but rather miniature straits and gulfs. They cut into the city right and left, adding enormously to its picturesqueness and greatly complicating its traffic problems. There are nearly as many ferry lines in the Swedish canals as lines of street cars.

Instead of trying to fit upon Stockholm such a misnomer as the "Venice of the North," it might be dubbed "The City of Little Steamboats." Certainly nowhere else in the world are these craft to be found in such profusion! Not only are there the ferries which ply from the central parts of the town to the suburbs, but innumerable steamboats connect Stockholm with numberless popular resorts on mainland and islands in the neighborhood. Stockholm lies at the center of an incredibly intricate maze of waterways, spotted with hundreds of islets, which stretches away from the city eastward to the Baltic and inland to Lake Malaren. One often wonders whether any Swedish skipper—even one with fifty or sixty years of navigation in local waters to his credit—ever really knew his way through every branch and turn and blind alley of the *skargard,* which is the Swedish name for the complex of islands and waterways that surrounds Stockholm.

Every morning during the summer season a big

flock of little steamboats steams from all parts of the *skargard,* to Stockholm harbor to deposit a host of commuters with business to transact in the city. For hours these boats lie tied up side by side, so close together that a row boat cannot get between them, so numerous that there is little water front left for any other kind of craft. From about 3 p. m. onward they begin to vanish, one by one; they are off again to the summer resorts, filled with their cargoes of vacationing Stockholmers; by six o'clock not one of them is left at her moorings. You can hardly believe that, only a few hours before, they crowded the water front like a swarm of water birds. The quays where they have their landing places remain bare and deserted until next morning, and then, once more, the whole flock of them comes puffing in; and so on, all over again, every day, until winter gets the *skargard* in its grip, and only the more important all-the-year-round towns dotted around in it have steamboat connection with the metropolis.

Yes, Stockholm is the "City of Little Steamboats."

In spite of its profusion of rock and water, Stockholm is emphatically a real city. When you stand on the water front, beside the splendid opera house, and look out over the Norrbro toward the royal palace, you are quite aware that you are in the capital of a proud kingdom, one of the handsomest capital cities in the world, well worthy to house the most fastidious of kings.

Six or seven hours' journey northwest from Stockholm lies the province of Dalecarlia, the country folk

of which still wear the costumes of their forefathers. On the shores of beautiful Lake Siljan cluster charming towns and villages, to the churches of which come the peasants from the surrounding country, arrayed in striking, colorful costumes. The scene hereabouts on Sundays and holidays, when the national costume is worn, is like the setting of an opera.

Rattvik and Leksand are the principal towns of Dalecarlia and it is to these pretty little places that the visitor should go to see the quaintly-dressed folk arrive at church, chat in groups when the service is over, and stroll through the streets during the afternoon. Other towns on or near Lake Siljan are Orsa, Ore, Boda, Al, Gagnef and Mora (made famous by Anders Zorn, the painter), each with its tributary countryside and its own distinctive costume, varying slightly, in bonnet, bodice or skirt, so that it instantly tells you from which village the wearer comes.

From Stockholm you can get to Copenhagen, in Denmark, within twenty-four hours by express train, and another day's journey will land you in Germany, or Holland, or Belgium. But, take my advice and don't shake the dust of the Scandinavian peninsula from your feet in so unseemly a hurry. It is far better to journey southward in leisurely fashion.

If you can, embark at Stockholm on one of the little steamboats plying to Gothenburg, the metropolis of Southern Sweden, by way of the Gota Canal and the rest of the Swedish inland waterway route—one of the most novel, variegated and delightful trips that a traveler can take in all the length and breadth of

Europe. It takes fifty-two hours—usually somewhat more—instead of the eight hours consumed by the Stockholm-Gothenburg express train, but it is most emphatically worth while.

The little steamboat goes through rivers, lakes, canals and open stretches of sea, amid a bewildering variety of scenery, often steaming through such narrow reaches of canal, so close to park-like banks, that passengers may step ashore and walk a while, climbing aboard again while the boat is being laboriously put through one of the scores of locks sprinkled along the route. Nothing could be more intimate than this inland waterway trip across the heart of Sweden—you will learn infinitely more about that pleasant land than if you gaze listlessly at it from the window of an express train, or traverse it at night, fast asleep in a sleeping car berth.

Or, if you will, you may, in journeying southward from Stockholm, pay a visit to the venerable old city of Visby, on the island of Gothland in the Baltic. Visby is ringed around with ruined walls and towers, relics of the days when it was a great mart of trade, the connecting link between eastern lands and the trading centers of western Europe. But Waldemar, an enterprising and ruthless king of Denmark, captured it and exacted such toll from its rich merchants that Visby began to decline from that hour, never to regain a tithe of its former importance. Now it is a quiet provincial capital—but what a picture of past glories it evokes!

From Visby you can take a steamboat (most prob-

ably it will toss frightfully and give you a very bad night) to Calmar, which has a splendid old castle. Thence you can journey inland, pick up the Swedish trunk railway line at Alfvesta, and continue southward. Stop, if possible, at Lund, where there is a stern old cathedral, and streets thronged with the students of one of Sweden's two great universities—the other is at Upsala, not far north of Stockholm. From Lund the train will bear you to Malmo, at the southern tip of Sweden, whence a ferryboat will whisk you across the Sound and land you, in a few hours, at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. Or if you elect not to make the trip to Visby you can reach Copenhagen from Gothenburg, a short, overnight journey by rail and ferry.

Copenhagen has a charm all its own. Its situation cannot compare with either Christiania or Stockholm in so far as natural advantages are concerned. In nobility of aspect the Swedish capital surpasses it. But there is something about Copenhagen which neither of its Scandinavian rivals possesses. You feel it in the air; you see it in the dancing eyes of the scores of pretty girls who throng its streets; you taste it in the food and catch the scent of it in the salt breezes that blow from the Sound over the flat expanse of the Danish metropolis. Upon a basis of the sterling qualities characteristic of the Scandinavian the Copenhagener has managed somehow to put a layer of gaiety and humor which makes a captivating combination. Copenhagen is one of the most charming cities in Europe.

To begin with, the Copenhageners have put their Coney Island right in the center of their city. They have a big park called the Tivoli, with scenic railways and cafés and merry-go-rounds and all the rest of the Coney paraphernalia, but instead of locating it on a strip of beach twelve miles away, as New York did, they set it down right across the street from their city hall! They are immensely proud of Tivoli and disport themselves there in thousands until the cold weather forces the management to close the gates of the park in September and keep them closed until springtime.

But the closing of Tivoli doesn't make the slightest difference to the gay life of Copenhagen. It is the signal for the beginning of the real season at the Royal Theatre, where they have an exceedingly good corps de ballet, and present, week in week out, a judicious combination of light pieces with the classic Danish plays of Holberg and Oehlenschlaeger. And long after there is no more Coney Island in Copenhagen's principal square you can motor or trolley along the Strandvej and go for long walks in the Dyrehave, that wonderful beech forest just outside the city, and breathe its blend of woodland and salt sea air. Or you can take the train—the slowest, I venture to believe, in all Europe!—and journey to Helsingor, which is none other than the Elsinore of Hamlet, and go out on the Flag Battery, where Hamlet saw the ghost of his father, and think solemn Shakespearean thoughts.

The main street of Copenhagen is a narrow, crooked thoroughfare, cutting through the center of the town

from the square where the theatre stands to that of the city hall. It changes its name every few blocks, but, for convenience's sake, has been dubbed by Copenhageners "den strog"—"the Streak."

Nowhere except on Fifth Avenue, New York, do you see so many pretty girls in the space of a short walk as you do on "the Streak." The maid of Copenhagen is nothing at all like one's preconceived notion of what a Scandinavian girl should be. Up in Norway you see big, robust blondes; in Stockholm you encounter the flaming red cheeks and yellow locks and stalwart forms which Anders Zorn has immortalized on canvas. But the maid of Copenhagen is not like any of these. She is petite and trim, neatly dressed, with hair that is copper-brown as often as yellow. A walk along "the Streak" on a sunny afternoon at the shopping hour reveals to perfection the charm of Copenhagen. And if you stroll up to the Langelinie, the delightful park that skirts the harbor, or venture into the grounds of the Rosenborg palace, it will be much the same: pretty girls, dozens of them, girls as *chic* as any *Parisienne,* with complexions that the fogs and winds of the Baltic have made into worthy rivals of those of England, chattering like magpies, bursting into smiles that reveal whole nests of dimples, tripping along with life and mischief in their eyes and charm in every inch of them.

I would advise every visitor to the Danish capital to have a meal at a certain restaurant on the bank of a nice canal, with Limfjord oysters, of which Danes are as proud as they are of their pretty maidens, and

"rodspaette," a highly meritorious fish. Afterwards he can repair to any one of half a dozen theaters, or, divorcing himself severely from frivolity, he can spend hours at the great National Museum, or amid the beautiful marbles of the Thorvaldsen Museum, or at the Carlsberg Glytothek, which a Copenhagen brewer, having grown rich dispensing beer to his fellow citizens, presented to them in a burst of superb generosity.

But—wherever he goes, whatever he does, the visitor may be sure of one thing—everywhere, at all hours, suddenly nudging him, peeking unexpectedly around a corner, bobbing up from behind a glass case in a solemn museum, the charm of Copenhagen will pursue him.

From Copenhagen a regular express train and train-ferry service will take you overnight to Berlin or to Hamburg, whence another day's journey will bring you to Paris or London. Or you can go all the way by water to England.

## CHAPTER XII

### REGARDING ITINERARIES

IN the first place it is not possible to cover the route through Europe, sketched out in this book, in any one summer. Allowing the shortest possible time in which each place referred to can be visited with any degree of satisfaction, and using the ordinary means of travel, nearly four hundred days will be required for the journey, exclusive of a tour through the Scandinavian countries. And to move at the necessary pace for that length of time, would impose a tax upon one's physical and mental powers that would be entirely beyond endurance, for it must be remembered that after a certain amount of sightseeing the traveler's receptive and perceptive faculties become actually numb; it is no longer possible to arouse interest or awaken intelligent comprehension. To the enthusiasm of the tourist just starting on his first trip to Europe this will seem, as to his own case, utterly inapplicable; but the experience of many journeys and long continued wanderings has demonstrated it to my mind as a truth which none can escape.

What is the use of a book, therefore, that no one can literally follow on his first trip abroad? Just this: it has, I hope, described some places that you

will particularly want to see, indicated the way there, and given an idea of about how long you will wish to stay. Prepare your itinerary before you leave home and include only these towns of especial and individual appeal that you find can be compassed in the time at your disposal; go to these places and leave out the rest. Another thing—take one or more countries on one trip, and one or two more on another trip, for I find that the person who goes to Europe once is very likely to go again, the wanderlust growing with what it feeds upon. For instance, Holland, Belgium and France can be seen exactly as indicated in a tour of three months. Or Germany and Belgium and Holland in a little less time. The best of Switzerland, Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia can be combined advantageously in a trip of seventy to eighty days; or Italy and Switzerland can be done in the same way; or France and Spain and Portugal in about three months. I mean always, of course, the most appealing parts of the countries, not by any means forgetting that in every land there is much worth seeing that would not be included.

The tour of the British Isles that I have given cannot be done in less than eighty days, including Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England. But all sorts of combinations can be made by the traveler according to his taste, for no one can determine where a man should go, except the man himself who knows where he wants to go. For instance, to some a delightful combination would be to land at Bremen and come down through medieval Germany, the Bavarian

castles, eastern Tyrol and the Dolomites to Venice and then around either the Italian Lakes or the Hill Towns to Genoa, taking from there a steamer home. Or from Venice to Dalmatia and home from Fiume or Trieste. This could be done very satisfactorily in eighty or ninety days, depending on how many places were visited.

The most fascinating part of a trip abroad is in devising your tour to take you to where you most wish to go, and it is as a help in making the selection that it is believed this book will best be justified. At any of the offices of the large touring agencies you can buy a monthly Continental time table, which is clearness itself and with the help of which you can arrange your hours of departure from each station so as to take the fastest available trains, and from which you can discover the trains having dining cars, etc. Having my route always carefully planned in advance I have generally bought my railroad tickets for the entire continental journey from a touring agency in New York before my departure, and have found it always satisfactory. Not less than three full weeks' notice should be given, as most of the coupons have to be obtained for you from London. This method saves money, the embarrassment of trying to make yourself understood by foreign ticket agents, and also makes you feel free to call on any of the agencies' offices abroad for that advice which even the most experienced traveler is sure to need. I have always been a liberal purchaser of hotel coupons and have found them (outside of Great Britain) to be economi-

cal and almost always satisfactory. They entitle you to accommodation in a front room on the third floor, and while I know people who do not like to use them, my personal experience has given me only occasional cause of complaint.

While I always buy second-class railroad tickets, except in Spain, Portugal and the Balkans, the second-class carriages on through trains will sometimes be found uncomfortably crowded, when a first-class compartment may be occupied on payment of the difference in fare.

I have appended a memorandum showing the least time required in following the itinerary given in each of the preceding chapters. In view of the unsettled conditions prevailing in Europe since the late war and the constant fluctuations of values, all information regarding prices of hotel accommodations, railroad fares, etc., has been omitted. It may be stated, however, as a general truth for the guidance of American travelers, that European prices are almost invariably less than American.

## MEMORANDUM

*Chapter I. England—*

For the route described in this chapter fifty-nine days will be needed, of which six can be given to London, two to the New Forest, and five can be spent in the Channel Islands.

*Chapter II. Ireland, Wales & Scotland—*

Eight days in Ireland, three in Wales and ten in Scotland will suffice to do hurriedly the indicated itinerary; but particularly in Wales more time should be taken, and coming down from Scotland a day each should most certainly be spent in Durham, York, and Lincoln.

*Chapter III. Holland and Belgium—*

Eleven days in Holland and nine in Belgium are sufficient to see satisfactorily the places mentioned in this chapter.

*Chapter IV. France—*

Sixty-six days, of which six may be devoted to Paris, are needed to follow the route laid out in Chapter IV.

## MEMORANDUM

*Chapter V. Germany—*

Fifty days spent in Germany will enable the tourist to follow the described route, with three days spent in Berlin.

*Chapter VI. The New States of South Central Europe—*

Two days in Prague, three in Vienna, and fifty-one days elsewhere will take the traveler over that part of the countries described, though he will often sigh for more time, particularly along the Adriatic and in the Tyrol.

*Chapter VII. Italy—*

Fifty-two days is the least possible time that can be given to the Italian route, allowing three days in Florence, five in Venice and six in Rome.

*Chapter VIII. Switzerland—*

Forty-three days would show you Switzerland very satisfactorily.

*Chapter IX. Spain—*

Twenty-one days will suffice to follow the route sketched out for Spain.

*Chapter X. Portugal—*

In Portugal eighteen days, preferably twenty-one, will enable you to follow the route through the

country, including the return to Madrid, and sleeping car accommodations.

*Chapter XI. Norway, Sweden and Denmark*

A minimum of two weeks in Norway and ten days in Sweden and Denmark is little enough time to devote to these countries. It will be much better to give five or six weeks in all to Scandinavia.

# INDEX


A

Abbazia, 131, 132
Abbotsford, 46
Abersee, 129
Ahr, Valley of the, 101
Ahrweiler, 101
Aigues-Mortes, 94
Aix-les-Bain, 87
Alassio, 91
Albenga, 91
Albertville, 88, 89
Alcobaca, 218
Alhambra, 206, 208
Alkmaar, 60
Amalfi, 161
Amboise, 84
Amden, 187
Amiens, 71, 73
Amsterdam, 61, 62
Andermatt, 189
Annecy, 87
Arco, 143
Arona, 175
Arthur, King, 3, 30, 33
Assisi, 159
Augsburg, 116, 117
Auray, 80
Austria, 122, 125
Avalon, 33, 34
Avignon, 92, 93
Avila, 195, 201, 205
Azay-le-Rideau, 82

B

Babbacombe, 27
Baden-Baden, 119
Balholm, 223
Battle Abbey, 18
Bangor, 44
Bantry, 40
Batalha, 218
Bath, 3, 16, 34, 35
Bavarian Highlands, 121, 122, 177
Baveno, 174
Bayeux, 75
Beddgelert, 44
Belgium, 61, 62
Bellagio, 170, 171
Bergamo, 170
Bergen, 222, 223
Berchtesgaden, 123
Berlin, 109
Berne, 177, 179, 183, 184
Bernese Oberland, 192
Bettws-y-Coed, 44, 45
Birmingham, 1
Bischofshofen to Abbazia, 131, 132
Black Forest, 115, 119, 120
Black Forest Railway, 120
Blarney, 40
Blois, 85
Boda, 233
Bodiam Castle, 2, 18
Borromean Isles, 174
Botzen, 141, 144, 145
Braga, 213
Brenchley, 18
Brescia, 170
Brest, 80
Briançon, 89
Brighton, 3, 18
Brittany, 76, 77, 78
Bruges, 65
Brunswick, 108

Brussels, 62, 63, 64
Budapest, 125
Bukovina, 125
Burano, 147
Bussaco, 213, 216, 221

C

Caen, 75, 76
Cahors, 94
Caldas, 218
Calmar, 235
Cambridge, 4, 8
Cannes, 90, 92
Canterbury, 2, 5, 13
Capri, 161
Carcassonne, 93, 94, 95
Carlsbad, 127
Carlsruhe, 118
Caragh Lake, 42
Carnac, Lines of, 78, 80
Carnarvon, 44
Carpathians, 129
Cerisio, 174
Cette, 93
Chambord, 85
Chamonix, 88, 181, 182
Channel Islands, 21
Charlecote Hall, 6
Chartres, 70
Château Country, 81
Chepstow, 35, 36
Chester, 4
Chenonceaux, 83, 84
Chiavenna, 189
Chiddingstone, 18
Chiemsee, The, 122
Chillon, Castle of, 183
Chinon, 74, 82
Chioggia, 147
Christiania, 226, 227, 228, 229
Cintra, 213, 219, 220, 221
Cirque de Gavarnie, 96
Clopton House, 6
Clovelly, 2, 31, 32
Coblence, 101, 102, 103
Cochem, 102
Cockington, 2, 27
Coire, 179, 180
Cologne, 98
Como, 169, 170, 171, 172, 174
Constance, 115, 116, 120, 121, 122
Conway, 45
Copenhagen, 235, 236, 237
Cordes, 94
Cordova, 203, 204, 205
Corniche Road, 92
Cornwall, 2, 26, 28, 29
Cork, 40
Cost of tours, see Chapter XII, 229
Coutances, 75
Courtrai, 66, 67
Cracow, 129
Czernowitz, 124

D

Dalecarlia, 232, 233
Dalmatia, 132, 134
Dalmatian steamers, 132
Danube, Passau to Vienna, 128
Dartmouth, 27
Dax, 96, 198
Delft, 54, 55, 56
Derbyshire Peak, 4
Devon, 2, 13, 22, 26, 28, 31, 32
Dinan, 79
Dinard, 78
Dolomites, The, 137, 139, 141
Domodossola, 175
Dort, 54
Dresden, 110
Dublin, 42
Dunster, 33
Durham, 3
Dusseldorf, 100
Dutch Art, 51
Dutch influence on America, 59

E

Eton, 3
Edinburgh, 46, 47
Elsinore, 236
Eltz Castle, 101, 102
Ely, 4
Engadine, The, 188, 189
England, 1
English cities, 1
English countryside, 1
English Lakes, The, 3
English Riviera, The, 27
English villages, 17
Erfurt, 105
Escorial, The, 198
Expenses, see Chapter XII, p. 239

F

Feltre, 137
Ferrara, 147
Fiume, 132
Florence, 167, 168
Fountains Abbey, 4
France, 69
France, Plan of tour, 70
French Alps, The, 86
French Cathedral Cities, 71
French and English Cathedrals, 71, 72
French provincial towns, 69
Fribourg (Switzerland), 177, 183, 187
Freiburg (Germany), 119
Friedrichshafen, 121
Furka Pass, 189

G

Galicia, 125
Garda, Lake, 142, 143, 169
Garden of England, 13
Garmish, 122
Geiranger Fjord, 223
Generoso, Mt., 173
Geneva, Lake, 87, 183, 193
Genoa, 89, 91, 92
Germany, 97
Germany, Route through, 98
Ghent, 64, 65
Giant's Causeway, 42
Gibraltar, 210, 211
Glasgow, 49
Glastonbury, 3, 33, 34
Glendalough, 42
Glengariff, 41
Gletsch, 189
Golden Valley, 42
Goring, 11
Gorner Grat, 181
Goslar, 106, 107, 108
Gothenburg, 233
Gothland, 234
Gota Canal, 233, 234
Granada, 206, 207, 208
Gravosa, 137
Grenoble, 88, 89
Grindelwald, 191
Gruyères, 176
Gudvangen, 223
Guernsey, 3, 23, 24
Guy's Cliff, 8

H

Hague, The, 55, 57
Hall, 141
Hallstadt, 130
Hammerfest, 226
Hardanger Fjord, 223
Harrogate, 16
Hartzburg, 106, 107
Harz Mountains, 106, 107, 119
Helsingor, 236
Henley, 10, 12
Hereford, 37
Herzegovina, 134
Hildesheim, 108
Hill Towns of Italy, 155
Hohenschwangau, 121
Holland, 51

Holland and Belgium, Contrasts, 51, 62
Holland, History of, 56
Holyhead, 43
Holmenkollen, 227, 228
Hotels in Holland and Belgium, 68
House in the Bosch, 58

I

Idro, Lake, 170
Ilfracombe, 32
Innsbruck, 140, 141
Interlaken, 191
Ireland, 38
Ischl, 129, 130
Iseo, Lake of, 170
Italy, 144
Itineraries, see Chapter XII, 239

J

Jersey, 3, 23, 24
Jungfrau, The, 191

K

Kenilworth, 2, 8
Kenmare, 41
Kent, 2, 15, 18, 22
Knowle, 15
Königssee, The, 123

L

Lamberhurst, 18
Land's End, 3
Llanfair, 44
Lapp Village, 226
Lauterbrunnen, 191
Le Fayet, 88
Leigh, 2
Leipsic, 110
Leiria, 218
Leksand, 233
Leominster, 37
Le Puy, 70
Leyden, 58
Lille, 70
Lisieux, 75
Lindau, 121
Lisbon, 199, 203, 213, 216, 219, 221
Lincoln, 3
Liverpool, 1
Loch Lomond, 46, 49
Lofoten Islands, 225
Loire, The, 69, 70
London, 12, 13
Lourdes, 95, 96
Lough Erne, 42
Lovere, 170
Lucca, 167, 168
Lucerne, 177, 184, 185
Lugano, 172, 173, 174
Ludlow, 37
Lund, 235
Luz, 95
Lyndhurst, 25
Lyngen Fjord, 225, 226
Lyngseidet, 226
Lynmouth, 32, 33
Lyons, 93

M

Madrid, 197, 203, 221, 225
Maggiore, Lake of, 174
Malaren, 231
Malmö, 235
Manchester, 1
Marken, Island of, 60
Martigny, 87, 179, 181
Marseilles, 92, 93
Matterhorn, The, 179, 180, 181, 182
Mayence, 100, 101, 102
Meiringen, 191
Meersburg, 120
Melrose Abbey, 46, 47

Menaggio, 172
Mentone, 90, 92
Meran, 141, 142
Merok, 223
Middleburg, 52, 53, 61
Midnight Sun, 226
Milan, 99, 144, 168
Miller of Mansfield Inn, 11
Mittenwald, 122
Minehead, 33
Misurina Lake, 139
Molde, 224
Monaco, 89, 91
Monmouth, 36
Montepulciano, 164
Mont Blanc, 88, 182
Monte Carlo, 91, 92
Mont St. Michel, 75, 76
Montreux, 87, 182, 192
Mora, 233
Morat, 183, 184
Mori, 142
Morlaix, 79
Moselle River, 101, 102
Moselkern, 102
Mostar, 135
Munich, 115, 140
Murano, 147
Murren, 192

N

Nantes, 80
Naples, 160, 161, 162, 163
Narni, 160
New Forest, 4, 25
Newquay, 30
Newlyn, 2, 30
Nice, 90, 91, 92
Nimes, 92
Noli, 91
Nordhausen, 105
Norfolk Broads, 4
Normandy, 75
North Cape, 226
Nuremberg, 112, 113, 114

O

Oban, 46, 49, 50
Oberhofen, 191
Offenburg, 120
Old Sarum, 25
Oporto, 213, 217, 218
Orta, 175
Orte, 163
Ortler, The, 142
Orvieto, 163
Ostend, 66
Oudenaarde, 66
Oulx, 89
Oxford, 3, 4, 8, 9

P

Padua, 147
Pallanza, 174, 175
Partenkirchen, 122
Parknasilla, 41
Paris, 86
Pegli, 91
Penshurst, 18
Penzance, 28, 30
Perugia, 158, 159, 160, 163
Pierrefitte, 95
Pisa, 167
Pola, 126, 127, 134
Pompeii, 161
Pontresina, 188
Porlezza, 172
Porlock, 33
Portugal, 212
Prague, 126
Prien, 122
Primiero, 137, 138, 141
Pyrenees, Region of the, 94

Q

Queenstown, 39
Quimper, 80
Quimperlé, 80

R

Raglan, 2, 18, 35, 36
Ragusa, 134, 135, 136
Ragusa to Sarajevo, 136
Rapperswil, 187
Rattvik, 233
Ravenna, 148
Ravensburg, 121
Ravello, 162
Regensburg, 111, 112
Reichenau, 189
Remagen, 101
Rennes, 79
Reutte, 121, 122
Rheims, 71, 72, 74
Rhine, The, 100, 101, 102, 103
Rhone Glacier, 189, 190
Rhone Valley, 92
Rimini, 149
Riva, 142, 143
Riviera, The, 88, 89
Riviera, Route along the, 89, 90
Rome, 148, 163
Romsdals Fjord, 224
Ronda, 209, 210
Ross, 36, 37
Rothenburg, 103, 104, 186
Rotterdam, 55
Rouen, 73, 74, 75
Rugby, 3

S

St. Gilgen, 129
St. Ives, 30
St. Lo, 75
St. Malo, 77, 78, 79
St. Moritz, 187, 188
St. Michael's Mount, 29
St. Ouen, Church of, 73
St. Raphael, 89, 92
St. Sauveur, 95, 96
St. Wolfgang, 129
San Gimignano, 91, 165, 166, 167
San Marino, Republic of, 149
San Remo, 89, 92
Salerno, 162
Salisbury, 2, 25
Salona, 133
Salzburg, 122, 123, 128, 129
Salzkammergut, The, 128
Sarajevo, 124, 136
Sark, 3, 23
Sarnico, 170
Savona, 91
Scheveningen, 58
Schafberg, The, 129
Scheidegg, 191
Schiltach, 119
Scotland, 45
Segovia, 201
Seville, 205, 206, 220, 225
Sevenoaks, 15
Shakespeare Country, 5
Shere, 2
Sherwood Forest, 4
Shrewsbury, 37
Sicily, 162
Siena, 164, 165
Sils-Maria, 189
Siljan, 233
Sion, 181
Snitterfield, 6
Sogne Fjord, 223
Soissons, 71
Sonning, 12
Sorrento, 162
Southampton, 21, 24
Spain, 194
Spain, Travel in, 201
Spanish climates, 200, 204
Spanish desert, A, 194
Spalato, 133
Spello, 160
Splugen Pass, 189
Spoleto, 160
Stonehenge, 3, 26
Stratford, 5
Strasbourg, 115, 118, 119, 120
Starnburg, 122

Stock, 122
Stockholm, 229, 230, 231, 232
Stor Fjord, 223
Stresa, 174
Stuttgart, 115, 118
Styria, 125
Surrey, 2, 13
Switzerland, 176
Switzerland, Route through, 179

T

Thames, The, 2, 10
Thomar, 203, 213, 214
Thusis, 189
Terni, 160
Tintagel, 30
Tintern Abbey, 3, 36
Tipperary, 42
Toblach, 139
Toledo, 202, 203
Torcello, 147
Torquay, 3, 26, 32
Totnes, 27
Touraine, 81
Toulouse, 95
Tours, 81
Tournai, 66, 67
Trafoi, 142
Trarbach, 103
Trau, 134
Trèves, 103
Trevi, 160, 163
Trieste, 137
Trondhjem, 225
Trossachs, The, 46, 49, 50
Tunbridge Wells, 3, 16, 18
Turin, 89
Tyrol, 125, 139, 140, 142, 181

U

Ugines, 88
Ulm, 117
Upsala, 235
Urbino, 155, 156, 157

V

Valado, 218
Valentia, 41
Vannes, 80
Varese, 174
Veldes, 131
Venice, 137, 146
Verona, 130, 147
Versailles, 198
Via Mala, 189
Vienna, 111, 126, 127, 128
Viking ships, 228, 229
Villach, 131
Visby, 234
Visp, 180
Vitré, 79
Volendam, 61
Volterra, 155, 166, 169

W

Wales, 43
Walchensee, The (Germany), 122
Wye, 36

Z

Zara, 132

THE FJORDS
BERGEN
INVERNESS
EDINBURGH
NORTH SEA
BELFAST
DUBLIN
KILLARNEY
CORK
LIVERPOOL
LAKE DISTRICT
SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY
AMSTERDAM
THE HAGUE
LONDON
ANTWERP
BRUSSELS
BELGIUM
COLOGNE
PLYMOUTH
SOUTHAMPTON
CHERBOURG
HAVRE
NORMANDY
PARIS
BRITTANY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
BAY OF BISCAY
CHATEAU COUNTRY
BORDEAUX
LYON
RHONE VALLEY
MIDI COUNTRY
MONTE CARLO
THE RIVIERA
MARSEILLES
CORSICA
MADRID
TOLEDO
LISBON
CINTRA
BARCELONA
BALEARIC ISLES
SARDINIA
SEVILLE
GRANADA
ST. of GIBRALTAR
MEDITERRA

CHRISTIANA
SWEDEN
STOCKHOLM
PETROGRAD
ESTHONIA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
BALTIC SEA
COPENHAGEN
TO GERMANY
DANZIG
HAMBURG
BERLIN
POLAND
RUSSIA
DRESDEN
PRAGUE
VIENNA
BUDAPEST
HUNGARY
BUKHAREST
BELGRADE
SOPHIA
CONSTANTINOPLE
ALBANIA
GREECE
NAPLES
PALERMO
ATHENS

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON IN LAKE GENEVA WAS BUILT IN THE 12TH CENTURY.

THESE CHILDREN NEAR MIDDLEBURG ARE DRESSED IN COSTUMES THAT MIMIC THOSE OF THEIR PARENTS.

BRITTANY IS IN SOME RESPECTS THE MOST INTERESTING PROVINCE IN FRANCE.

LAKE COMO IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF LAKES.